

ENLARGED CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# The Quiver

Dec.  
1924



Stacy Aumonier, J.J. Bell, Annie S. Swan

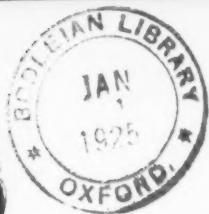
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TINNED FRUIT GOLDEN SYRUP CONDENSED MILK  
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## “Put the colour on from inside”

*Jane:* I wish, oh, I wish——

*Maisie:* Wish away, my Cinderella, and I'll be fairy godmother and bring it all true.

*Jane:* I wish I had a skin like yours, I do.

*Maisie:* Why, a little thing like that needn't——

*Jane:* It's all very well for you to talk, Miss Roses-and-Cream, with that darling satiny radiance in your cheeks and—oh, be an angel, Maisie dear, and tell, do, please!

*Maisie:* What's the good? You'd only laugh. It's so absurdly cheap.

*Jane:* Cheap? A complexion like yours? I simply don't believe it! Why when I think of all the money I've spent—bottles of this and boxes of that, powder and cream and gracious knows what—and then look at myself in the mirror, all

anyhow and blotchy, I just feel like creeping away into a corner and crying my eyes out.

*Maisie:* Why not get a real complexion instead of a sham one?

*Jane:* Yes, yes—but how?

*Maisie:* By putting the colour on—and taking the blotches away—from inside. And it costs you less than a farthing a day.

*Jane:* But how—Maisie dear, surely you don't mean Kruschen Salts?

*Maisie:* That's just what I do mean—the little daily dose. It's the only complexion aid I use.

*Jane:* And it really does all that?

*Maisie:* Really and truly. You see, Kruschen makes your blood pure and keeps it pure; and so long as your blood-stream runs clear and strong, blotches and blemishes simply can't appear to spoil your skin. Now promise me you'll buy a bottle and try it for yourself.

*Jane:* Of course I'll promise. Why, the very thought of having a complexion like yours gives me “that Kruschen feeling!”

# Kruschen Salts

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Kruschen, unlike any other saline preparation, is a scientific combination of the six salts your body needs for its proper health—to cleanse it of all clogging waste matter, to keep the blood pure and vigorous, to brace up and vitalise the whole system. If you led an ideally healthy life in the open air, with plenty of exercise and no worries, your body would extract these vital salts for itself from your food. But the artificial life you lead prevents this.

Q.

Hence the need for the “little daily dose” of Kruschen. Start now taking a tiny pinch—as much as will cover a sixpence—in your breakfast cup of tea every morning. It's tasteless taken this way, but it makes you, and keeps you, healthy, cheerful and energetic—gives you, in fact, “that Kruschen feeling.” Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. Get a bottle to-day and begin a new life to-morrow. It's the little daily dose that does it!

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The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—nothing internal to take. Reduce any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large busts or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, post paid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 2/- a cake, or three cakes for 4/-; one to three cakes usually accomplish the purpose. Send postal or money order to-day. Surprising results.

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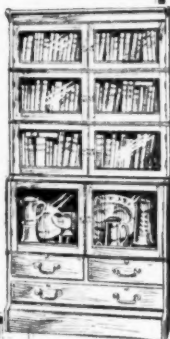
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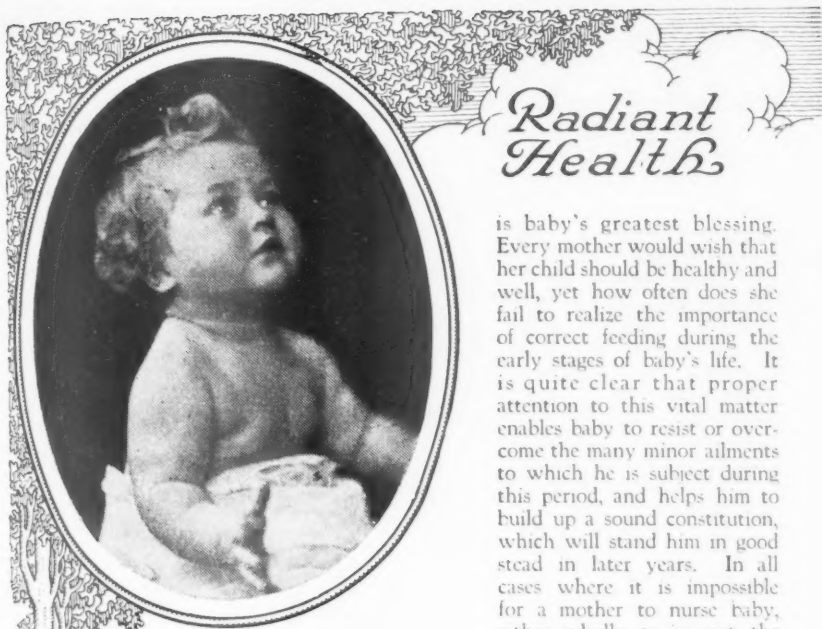
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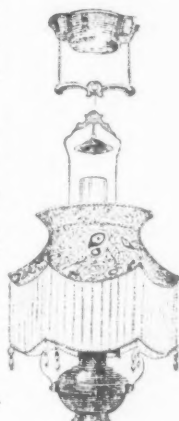
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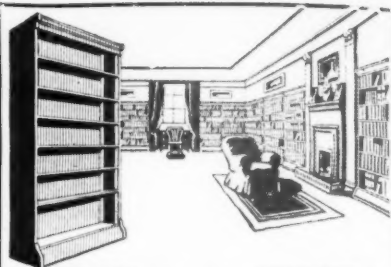


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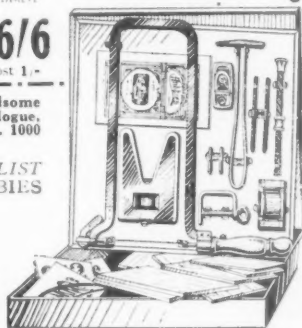
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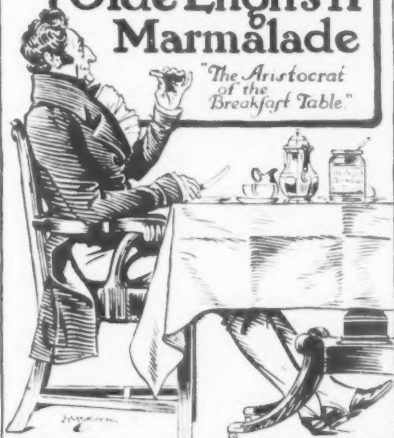
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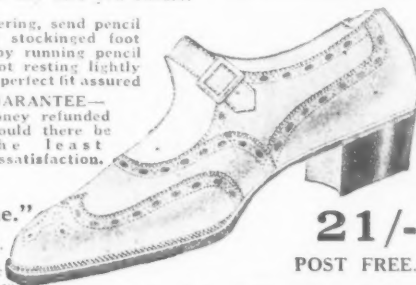
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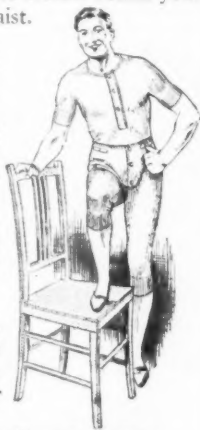
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keep you right.*

**Beecham's Pills**  
worth a guinea  
a





# The Quiver

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A  
 "LUVISCA"  
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 IS AN  
 IDEAL  
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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### The Secret of Beauty

There is no healthy-minded woman who has not longed for natural, spontaneous beauty—but all women in their hearts, and most men also, despise what we know as the artificial type of beauty. *Real* beauty and how to gain it: is it worthy of an article in *THE QUIVER*? Anyhow, I am next month printing a most unusual talk on the subject, and I feel convinced that both men and women readers will appreciate its plain speaking.

By the way, the January Number will in itself be a most beautiful production, the illustrations being of an unusually fine order. And, too, Mr. E. V. LUCAS is to write on "How to Choose One's Friends."

If you do not take *THE QUIVER* regularly, make a New Year's Resolution to order it every month: that is a good plan for ensuring

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

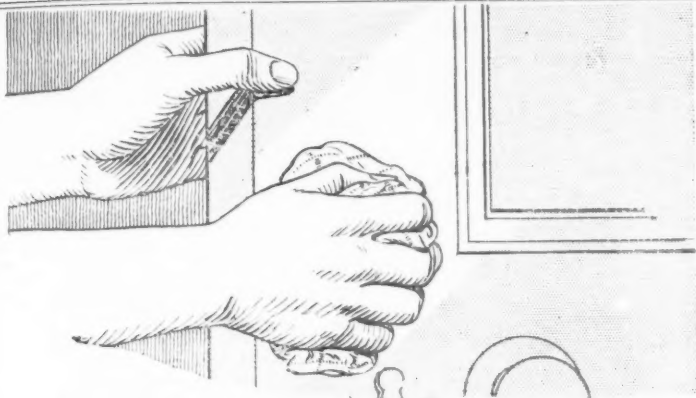
*The Editor*



Jolly Barnardo Boy bakers busily engaged in baking bread for the largest family in the world—7,300 boys and girls and babies in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Please help them by sending a Christmas gift of 10/-

10/- will feed one child for 10 days.

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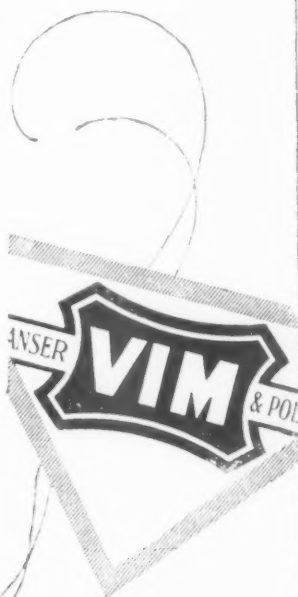
The reason why Vim excels for cleaning paint is because the minute particles of which it is made when gently rubbed over the paint *seize* the film of dirt, while leaving the surface clean and uninjured.

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also in handy cartons



*"Time destroys the calculations of Man,  
but confirms the judgment of Nature."*  
CICERO.



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# ENO'S TRADE MARK "FRUIT SALT" MARK

*The World-Famed Effervescent Saline*

1/9  3/-



# The Quiver

CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER

## Christmas Greetings

We cannot afford to do without Christmas. By all means forgo obsolete customs, scrap worn-out conventions. Abolish war, abandon party strife, discourage sectarian celebrations — but do not slight Christmas.

The world is cold and hard, bitterness and strife abound. Let us at this blessed season of remembrance bring the Christ Child into our midst. We want the warmth that Christmas brings, the glow of good-fellowship, the reciprocation of kindness, the evident tokens of the love that is too often taken for granted.

Light the fires, warm the hearth, put up the holly berries. Let your Christmas greetings be sincere, your hospitality hearty, your kindness discerning, and the Christmas joy shall be yours in abundant measure.





"Her quick, keen black eyes peered into his face.  
'It is Reggie himself come back!' she cried"—p. 99

Drawn by  
J. J. J. J. J.



# The Ghost at Inveraan

## A Christmas Story by ANNIE S. SWAN

THERE are few things more depressing in life than to be surrounded by the Christmas atmosphere, to hear on all sides Christmas plans for cheer and pleasure discussed; above all, to feel the thrill of family reunion everywhere and yet to know oneself lonely and on the outside.

Gradually as Christmas approached Clare Devenish had been made aware of her own isolation and loneliness in a greater degree than she had yet experienced. It was her first orphan Christmas. Her mother had only been dead seven months, and the only relatives she had in the world were an old aunt of her mother's who lived somewhere in the fastnesses of Scotland, where it would be difficult, if not impossible, to go to spend Christmas.

When you are earning your own living and the money only just keeps the wolf from the door, you don't seriously contemplate travelling five hundred odd miles for a long week-end. But Clare had a passionate desire to see Inveraan, which was the cradle of her mother's race. Often her mother had talked of it, describing its remote beauty.

"I hope you are going to see it some day, darling," she had frequently said, and somehow implanted in the girl's heart the passionate desire to go to Inveraan and see for herself the place that had made so deep an impression on her mother's heart. The fact that it had not treated her well, that because she had made a runaway match with a young subaltern of no particular family when engaged to the son of a neighbouring rich and powerful laird, all communication between her and her family had been snapped clean off, had not altered Elspeth Macleod's love for Scotland.

Nay, rather it had intensified it. She had had a somewhat checkered life, and Clare had been born in India, where her father died of fever. Her mother had married again, unhappily, and after separating from

the man who had treated her unkindly, she and Clare came to London and there had eked out a precarious existence. Clare was now in a secretarial post in the City, and just managed to live in decent comfort, lodging with some people in Islington, in one of the old-fashioned residential squares which still retain their dignity.

But she was a lonely creature, who somehow made few friends: her mother and she had been all-in-all to one another, and knew very few people in London. Now that she was quite alone, Clare was more careful and reserved than ever. She was very pretty and need not have lacked friends: but her mother had warned her to be careful, and never to forget that she had the blood of the old Clan Macleod of Inveraan running in her veins.

Sometimes Clare sighed a little, reflecting that commoner blood might be easier to live with, and incidentally bring more of the joy of life into actual experience. She was feeling particularly blue on the Wednesday before Christmas, which fell on a Saturday that year, when her employer, Mr. Geoffrey Bulteel, called her to finish up his letters for the midday post.

"Going off to Switzerland to-night with a jolly party, Miss Devenish," he said jovially, "so you needn't come to-morrow. We won't expect you back until next Tuesday, when Mr. Medlock will probably be up as usual. I shan't be back inside a fortnight. Are you going out of town?"

"Oh, no," answered Clare quietly. "I've got nowhere to go."

"Hard lines! Well, there are worse places than good old London at Christmas. Plenty of good cheer going, if the shopping displays mean anything."

"I hate the sight of them," said Clare rather viciously, digging her pencil into the hardwood desk. "All these poor dead creatures, hanging in rows and rows, make me feel quite sick."

## THE QUIVER

Bulteel smiled down at her from his tall height as one might smile at a ruffled bird.

"Oh, come, not so bad as all that, surely! Think of all the Christmas dinners and jollifications they represent, and you'll get over that feeling."

"There won't be anything of the sort for me," said Clare sadly.

"Why? Haven't you any people who can ask you out?"

"Nobody."

"Where are all your relations?"

"I haven't many, and the few I do possess are in Scotland, more than five hundred miles away."

"Hard lines!" repeated Bulteel. "Sorry I'm taking all my family to St. Moritz to-night. If we'd been stopping in London I'd have got Mrs. Bulteel to look you up."

"Oh, thanks very much, but I don't in the least mind being alone; in fact, I rather like it."

But this was drawing the long bow, for the girl was really home-sick and heart-sick. There was nothing she wanted less than two days added to what already promised to be an interminably long holiday. But when she got home to Ledward Square there was a letter waiting for her which proved to be a sort of bolt from the blue. It lay on the little hall table, a large square envelope addressed in queer, crabbed handwriting she had certainly never seen before. She grasped it in her hand and ran upstairs with the feeling that she did not wish any of her fellow-boarders to see her read it. Once in her own room she quickly made herself mistress of the contents.

They were brief and bewildering.

"CASTLE OF INVERAAN,  
ROSS-SHIRE, December 18—

"MY DEAR GRANDNIECE,—Whose name I don't even know, I write this in the hope, possibly a vain one, that it will reach you in time.

"It is a year since your mother wrote to me, and I have heard since she is dead, which makes me sorry I did not answer her letter. By some miracle I kept the address she gave me, and I hope this will find you. If it does, please take a ticket and come up here, wiring to me by what train you will travel, so that you can be met, as we are nine miles from the railway station, and there are no hansom cabs or buses in Ross. I'm asking you to spend Christmas with me, and if we get on together possibly you might

stay longer. That will depend on circumstances. I send you sufficient money to pay for your ticket and leave a small margin.—Yours sincerely,  
"ELSPETH MACLEOD."

Her own name exactly! For though Clare had dropped all the Scottish adjuncts to her name, she was entitled to write it Elspeth Clare Macleod Devenish, a queer mixture indeed!

Clare did not take long to make up her mind. She fingered the crisp ten-pound note carefully for a moment, thrust it into her well-worn purse, and went downstairs to consult a railway guide which lay handily on a side table in the dining-room. She found the landlady, Mrs. Corbett, putting the finishing touches to the dinner-table.

"Oh, Mrs. Corbett, I'm going to Scotland to-night to spend Christmas," said Clare, almost breathless with importance. "I'm just going to look up the trains."

Mrs. Corbett, a small, weary-faced woman who had fought a good fight with adverse circumstances for twenty years without altogether losing the milk of human kindness, smiled sympathetically into the girl's face.

"So glad, dearie. It'll be nice for you."

Clare scarcely heard, being deep in the pages of the time-table.

She found that by leaving on the night train she could reach her destination about noon next day, and supposed that by telegraphing from Inverness station in the morning she could apprise her great-aunt of her arrival. But she had not taken into account the vagaries of Highland postal and telegraphic arrangements, and when she got out at the little station at Invernaa, which seemed to consist of a station-house, a few hills and a little loch in the foreground, there did not seem to be anything in the shape of a vehicle to meet her. The station-master, who came forward to greet the slim, girlish figure in heavy mourning, wondered whom she possibly could be. Passengers were few at Invernaa in the dead of winter, when hills and moors were in the grip of frost and snow. It was a wintry landscape, indeed, which Clare's roaming, bewildered eyes took in with a queer feeling of joy and gladness, mingled with familiarity. Surely she must have been there before, else how did it all seem so real and so dear?

"The Castle!" repeated the station-master with the soft Invernessian roll in his

## THE GHOST AT INVERAAN

tongue. "Oh, but surely they'll be here soon to meet ye, miss."

"Perhaps they didn't receive my telegram."

"When was it sent?"

"This morning only, from the station at Inverness where we stopped for breakfast."

The station-master shook his head.

"It'll not be there yet, miss. With any luck, Malcolm Fraser, the postman, will be takin' it up in his gig; it'll be lyin' at the post office yonder."

"Yonder" proved to be a small cothouse on the roadside, showing dark against the white landscape.

"Well, what shall I do? Could I walk?" she asked helplessly.

"Ye could not, for ye would get lost, the roads bein' drifted up in parts. But Malcolm, he'll get through. You'll better ride on the gig wi' him."

Clare never forgot that wonderful ride across what looked like a pathless wilderness, but was really only a moorland road snow-covered. She tried to make talk with the postman, but they had difficulty in understanding one another, and presently silence seemed best, a wonderful silence which seemed to lay a hush on the girl's heart and spirit. She understood in one flash of sympathy and sorrow how her mother's heart must have ached for the beauty and the wideness and the peace of these high and lovely latitudes, and thanked God in her heart that she had at last been permitted to see them for herself.

"Yonder is the castle, leddy," said the postman after a two hours' ride. "I leave the bag at the lodge, but maybe it would be better if I took ye up to the door the day."

"Not at all," said Clare hurriedly. "You can leave me at the lodge, too."

"But there's your bit bag," said the postman, mustering a slow smile.

"My 'bit bag' can stop at the lodge, too, and be fetched up with the letters."

"Ay, fery weel, leddy," assented the postman, and it was so.

From the little hill where they were at the moment there was a wonderful view of the queer round towers of the castle silhouetted against the clear, hard blue of the frosty sky. Clare forgot the intense cold which had numbed her feet and hands, and the moment she got down at the battlemented gate started to walk up the drive between the long, naked white trunks of the birches, while the lodgekeeper and the

postman speculated together as to her identity.

The drive was nearly half a mile long, but at length Clare came out from the trees into the open and saw the lovely, stately old house before her. Something stirred in her heart, a pride and joy such as she had never felt, a lonely orphan treading London streets. Something whispered to her that she, who had been homeless so long, had come home.

There was neither hesitation nor delay in her approach to the front door, where she clanged the bell, bringing an elderly butler in haste to answer the unusual summons.

"Will you tell Mrs. Macleod that I have arrived?" she said.

"Yes, miss—that is, my leddy—and what name will it be?"

"Miss Devenish Macleod Devenish, from London, and I'm expected," said Clare with a delicious mixture of pride and sweetness which quite won the butler's heart. He asked her respectfully to be seated by the blazing log fire in the wide and beautiful old hall while he went to acquaint his mistress. In a very few moments Clare, warming her hands and the toes of her dainty feet at the delicious blaze, saw a figure on the stairs which looked as if it had descended from one of the massive picture frames on the wall.

A tall old lady, very slender, her shoulders slightly bowed, with a thin, high-bred face which bore the impress of many sorrows, snow-white hair adorned by a morsel of fine black lace, leaning heavily on an ebony stick, the flashing gems on her fingers gleaming against its sombre black crook. Clare took a breathless look, then moved without knowing why, stepped quickly forward, some innate sense of fitness prompting her to make a little curtsy. She was quite unaware what an appealing figure she herself made when she presently spoke.

"Please, Aunt Elspeth, I'm Clare. I got your letter last night at six o'clock, and have been in the train all night. I telegraphed from Inverness this morning, but, of course, you could not get it. The postman has it in his bag at the lodge. I drove up the glen with him."

"Oh, you poor child!" While this torrent of nervous words was flowing from the girl's lips the older woman was intently appraising her. When she ceased speaking she laid down her stick and took Clare in her arms. "My dear, you are welcome

## THE QUIVER

home," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.



Small wonder that, though worn out, Clare could not sleep easily that night. She had had a wonderful afternoon and evening hearing the tragic story of her mother's girlhood told by another, the story of harshness on the one hand, an attempt to crush both high spirits and natural impulses, and the stark rebellion on the other. Elspeth Macleod, made wise by sorrow and disappointment, now saw very clearly the mistakes of these far-back days.

"My dear, it takes a long while, sometimes a whole lifetime, for human beings to realize that they are not permitted to exercise supreme rights over others, and that each human soul has the right to self-expression. Mistakes are made, oh, yes, quite often! I have made enough to fill a book. Your poor mother doubtless made some too, and you will make them before you grow old. But each pays the price sooner or later. I'm left here, a lone woman in an old house, haunted by memories and peopled by ghosts."

"Ghosts!" repeated the girl with a slight start. "Are there real ghosts? If there are, surely they would walk here."

Mrs. Macleod gave her head a slight melancholy shake.

"Every old house worthy of the name has its ghost, my dear. Inveraan doesn't lack its old traditions, I assure you. To-morrow I'll give you a book of old records of the house compiled by my grandfather. It will interest you, I'm sure. But there is nothing to fear. The clean conscience and the pure heart are well armed; it is only the old and sad and disillusioned who see the ghosts of former things."

Pondering on that speech and on much else she had seen and heard at Inveraan that day, Clare lay wide awake in the depths of her four-post bed watching the firelight dancing on the walls and floor, casting long shadows. So restless did she become at last that she rose up, just after hearing midnight booming from the old clock somewhere on the stairs or in the long corridor outside her door. She laid a fresh log on the red embers, watched the crackling blaze for a moment, conscious of its comfort and companionship; then looking about in vain for something to read, decided to take her candle and go downstairs in search of a book.

No thought of nervousness or fear haunted her: to her the old house with its winding stairs and shadowy corridors wore nothing but a friendly face. Travelling lightly, she had brought no dressing wrap, but her great-aunt had provided her with a voluminous one made of soft blue padded silk which wrapped cosily round her small figure. From its soft folds her small cameo-like face with the pink flush on it peeped like a delicious picture. Grasping the wrap in one hand, and holding her heavy candlestick high, she sallied forth. There were dim lights burning everywhere, just enough to make darkness visible. She looked round at every corner, not fearfully, but rather expectantly, as if watching for the ghostly visitant to challenge her as to why she intruded on the midnight hour, which by long heritage and tradition has been the ghosts' private and unalienable right.

She reached the library without so much as a tremor or alarm, to find the great room still warm and comforting, the masses of peat and coal glowing red in the heart of the wide fireplace.

Never in her life had Clare been in such a large, noble room, nor had been able to picture it even in her dreams. Her life had been spent in narrow spaces, bordered by narrow margins and restricted outlook. And it was the gracious wideness and space of everything in these mountain solitudes that filled her with such joy. "What a Christmas could be spent here!" she said to herself. "The sort Dickens and Thackeray wrote about, an old-fashioned Christmas with snow on the moors and great fires glowing everywhere, and tons of people all happy and loving one another! Why is it things are all wrong? Never mind, I'm all right. I never was so happy or so thrilled in my life. I wonder whether darling mother knows, where she is to-night, that I've come home? Somehow, I know I have, and that I'll never be going away any more." Forgetting her quest of a book, she sank into the depths of one of the big easy chairs, curled herself up under the folds of the blue quilted wrap and began to dream happily. Then quite suddenly there was a sound.

If you have ever sat up in the silent night watches, when a whole household is asleep, you know how weird an unaccustomed and unexpected noise can be. Clare sat up, her eyes dilating, not with fear, for she had all the natural courage that had made the Macleods a fighting race through



"Grasping the wrap in one hand, and holding her heavy candlestick high, she sallied forth"

Drawn by  
J. Deaver Miller

## THE QUIVER

all their stormy history. Alert, wide-eyed, looking towards the window from which direction the sound came. Someone was trying the fastenings of the long french window which opened on the broad stone terrace that was one of the features of the place. Then quite suddenly the door opened and a figure entered. Clare sat still, watching breathlessly; afterwards she could not explain why it was she had no fear, but only an odd sense of expectation which thrilled her from head to foot.

The ghost of Inveraan must be coming early to make her acquaintance!

But ghosts do not usually open doors or windows in the ordinary way with grating sounds as of tampering with a lock, nor do they usually present themselves in the guise of a very modern-looking young man wearing a British warm with the collar turned up about the throat.

He stepped forward. Clare stood up, and they regarded one another for a moment in complete silence and bewilderment.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the ghost first. "Who are you? Thought there was nobody but an old lady here and other old fossils as hoary as Inveraan itself."

"Never mind who I am," said Clare coolly. "Who are you, and why do you come in the house by the window instead of knocking properly at the door? Are you a burglar?"

The young man smiled, and that smile made just all the difference to a face about which Clare had not yet made up her mind. Now she decided that it was a good face, an honest face, and that his eyes were beautiful, a most presentable ghost, making a very pleasant interlude in a wakeful night.

"I might be a burglar; it just depends how you take it," he answered. "May I ask who you are?"

"I'm Clare, and Mrs. Macleod is my aunt."

"Oh, I say, how queer, for, you see, she's my aunt too. I'm Reginald Macleod, commonly called Toby. I belong to the derelict side of this old ship. Do you?"

"I don't know. Tell me what you mean. Aunt Elspeth was reciting the story of the Macleods and Inveraan to me this afternoon and she didn't mention a person called Toby."

"She wouldn't, because, you see, she's never seen me. It was my dad she had the grouch on and turned down. He's dead, poor old chap! I'm demobbed and can't get a job. This was my last chance, to

come up here and see whether the old lady hadn't some proposition to make. After all, we did keep her and the rest of 'em safe at nights, didn't we, while we were grousing in those beastly trenches?"

Clare thrilled again. There was something winning and ingenuous about this young man, and the similarity in their circumstances made a bond between them.

"Say, what sort is she really? Rather too-too, eh? My dad talked a lot about her and was always going to write; made me promise to come home and tell the old lady he'd made good out there. My God, what a pal he was! And now he's gone west and there's nobody left."

Clare never understood why she spoke the next words, but they fell from her lips immediately with a caressing softness.

"Yes, there's me! You see, I'm like that, too. I only came to-day, and I haven't got over the wonder of it yet."

"Came to-day!" repeated the young man. "But don't you live here then?"

"I haven't until to-day. I belong to the derelict side, too. Say, isn't it a sort of gathering of the clans coming home for Christmas, don't you know? It's more thrilling, I reckon, than any novel I've ever read."

"I don't feel particularly thrilled at the moment, except when I look at you. I'm beastly hungry, you see, for I was dropped off at ten o'clock with the mail bag at Inveraan station, and I've tramped across the snow getting here ever since. Any chance of anything to eat?"

Clare pondered a moment. Too new to the house, she could not honestly say she knew where the materials for a midnight picnic could be found. And any forage would rouse the household and make a tremendous scene. "I tell you what. I'll go and wake up Aunt Elspeth. More than likely she won't be asleep."

The young man did not seem to be in favour of this proposition.

"She'll maybe set the dogs on me or the night watchman. She won't take me at my face value same as you've done. Say, we're pals, aren't we—lone coons who have drifted into the same refuge? Wouldn't it be topping if we found we'd both come home?"

"Topping, and I'm sure it's true. You stop here, and promise not to run away. Sure you aren't the ghost of Inveraan after all?"

"I could soon show you I'm no sort of old ghost," said Reginald Macleod with a



## THE GHOST AT INVERAAN

twinkle in his happy young eye. "Only it isn't done."

Clare blushed then, and drawing her blue wrap more closely about her took up her candle and went off upstairs. She had a geographical sense highly developed, and went straight as a needle to her aunt's room.

Before she knocked, the gleam of light below the door indicated that the occupant of the room was not asleep.

"Come in! Ah, it's you, child. What ails you? Has anything frightened you?"

"I'm not sure, Aunt Elspeth. Something has astonished me, and I've come to tell you about it. I couldn't sleep. Things kept working in my brain, and I was so full of excitement I kept getting more and more wakeful. Then I thought I'd go down to the library and get something to read."

"You should have come to my room, child."

"I didn't think of disturbing you, but now I haven't any choice. I went down to the library, and after I had been sitting just a few minutes the window suddenly opened and somebody came in."

"What are you saying? Why didn't you ring and alarm the household? Where were the dogs? I've never been asleep, but I heard nothing."

"I don't know where the dogs are, Aunt Elspeth, but it was a man came in, a young man, a soldier; he says his name is Reginald Macleod, and he's come home same as I have, to spend Christmas at Inveraan."

She watched narrowly while she spoke, but was hardly prepared for the effect her information had on the old lady. She went deadly pale first, then flushed all over her face as she hastily put on some more wraps preparatory to investigating the second extraordinary occurrence in her house in the space of a few hours.

When she was ready she turned with an extraordinarily keen flash of her deep eyes on Clare's face.

"Is this a conspiracy? Are you in league with one another?"

"No, Aunt Elspeth. I never saw him before, but he is very nice. I thought it was the Inveraan ghost—perhaps it is, come back in a new guise—"

"Come down with me and I will investigate this extraordinary story. I expect there will be nothing in it. You've simply let your imagination run away with you, and I was a fool to tell you these old stories about the house. They can only be handled by those who have lost their illusions and have no fear left in their hearts."

Down the wide, silent stairs they went together, the old and the young, carrying their lighted candles high and throwing fresh ghostly shadows at every step. A moment or two later a curious scene was enacted in the beautiful old library, when the new generation and the old faced one another, with many memories and some graves between.

Clare, watching the two meet, felt once more that she must be taking part in some unreal drama that had nothing to do with life, as she had known it, drab and sordid, far removed from high romance.

Elspeth Macleod walked forward to the figure standing on the hearth, held her candle high, her quick, keen black eyes peering into his face. "God in Heaven, it is Reggie himself come back!" she cried, and fainted clean away at his feet.



The sorrows of an old heart and an old house were healed that Christmastide by radiant youth. A new era dawned for Inveraan, for these two young creatures, destined for one another since the beginning of time and thus brought so strangely together, became lovers from that hour, and in due course were married. So was the glory of the old house restored, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness offered to Elspeth Macleod's tired heart once more.

As for the ghost of Inveraan, there are no ghosts where happiness is. Youth and love and Christmas cheer makes short work of the ghosts of sad memories everywhere.



# THE DEARER GIFT

By  
J. J. Bell

THE *Pandora's* long voyage came to an end on the morning of the 23rd of December, and it would be natural to assume that all her passengers were glad to see London's docks. There was, however, one passenger of whom it may be said with certainty that he would fain have had the voyage all over again, while of another it might have been suspected that she was just a little sorry it was finished. These two had been introduced by a mutual friend, not a passenger, within five minutes of the *Pandora's* sailing from Sydney, and thus far neither had felt anything but the kindest of feelings towards that mutual friend who, by the way, had since lightly wondered whether he had made a match of it. And a suitable enough match it would be, he reflected, for, apart from the personal aspect, Miss Freda Elmore would one day inherit the fortune of the aunt whom she was voyaging to visit, while Frank Colwyn was sailing to England to take possession of the fortune of an uncle who had died some two months previously.

"It does seem dreadful, your knowing no one in London, especially at Christmas," Freda was saying as they stood by the rail watching the mooring of the ship.

"Well, you see, Freda"—friendship advances on shipboard—"this is my first trip to England, where I had no relations but my poor uncle, of whom my mother had not heard for many years."

"But surely you will find some of his friends to welcome you at this season."

"From what I could gather from the lawyer's letter my uncle had no close friends," said Frank. "However, after this happy voyage, perhaps I deserve a spell of loneliness. What do you think?" He looked into the blue eyes.

The sea-tan on her cheeks deepened, but she answered calmly, smiling:

"I can't believe you are quite so wicked as to deserve a lonely Christmas."

"I'll have lots to think of, anyway," he said with a laugh and a sigh behind it.

"May I hope that, later on, you and your aunt will allow me to come and see you?"

"I am sure my aunt will be pleased to see you—if she is not still an invalid."

"Perhaps, when convenient, you will let me have a word. The only address I can give at present is my lawyer's. Will you have it?" He offered her a card.

"How awfully homeless!" she said sympathetically, taking it. "I can't give you mine, for I don't yet know whether Aunt Evelyn is in town or in the country. She is sending someone to meet me here. But we shall write to you as soon as possible—Frank."

"Thank you, Freda." Not for the first time he was on the verge of telling her he loved her, yet once again something—something not of time or place—restrained him. He could not have told just what it was. There was nothing in his past to prevent his offering himself honourably, and if until lately his "worldly goods" had been few, his new inheritance would make a sufficient endowment for any girl not entirely devoted to the material things of life. Could it be something to do with the inheritance itself? Vaguely, perhaps, it was. Possibly at the back of his mind was the feeling that he must first see the inheritance, take hold of it, make certain of it—and then tell Freda all that was in his heart. . . .

So the minutes passed. The great ship was safely moored; the gangways were hoisted aboard; and presently a gentleman—Frank blessed him for being quite elderly—appeared and made himself known to Freda as her aunt's emissary.

Amid the bustle Frank bade the girl good-bye.

"A happy Christmas in spite of everything!" she wished him, and they were parted. But that last glimpse of the blue eyes was comforting, nay, encouraging.



Frank drove to the lawyer's office. Mr. Tetison, a grey-haired little person, some-

## THE DEARER GIFT



WARWICK REYNOLDS

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

"He took at random three rolls, broke them open on the table, and counted their shining contents"—p. 103

what bird-like in appearance, received him cordially enough, yet with a certain constraint which caused the young man to produce his credentials forthwith. But Mr. Jetison had another cause for his constraint, as shall appear later.

"Thank you, Mr. Colwyn," he remarked on returning the papers. "From what you wrote in your letter I take it that there is no one in London who could identify you; but from what my Sydney correspondent wrote in his, I can soon satisfy myself that you are the nephew of my late client. As a matter of form, may I ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly."

The questions having been asked and answered, Mr. Jetison said:

"Very good, very good! Now tell me where you are staying."

"I have made no plans," replied Frank. "I came straight from the docks. My luggage is on the cab which is waiting

below. What about my uncle's house? I could go there."

"No, no!" said the lawyer. "I wish I could have asked you to mine, but unfortunately we are leaving town for the holidays. I am sorry to think of you in an hotel at Christmas, Mr. Colwyn."

"Can't be helped. Perhaps you will recommend one that is not too noisy, yet not too dreary."

"I'll take you to one now" Mr. Jetison glanced at his watch—"and then you must lunch with me. There is a good deal to tell, and the fact is, Mr. Colwyn"—a small, uneasy laugh—"I'm hoping that lunch will help me to explain—"

"Are you going to tell me," the young man interrupted quickly, "that another will has turned up?"

"Not at all, not at all!"

"Or that the value of my uncle's estate has shrunk from the first estimate, or disappeared altogether?"

## THE QUIVER

"My dear Mr. Colwyn, apart from the house in Cecil Square and its few contents, your uncle's estate consisted of hard cash which still amounts, as stated in my letter, to the sum of £29,863, all duties on the estate having been provided for by funds placed in my hands by your uncle in past years. You have nothing to do except take possession, and as you are sole executor—"

"Thank you. Then what is the trouble, Mr. Jetison?"

"Please let us have lunch first, and then I shall take you to the house, where you shall know everything."

"As you will," said Frank pleasantly. "But it does sound a bit mysterious."

"Your uncle was a mystery," Mr. Jetison returned, and changed the subject to that of the young man's voyage.



Frank waited patiently during lunch, but when coffee was served he said:

"Now, if you please, Mr. Jetison!"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, with something like a sigh. "My behaviour is most unbusinesslike, nay, unprofessional; but the circumstances are most unusual. Do you know nothing about your late uncle, Mr. Colwyn?"

"Nothing whatever, Mr. Jetison!"

"No more did I until shortly after his death, though he was my client for six-and-twenty years. That must sound astounding to you, but it is nevertheless the case. The late Mr. Anthony Milston called upon me once a year and entrusted me with sums of money, never very considerable, for investment in Government stocks. On his last visit was made the will by which you have now inherited—him, his only sister's son. Twice a year I sent him the dividends on his investments, always, according to his request, in cash. It was not till he died that a letter informed me that the investments had been made as a provision against the duties chargeable on his estate. They have served that purpose, with a few pounds to spare. And now—"

"Pardon me! What was my uncle like?"

"In appearance he was a good-looking man with a refined and rather melancholy countenance. I regret to add, however, that he always looked—him!—insufficiently nourished and his clothing was quite threadbare."

"And he left all that money!"

"He did!—and all the dividends I sent him could account for only a fraction of it."

"Then how did he make it? What was his business?"

"If you have finished your coffee," said Mr. Jetison, "let me take you to the house—a taxi will do it in five minutes—and there you shall have answers to all questions."



The big house in Cecil Square, which is in the Bloomsbury district, looked as though it had been shut up for a generation. With a couple of keys the lawyer opened the heavy door. He shivered slightly as he invited the young man to enter. In the dim, cold hall Frank shivered also.

"The late Mr. Milston," remarked Mr. Jetison, leading the way to the rear of the house, "occupied but two rooms, the others being unfurnished. A woman, who was deaf and dumb, came daily to cook for him and do what little house-work was necessary. She has now been retired on a small annuity. Mr. Milston's bedroom was upstairs. This was his living-room." The speaker threw open a door. "It is just as he left it."

Frank, feeling colder than ever, stepped softly in and surveyed the apartment while the lawyer drew up the venetian blinds, saying: "I have had this room kept dusted and ventilated in anticipation of your coming."

"Thank you," murmured Frank absently.

There was something pathetic in the aspect of the room of the man who had left all those thousands. Bare floor, bare walls of dingy green paper; an oval table in the centre, an oblong one on the left of the fireplace; a haircloth easy-chair and a straight-backed one; an ancient gaselier, an old-fashioned gas-stove with a rag rug in front of it; on the mantelpiece an American alarm clock and a cracked blue vase containing some paper spills; a tall bookcase with shelves half-filled with old books and magazines . . . and nothing more!

"So," said Frank softly at last, "the poor old man was a—miser."

The lawyer bowed and laid on the table a couple of keys fastened together and labelled "Safe." Beside them he placed the door keys, and then produced a slip of paper and a pen, saying:

"This is a receipt for the keys, Mr. Colwyn. If you will be good enough to sign it, I shall show you the safe; and when you have checked the value of the safe's

## THE DEARER GIFT

contents I shall ask you to sign a further receipt relieving me of my trust in the matter."

"A safe!" exclaimed Frank, looking around. "Did my uncle keep valuables here?"

"He kept all that he had. And his instructions were that you alone should remove them."

"It seems a big risk for an old, lonely man," said Frank, and signed the receipt.

"I suppose he argued that no one would suspect him of possessing wealth. Since the matter became my charge I have had a plain-clothes man watching the house day and night. And now," said Mr. Jetison, opening the cupboard under the bookcase, "you shall see for yourself."

The safe disclosed was neither very large nor modern. A burglar would have made short work of its door, in which Frank now inserted the two keys. He turned the handle and drew it open.

The safe was divided by a shelf upon which lay several bundles of Bank of England and one of Treasury Notes, also a bunch of documents, some torn, others scorched at the edges. There was nothing spectacular about this, but the floor of the safe was piled in orderly fashion with little rolls of dull green cartridge paper sealed at the end, and—

"What are these?" cried Frank.

"Sovereigns—two hundred and forty packets—fifty in each—altogether twelve thousand pounds."

With a cold hand the young man took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "Sovereigns!" he murmured.

"But for the War," remarked Mr. Jetison, "there would have been, I imagine, more of them and fewer notes. As to the notes, Mr. Colwyn, they are mostly hundred-pound ones, and, judging from the dates on many of them, we may take it that quite recently Mr. Milston obtained them in exchange for notes of smaller denomination—which simplifies your task. Pray count them. They should represent altogether the sum of seventeen thousand eight hundred and sixty-three pounds. You will find it an advantage to remove them to the table."

The counting did not take long, though Frank's fingers were far from expert. He acknowledged the correctness of Mr. Jetison's figures.

"Put them back in the safe," said the lawyer. "I'm afraid the gold will be more troublesome."

For a space Frank regarded the tidy array of green rolls. Then he knelt down and rapidly reckoned their number—240. After that he took at random three rolls, broke them open on the table, and counted their shining contents—total, £150.

"I'll give you that receipt now, Mr. Jetison."

"Thank you—but I was prepared to wait to see you count them all," the lawyer replied. As Frank signed he said: "Strictly speaking, we ought to have had witnesses, but Mr. Milston's instructions were against that—"

"I shan't go back on my signature," said Frank, smiling.

"I wasn't thinking of that," Mr. Jetison returned gravely. "In the circumstances, which, probably, Mr. Milston did not foresee, I am inclined to agree with his instructions. You have not yet exhausted the contents of the safe, Mr. Colwyn."

"You mean this?" Frank turned to the bunch of documents. "What is it?"

"The key to the mystery. Stay! Let me first explain that I placed them in the safe. There was evidence that one of Mr. Milston's last acts had been to burn a large quantity of papers. These in your hand somehow escaped destruction. I may say that I wished they had not escaped, and I think you will wish the same, Mr. Colwyn. But one never can tell when the truth, however well hidden, may crop up, and one had better face it early than late." Mr. Jetison drew the chair to the table. "You had better sit down while you read them," he said, and went over to the window.

Five minutes passed, and then an exclamation made him turn.

"Mr. Jetison," said Frank, who was pale, "this is horrible!"

Mr. Jetison nodded. "A great shock, I can well believe," he said sympathetically.

"My uncle was neither more nor less than a writer of begging letters! It was his business!"

"Alas, yes—and it seems that he made an art, if not a science, of it. You have there some pages torn from a ledger that indicate to some extent how—"

"False names and accommodation addresses all over London! Countless kindly people in all parts of the country deceived! How on earth did he manage to carry on all those years and acquire all that money without being found out?"

"That, I suppose, is where the art came in. He even practised poverty and some

## THE QUIVER

starvation. He lived down to his professions! One may imagine that he began in a small way and—h'm!—gradually built up a large business! After all," remarked the lawyer, "were you and I not so deeply interested, the thing would have its humorous aspect. Success—even that of a swindler—compels a certain admiration."

"You are not excusing him?"

"Heaven forbid! Yet I would seek to soften the blow for you by asking you to reflect that while he deceived many he injured none. People do not give what they cannot spare in response to such appeals."

"Someone here," said Frank, tapping the papers, "has been giving him fifty pounds year after year."

"That, I should say, would be exceptional," said the lawyer. "Most of the donations must have been much smaller. He must have been—h'm, h'm!—an extremely busy man."

Frank read a little more and threw down the lot. "It's too sickening! What can we do, Mr. Jetison?"

The other shook his head. "What, indeed? A mere trifle might be refunded to the few persons whose names we have there; but would such an action be expedient from any point of view? Still, you might think it over, and I shall be ready to help. But the money is yours, Mr. Colwyn. There is no doubt of that. Why not regard it as a Christmas gift?"

In his humiliation Frank was silent.

"I do not wish to seem impertinent," said Mr. Jetison presently, "but may I ask whether the money means much to you?"

"It means everything," was the heavy reply.

"Then do nothing hastily. Let everything rest till after Christmas. Forget the ugly side of the affair. If you wish to get rid of a little of that money, you will find, even as a stranger in London, many ways of giving happiness at this season. And now I suggest that you lock up—my plain-clothes man remains on duty till further notice—and let us go and have some hot tea before we perish here."

A glance at the old gentleman, who was stamping freezing feet and chafing numbed hands, sent Frank from his chair, saying: "Forgive me! You must go at once, Mr. Jetison. I shall call and see you to-morrow morning."

"Won't you come now?"

"I don't seem to feel the cold now, and I've got to think it out here—yes, here."

"You won't take my advice and let it rest till after Christmas?"

The young man smiled ruefully. "Something might happen to influence me. As you observed, one is better to face the truth early than late."

"H'm! Condemned out of my own mouth!" said Mr. Jetison. But his hand lay kindly on the other's arm as they went towards the door. "Don't stay till you get a chill," he added. "That wouldn't help in any way."

"One moment," said Frank at the door. "Do you think my uncle would ever use this address for his—er—business?"

"It does not seem likely, does it? Still, the empty house and the broken, elderly man might appeal to some people. . . . Well, till to-morrow— And, once more, don't mortify the flesh too much in this ice-house. Good night!"



An hour had passed. The room was dusky; and Frank, now feeling cold enough, paced the floor, as far as ever from any sort of decision. The money meant shame to him, yet it also meant the hope of winning Freda. Without it he had far too little to offer a girl of her station. What was he to do?

Suddenly he came to a pause. Somewhere in the voidness and silence a bell had rung. Could Mr. Jetison have returned? After a moment he went to the door.

A girl stood on the step. At the pavement waited a motor-brougham.

"Frank!" exclaimed the girl.

His amazement was no less than hers.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"It is my late uncle's house."

"How odd! Have I come to the wrong address?" She turned and spoke to the chauffeur.

"It's the right house, ma'am," he replied. "I brought her ladyship here last year and the year before."

She turned her back to Frank. "My aunt is interested in an old gentleman who lives here. She is not quite fit for going out yet, and asked me to bring his Christmas gift—a fifty-pound note. . . . What is the matter, Frank?"

Frank wet his lips. The worst had happened. "The old gentleman is dead," he said thickly. "He was my uncle." And then, before she could speak: "I know it's unconventional, but will you come in for a minute? It—it's urgent."



## THE DEARER GIFT

"You look ill," she said. "Yes, I'll come in."

In the fewest possible words he told her the whole, ugly, bitter truth.

"How awful!" she cried. "Oh, Frank, I'm so sorry!"

After a moment or two he said: "When I saw you at the door, I knew I could not take the money."

"No!" she answered simply. "You would not take it. You had already decided. But it is very hard."

He shook his head. "Before you came I was tempted to keep it all a secret."

"Why?" she asked gently.

"Because I have so little else. Because, having so little, I can hope for nothing."

For an instant her blue eyes met his, then drooped.

"Were you wanting to buy something?" she said softly.

"Buy? No, no! One does not buy a gift—the best of all gifts in the world. And yet the money—"

"A Christmas gift?" she whispered.

"It might have been. Now I can never ask for it." He turned away.

"Does one ask for a Christmas gift?" Her voice just reached him. "And when it is given, can one be so rude as to refuse it? Oh, Frank, d-don't shame me!"



The safe was shut. With his arm around her he stood regarding it.

"I wish we could get rid of the stuff before Christmas—a sort of thank-offering, you know," he said.



WARWICK REYNOLDS

"A girl stood on the step. 'What are you doing here?' she asked"

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

"My aunt will manage that for you," said Freda. "She lives for charity. She could spend any amount in a twinkling."

"But would not the truth hurt her?" he asked.

"For a moment—yes. Then rapture over those thousands to squander!"

"But I—I shan't meet your aunt before Christmas."

"We are going there now. Oh, I forgot to say I had left a note at your lawyer's." Freda laughed. "Did you really think you would be left to spend Christmas in a London hotel? How silly!"



## *The Festive Ball of Our Great Writers*



N invitation to "come and trip it," on "the light fantastic toe," may sound a sorry irony to those who are too poor, or too old, or too frail, to join in so-called seasonable merriment. This last, indeed, falls only to the lot of the favoured few, for, tragic to admit, even children do not always secure their divine right of joy because of grown-up selfishness. The spirit of Christmas for far too many, is apt to be a spirit of melancholy retrospect, or, what is much worse, of soured questioning why there is to be no pleasure for us in a world radiant with festivities for others.

### **A Book and a Fire**

Yet those whose Christmas is shadowed by a heart-aching sense of loneliness have the remedy in their own hands. With an easy-chair, a cheerful spark of fire, they can, without money and without price, attend most charming Christmas gatherings, dancing with the best, even if, like "Sir Jerry go Numbie" of the ancient ballad, they chance "to be lame of one leg." If we are old-fashioned enough to admit we are old, we

need not be what Americans quaintly call wall-fruit instead of wall-flowers, unless we perversely hang about real ballrooms, watching dismally the "fox-trots" and "bunny-hugs" to us unknown.

### **With Mr. Pickwick**

Let us away, rather, and foot it in Sir Roger with Mr. Pickwick, or perform the polka when it was a complicated affair with some of the tempting damsels in sandals, or tight-waisted, blue-coated exquisites who capered and frolicked when Thackeray was reporter at "Mrs. Perkins-Ball." Or if we prefer rural festivities, then George Eliot or Mr. Hardy will escort us to junketings where the very pork-pies are light enough to blow across the table at a puff of wind. Do we want to go abroad, Mr. Kipling is ready to give us an "at-home" card which wafts us to India in a trice. A round of balls costing nothing for finery, and giving never a headache in the morning! This is the prescription for Christmas megrims.

First let us do what we can to make just one person happier, then let us call a fairy motor to hurry us away to Fancy Street. All its houses blaze with light. There is a sound of laughter, an aspect of

## THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

gaiety, everywhere. All the girls are pretty and kind. None is left forlorn, for the prince is sure to come for every Cinderella there.

### The Master of the Ceremonies

Dickens is, of course, the Master of the Ceremonies. His Christmas hospitality in his romances is exactly what it actually was in his own home. Lady Ritchie has left a rainbow-coloured impression of a children's party where he led the revels with as infectious a delight as in his own matchless series of Christmas numbers. We hear perpetually of those pitiable folk who cannot read Dickens, as if their name was legion. Can they, after all, be numerous? Do publishers keep on reprinting Dickens for their own pleasure? If not, it is obvious these dainty editions find their devotees. When Dickens was still Boz he sent out cards for a quadrille party in a highly genteel London house on New Year's Eve. It was at the moment when knowledge of the "ladies' chain" and "cavalier seul," with other mysteries, was essential to polite education. Considering that the untiring dancers laid a solid foundation of buttered muffins before reaching the tremendous sit-down supper, with the lengthy speeches happily obsolete, their energy was, "to say the least of it, remarkable."

### Dingley Dell

Soon followed what was really the first Dickensian Christmas number, the irresistible Kentish Christmas at Dingley Dell. Hark! The fiddles and the harp strike up. Mr. Pickwick, in all the glory of those speckled silk hose Mr. Tupman dared to criticize, leads out the old lady in her rustling brocade.

Mr. Winkle and his saucy black-eyed Arabella keep us waiting, having somehow strayed away towards the mistletoe. The fun is fast and furious. Asked to meet Pickwick, the laughing philosopher, as partner or vis-à-vis, who could plead a previous engagement?

It is a difficulty to decide which of the Dickensian invitations to accept first. Possibly the majority choose that to the homely warehouse, hurriedly metamorphosed into a most satisfactory ballroom, where Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig received all their employees and their friends with

such beaming faces the shyest were set at ease. The most prejudiced anti-Dickensian cannot cavil at the picture of the Fezziwig ball drawn by rare John Leech. There we see that fiddler who "tuned like fifty stomach-aches"; the luckless lad who was "proved to have had his ears pulled by his master." Nobody is left out. There Fezziwig of the famous calves encased in tight, trim stockings is seen with his buxom lady in such ample flowered skirts they would make half a dozen ball frocks of the skimpy sort worn by the daughters of to-day. Instead of vainly criticizing the "Christmas Carol," let us hasten to the Fezziwigs' to meet "three- or four-and-twenty pair of partners, people who would dance, and had no notion of walking." "Sir Roger" was the zenith, and came "after the roast and boiled." "And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. F. had gone all through the dance, advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsy and thread the needle, and then back again, Fezziwig 'cut,' cut so deftly he appeared to wink with his calves." That ball was nominally over at eleven. It will never end as long as literature lasts.

If moderns—vastly to their credit—buy the "Carol" by the thousand, they are excusable in having less enthusiasm for "The Chimes" and "The Battle of Life." "The Chimes," indeed, is over-weighted with purpose. Its moral is not tucked away sweetly and adroitly like the moral of the "Carol."

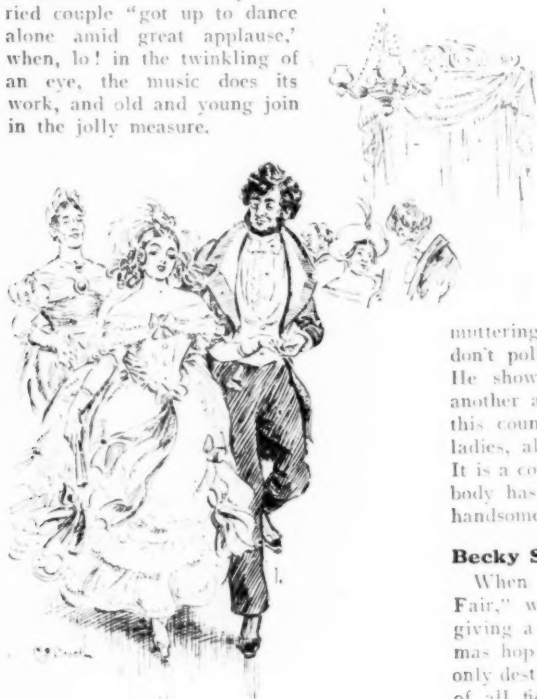


Mr. Pickwick...  
leads out the old lady

## THE QUIVER

The then obligatory happy ending scarcely rings true, even though, according to Dickensian custom, there is a merry informal dance in very humble surroundings.

Even the Cricket could not be left chirping alone upon the Hearth until his chirp had, with the blind girl's harp, set feet in motion. At first the newly married couple "got up to dance alone amid great applause; when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the music does its work, and old and young join in the jolly measure.



At Mrs Perkins' Ball

Of Thackeray's numerous Christmas numbers "The Rose and the Ring" keeps freshest, yet there is not much dancing in enchanted Patagonia. "Mrs. Perkins' Ball," where his own illustrations caricature contemporary fashion amusingly, would make a Christmas card likely to escape the waste-paper basket. Poor Mrs. Perkins' confidential note shows she shared a frequent difficulty with hostesses of 1924. She gives her dear Mr. Titmarsh leave to bring any "very eligible young man," lamenting that "you gentlemen are so fond of your clubs and care so little for dancing, it is really quite a scandal!"

The very costumes worn, fashionable,

Demure Miss Fanny is in muslin, with the flowing blue sash down the front then *à la mode*. There is a Prussian baron in full uniform who brags to a short Frenchman in genuine pre-war style. Miss Joy's ringlets flutter as she skips off for her "fourteenth quadrille." Mrs. Perkins entertained just at the arrival of the polka, described a trifle severely by Mrs. Grundy as "having all the indelicacy of the waltz and none of its grace."

Jealousy is rife between those who can and those who cannot shine in it when it was not the simple "two-step" it became. A heavy swell is drawn bowing to a simpering damsel, saying, "You polk, Miss Bustleton; I'm so delighted." Miss B. smiles and prepares to rise, whilst his rival scowls behind, muttering, "D——d puppy." "Poor Smith don't polk," is the Thackeray explanation. He shows his true kindness of heart in another aside. "Ah, my dear fellow, take this counsel: Always dance with the old ladies, always dance with the governesses. It is a comfort to the poor things that somebody has had mercy on them, and such a handsome fellow as you, too."

### Becky Sharp's Christmas "Hop"

When Miss Becky Sharp, of "Vanity Fair," writes to her dear friend Amelia, giving a piquant account of a little Christmas hop at Queens Crawley, she was still only destined to be the governess triumphant of all fiction. She cut out all the grand London ladies in Amelia's pink silk, and adds, with her invariable eye to the main chance, that it is getting rather worn, "but we poor girls cannot afford *des fraîches toilettes*." She needs, however, no new frocks to complete the subjection of the love-lorn guard-man Captain Rawdon Crawley.

Different indeed is the crushed young governess of pathetic Anne Brontë's "Agnes Grey." She is a patient listener to her conceited ex-pupil's exaggerated reports of the New Year's ball, held in honour of her coming out. Highbrows ever in quest of new literary fashions now want us to believe that little Anne was the genius of the three amazing sisters Brontë. Surely there is nothing in the short and simple annals of Agnes Grey to support the theory.

Meek Agnes has none of sparkling Becky's all-conquering impudence. She has her

## THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

trials with her two pupils—Rosalie, the absolutely heartless flirt, and Matilda, the sportswoman who, rather to the surprise of the reader, swears like a trooper. The exuberant débutante pours out her triumphs to the shocked governess. "Such a ball! You never saw, or read, of anything like it in all your life. Two noblemen, three baronets, and five titled ladies. . . . The ladies, of course, were of no consequence to me except to put me in a good humour with myself by showing me how ugly and awkward most of them were, and the best mama told me the most transcendent beauties were nothing to me. . . . My lord was very complimentary, too—rather too much so, in fact—and I thought proper to be a little haughty and repellent, but I had the pleasure of seeing his nasty cross wife ready to die with vexation!" This minx, in her "white gauze over pink satin, and so sweetly made, with a necklace and bracelet of beautiful large pearls," is—be it noted—one of those early Victorian misses some would hold up as patterns for the girl of the period! There is nothing genial in this ball, which was the means to an end. That end was to make Miss Rosalie the "nasty cross wife" of her wicked baronet, and baronets, for some unexplained cause, were a vicious lot just then.

### "Little Women"

It is quite refreshing to cross to America and go to a cheery little informal dance with Miss Alcott's "Little Women," even



*It is a comfort to the poor things that somebody has had mercy on them.*

if we are not up in the "Polka Redowa," or "the German," otherwise the cotillon. How these poor girls do enjoy themselves, and what fun it all is! Any of the golden curls gets to Europe later on, in time to be the belle of a Christmas ball at her hotel at Nice. She does up an old gown of her rich cousin's with so much fluffy tulle and taste the Polish count will have no other partner for the mazurka. Miss Alcott had the real Dickensian touch, in that she loves, like him, to show that poverty and enjoyment can be near neighbours.

### Squire Cass as Host

If the plain George Eliot was, as she candidly admits, a wallflower herself, she makes a first-class chaperon to a most picturesque last-century ball in Warwickshire. Some of her books have toppled from their pedestals, but cowslip-scented "Silas Marner" still holds its own. There we make the acquaintance of burly Squire Cass, who with all his faults made a good host. His lady guests "wore the tightest of skirts and the shortest of waists," and enchanting Nancy Lammeter, in her "silvery twilled silk and coral ear drops and necklace," had her hair bobbed as maids bob it now.

There is a pleasing condescension in the fact that certain village folk are accorded the privilege of looking on, "when old Solomon had lured all to take part in Sir Roger by the magic scream of his fiddle."



*The tightest of skirts and the shortest of waists*

## THE QUIVER

How vivid it all is! The fine old wainscoted room hung with holly and ivy, the great hot log-fire, and the glitter of candles in silver sconces. We may smile to overhear its impression upon the small Aaron allowed to survey the dazzling scene. "Fayder," said Aaron, whose feet were busy beating time, "how does that big cock's feather stick in Mrs. Crackenthorpe's head? Is there a little hole for it like my shuttlecock?"

"Hush, hush, lad; that's the way ladies dress themselves. It does make her look funny, though, partly like a short-necked bottle with a long quill." In an interval Mr. Bob Cass performs a solo hornpipe, to universal applause.

### Poor Maggie's Dance

The dance in "The Mill on the Floss," fraught with grievous consequences to poor Maggie, whose



"When the clock has done striking twelve,  
dance as much as you like."

love scene with him a modern critic vituperates as "that tailor's dummy Stephen," is set to the languorous music of the waltz she has never learnt to dance—the music that "brings the breath of poetry into a room that is half-stifling with gas and hard flirtation."

It was on New Year's Eve the two gathered roses in the tepid conservatory. Midnight, alas! brought no Happy New Year to Maggie of the star-crossed loves.

The class of critic who is absurd by reason of rash generalization is for ever repeating that Christmas is a back number

with living novelists. He is, as usual, hopelessly inaccurate, for, happily, there still stand two among us with whom we can keep Christmas as it ought to be kept. Mr. Thomas Hardy has lived long enough to hear himself acclaimed a classic. It is the jubilee year of "Far from the Madding Crowd," so that it is our duty to attend Farmer Boldwood's Christmas "randy," even though murder—ghastly guest—hushes its festivity to terrified silence. Even over the preparations for that party there hangs a cloud, a sort of foreboding of tragedy. It offers scope for the frequent complaint that Mr. Hardy is too pessimistic.

### The Subtle Charm of Love's Young Dream

Yet if we want careless gaiety in his company we have but to step "Under the Greenwood Tree" and find the genuine atmosphere of Christmas merry-making at Tranter Dewey's homely cottage. Nowhere is the subtle charm of love's young dream more apparent than when honest Dick Dewey woos the dainty Fancy Day with such chivalrous respect.

### After Midnight

One of the inimitable Hardy veterans rules the roast with a rod of iron. "I can't allow any dancing at all on Christmas Day," said old William emphatically. "When the clock has done striking twelve, dance as much as you like."

The waiting was indeed tedious to lass and lad, till at length the fiddle struck up "The Triumph or Follow My Lover." Mrs. Crumples, "who for some reason none could understand danced in a clean white apron," is a lady whom we should like to question on her amiable idiosyncrasy. In such a close atmosphere really no one could quarrel with Dewey Senior and his fatter friends for removing their coats, to Mrs. Dewey's great annoyance. "I like a party well enough," said Mrs. Dewey, leaving off the adorned tones she had used all the evening and returning to her natural marriage voice, "but, lord! 'tis such a sight of heavy work the next day! And what with the plates and knives and forks, and bits knocked off your furniture, and I don't know what all, why, a body could wish there was no such things as Christmas." Her conclusion is excusable, yet we feel that, her house once



## AN EPITAPH FOR BOAZ

in order, she could not but regard her party as the social triumph that it undoubtedly was.

Some fairy airship will ensure punctuality at Mr. Kipling's smart ball in the Punjab. It occurs in surely one of the best even of his best stories, that of "William the Conqueror." Is there a man proof against William, who played the heroine with such sweet unconsciousness when famine was in the burning south? There she won the heart of an equally gallant gentleman of the name of Scott, unafraid of mockery when he milked unwilling goats, to feed quirming, starving black babies. "Babu" Scott, nicknamed from these obstreperous goats, was worthy of William, and the ball was worthy of both. Flags and uniforms

and "Europe" frocks, five hundred waltzers whirling to a military band, and something higher.

For as these lovers sat apart, having bought their happiness with the gold of charity, a hidden choir broke into the song of the old, old story:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around."

In half a dozen words Mr. Kipling makes it plain why strong-minded William "wiped her eyes."

To some of us they are enough with that simple music to make us feel that it is best of all for us to be at this far-away Christmas festival.



## *An Epitaph for Boaz*

*By  
Fay Inchfawn*

Here lies a man who took beneath his wing  
How many a sorrowful and friendless thing!  
He never hurt the deaf man's shrinking mind:  
Right brotherly he led the stumbling blind.

Long as he lived his servants loved him more;  
For witness, see the awl-marks on his door.  
His kindred, and his nearest neighbour, knew  
That all his balances were just and true.

From every day he claimed a little space  
To seek and find his mighty Kinsman's face.  
He never took the utmost life could yield;  
He left unreaped the corners of his field.

But yet he never guessed  
How many strangers came,  
And, gleaming after him with zest  
Arose and blest his name.  
He never knew with what delight  
They beat those handfuls out at night.  
And he could never look and see  
The firelit homes, where cheerily  
Some gracious woman turned the mill  
And mixed and moulded, singing still,  
As round the cinders gleaming red  
Small eager folk ate barley bread.



"Christmas was a great day in the Jevons family, and they were much too busy enjoying themselves to notice him"—p. 115

Drawn by  
John Cameron

# Next-Door Neighbours

*A Story of Christmas in the Suburbs*

By  **BRENDA E. SPENDER** 

TO be next-door neighbours in Suburbia may mean more than everything or less than nothing. In the case of the Jevonses and the Destorimers it meant something midway between the two extremes to most of the members of those households, and something very much of the former description to two of them. The Jevonses were a large family. They had no mother, to be sure, but they had nearly everything else—greenhouses and gardeners and tennis lawns and a motor—and, taking them as a whole, were exceedingly healthy, sporting and happy-go-lucky, and quite wealthy as wealth goes in Suburbia. The Destorimers, on the contrary, were a very small family, only an aunt and niece, and had not very much of anything except family pride—which they had so much of that the wealthy but less glorious Jevonses were exceedingly glad of their countenance—and only one small greenhouse, which was the apple of their eyes and which meant much more to them than all the “glass” in their “grounds” did to the whole Jevons family collectively.

Now the point at which the two families touched most closely was in the friendship between the niece, whose name was Ray, short for Raymonde, and Stephen, the second of the Jevons family. He in the war had been shot through the back, but not from the back—oh, dear, no, he had an M.C., which guaranteed him against any such suspicion—and though able to hold his own in his father's office in the city—Mr. Jevons, senior, was an importer of something vastly useful and interesting from the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo—was no longer very much good at the sports and games and energetic pursuits in which the rest of his family delighted.

He could walk quite well with a stick, and nobody, looking at him carelessly, thought him more than just slightly lame or a little delicate looking for all his height and his broad shoulders, but his stick, like

some magic talisman, was the source of all his powers. Left without it, he had to stay where he was, or at best to creep along clinging to walls and pillars for support, and one or two dreadful public occasions when he had forgotten or dropped it, and had been rescued from his ignominy by some offhand younger brother or sister, had made him horribly sensitive to his disability. The outcome of it all was that he limited his ambitions, pottered in the grounds in the summer or read in the winter, made no effort to join in the family diversions, but lived odd-man-out, always on the *qui vive* to give no opening for anyone's pity or laughter, and growing year by year a little less hopeful and interested in life, and a little more irritable and hard to please in spite of that—or because of it. The arrival of Miss Destorimer and Ray at the little house next door was a godsend, for Ray was distinctly an old-fashioned girl—blue blood and family tradition often having the effect of hindering one's movement with the times—and therefore had a great deal more leisure in which to share his potterings and readings than any member of his own family.

Miss Destorimer was a keen gardener and had trained Ray in her craft, and very soon Stephen found himself not only pottering but working, as well as he was able, in the little garden next door, and finding it extremely interesting when Ray was there to laugh at his ignorance and appreciate his efforts. Very soon he had become at home at “No. 34” in a sense in which he had never been at home at “Highcroft” next door, and when Ray or Miss Destorimer went to the sea or paid visits and sent their little maid home on board wages, they left quite happily, knowing that Stephen, climbing over at his special place in the garden wall, where a brick or two taken out and a rockery raised a little made things easy, would see that nothing went wrong with the greenhouse or garden.

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"I really don't think I could bear to leave home if it weren't for Mr. Stephen Jevons," Miss Destorimer would say to her niece, and her niece would smile and sigh and refrain from saying to Miss Destorimer that if it were not for Mr. Stephen Jevons she herself could have borne to go away a great deal better. This is not to suggest for one moment that she objected to Stephen's presence in greenhouse or garden. It was only that she strongly objected to his presence without her own, for, as might be expected in the circumstances of so old-fashioned a girl as Ray was, she loved him very tenderly.

She went on loving him, too, even when, after a happy year or so, a terrible blight fell on their friendship owing to the fact that something—a bright spring day and two happy lovers passing him in the street, perhaps—caused him to realize that if only one German sniper, dead and buried years ago, had aimed a little less truly for once, he himself would still be an ordinary young man, able to love a girl as sweet as Ray and to try to win her too.

"No girl with sense could think twice of a fellow who walks like a crab," he said in the first moment of realization, "a fellow who can't move without a stick; a sort of human joke; a funny sketch of a man!"

After a while he got used a little to his misery, but the damage to their happiness was done. He was no longer simply a pleasant friend. He had become at once exacting and embittered. Having decided that Ray's sweetest looks were only kindness he drove them away with bitter words, and yet he wanted her so sorely, was so desperately afraid of losing the little he had of her, that he was always comparing what she had done a year ago with what she did to-day, how she treated some other friend with how she treated him, and demanding her society as though he had a right to it, simply because he had none and could never have any, and dreaded to feel her slipping away from him.

Sometimes after what Miss Destorimer called "a pleasant afternoon in the garden," when tea was over and Stephen had gone back over the garden wall to dress for the nightly festival of the Jevons family dinner, Ray, upstairs in her little room, putting on a light frock for the cold supper at "No. 34," would cry for a little while, her face hidden in her pillow.

"Why is he so unkind?" she would say, and then, feeling that she must never blame

him, that if her faithful heart admitted a fault in him he could have no refuge anywhere from the world's bitterness, called him her "poor, brave, darling Stephen," and bathed her face and went downstairs unshaken in her tenderness.

But even a girl who loves wisely and tenderly is human, and a gnawing sorrow does not help one to be patient and sweet-tempered, and occasionally there were little quarrels between them, quickly made up because Stephen was so much afraid and Ray so humble and so sweet, but each fretting away a little of the golden chain that had once held them so happily close, until the day came when a last final quarrel broke it altogether.

It was three days before Christmas, and Stephen, who had been extraordinarily busy at the office, had not been in to "No. 34" for a day or two, so that it had all the quality of a surprise for him when about nine o'clock as he sat with his father in the library—the rest of the family was divided between a boy and girl dance and a theatre party—a servant came in to tell him that Miss Ray wanted to see him and was in the drawing-room. Stephen got up so quickly that he almost slipped, and old Mr. Jevons, noting the flush on his face, laughed and said:

"Hurry up, my boy. Don't keep the lass waiting when she's come after her sweetheart," and disobeyed so flagrantly St. Paul's injunction to parents as to provoking their children to wrath that for a moment Stephen could hardly speak.

"A pretty sweetheart I'd be, pater! Run after me! The girl who ran after me wouldn't have far to run."

He limped away on his stick, and old Mr. Jevons looked after him with a suddenly crestfallen face, for it had never struck him before that a young man with a wound and the M.C. to show for himself could feel himself an unattractive object in a girl's eyes, even if he were a little lame and rather more helpless than was always convenient.

"Poor old Stephen!" he said to himself. "So that's the way the wind blows. I suppose a girl would have to be out of the ordinary fond of him, and he always was proud—like his mother."

Meanwhile Stephen, scarlet to the ears and unendurably rasped in his tenderest feelings, had hobbled to the drawing-room to greet his visitor who had come to tell him that a sudden invitation to spend Christmas with relations who loomed large

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in Miss Destorimer's eyes had changed all their plans. They were to leave by an early train to-morrow, and would Stephen, in his usual kind fashion, take the greenhouse key and have a fire lighted if a hard frost happened to come while they were away.

"But you—you're not going away for Christmas?" Stephen asked, unable to believe such news.

Ray, standing close, looking up at him, her small face rosy above the dark fur that wrapped her throat, nodded, holding out the key in one little ungloved hand.

"You couldn't be so . . . selfish. You know how hard I've been at it lately—I'd counted on our having the holidays together."

"So had I. But, of course, Aunt Marie didn't know."

"Couldn't you tell her?"

Ray shook her head. In her heart she said, "Ah, my foolish dear one, if you won't say you love me, if you won't make it possible for me to acknowledge that I love you, how can I show you such favour?"

"You couldn't have wanted to stay here much, then."

"Oh, I did, Stephen, very, very much."

"Not very, very much"—the reply was a sneer, and even the most loving girl has a breaking point at which her patience may fail her.

"You have no right to speak to me like that."

"I suppose I have no right to speak to you anyhow, unless you want me to. Perhaps that's the explanation."

"What's the explanation?" She put her hand to a gilded chair to steady herself, for she was trembling. She felt that her very heart was bleeding with the wound that he had made in it, and yet, being a Destorimer, she held her head high.

"You are tired of me," he accused her, and at that she laughed. Tired of bitterness and quarrelling, tired of loving with no tenderness in return, tired of holding back all the sweet words she had longed to say, because he would not set her free to say them.

"Oh, yes, I am very tired of you," she agreed.

The words brought Stephen down to earth from the fiery cloud of his wrath. She was tired of him, of their friendship. It was all over. She had turned towards the door and he limped after her, and was in time to hold it open for her.

"Give me the key then," he said, and his

voice was rough with his pain. "I can still be useful."

But the taunt, which was more or less the outcome of his habit of bitterness and not of their quarrel, fell on a spirit too raw to bear it.

"I would rather not, thank you," said Miss Ray Destorimer, and left him. The friendship, which had meant more than everything to two of the next-door neighbours, was broken, and two of the wretchedest young people in London lay awake most of the night and wondered how it could have come to happen to them.

In the nature of things, Stephen had at one time known pretty well all there is to know of physical agony, but now he was to experience suffering before which all that his wound had cost him seemed insignificant. It is certainly true that in no place can one be so much alone as in a great city, and a somewhat similar truth appertains to big families. Had he been an adoring mother's only son or one of two or three brothers and sisters, the frozen misery of his fate must have given away the fact that on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day he literally did not know what he was doing. Because his inward eye was fixed on the ruin in which his life was laid his outward eye was blind to what passed before it, and only the mechanical force of habit kept him going more or less as usual; but Christmas was a great day in the Jevons family, and everybody was much too busy enjoying themselves to notice him. On Christmas Eve there was a dinner party and friends in for an informal dance to the strains of the gramophone in the music-room, and on Christmas Day presents from everybody to everybody else and a huge middle day dinner and amateur theatricals to come in the evening. Somehow until the afternoon Stephen managed to do everything that was expected of him, and then after dinner he suddenly couldn't stand any more of it and got up from the family circle, which took no notice of his departure, and found himself, after a wild ten minutes when he didn't know where he had been, standing at his special place in the wall looking down at the little garden and the greenhouse of "No. 34."

He looked and looked, and after a while he saw what he was looking at, and after a little longer realized that something had happened and the garden was looking different from when he had last seen it three or four days ago. He looked again—a

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frost? That was it, there had been a frost. His heart gave a sudden start of fear. He had forgotten to see that the greenhouse fire was lighted—and then he remembered that this time it was not his affair. Ray had refused him the key.

Try not to think him only ridiculous—a tall, thin, bent young man, without an overcoat, standing staring down into a wintry little suburban garden with a face which slowly went grey with horror because a greenhouse fire had remained unlit in a frost. Try to remember that physical suffering had made him easy prey to mental pain, and that in Ray his sensitiveness had found the only real intimacy of his life. It seemed to Stephen a terrible thing that here, where he might have served her, his bitterness, because his must be service only and never reward, had let him fail. Evidently it had been impossible for them at the last moment to find someone else to give an eye to the greenhouse. They had gone hoping that there would be no frost, and the frost had come, and he in his black misery had never even looked to see how his charge at "No. 34" might be faring in other hands.

"It may have killed the big heliotrope," said Stephen aloud, inadequately expressing his conviction that if harm had been done the catastrophe would lie at his door and make him seem in Ray's eyes a shade more ungracious, boorish and callous than he must already.

He turned and hurried back to the kitchen door of "Highcroft," his mind outstripping his awkward walk. From a kitchen-maid, laughing with the bootboy at the larder window, he requisitioned sticks, matches and paper; he knew that there was a coke pile beside the furnace of the Destorimers' greenhouse. Of course, it would have been far more simple to send the bootboy round to do the job expeditiously with a practised hand and go back to the family circle himself, where, on the whole, he fitted in better, but that would have been too much to expect of a young man in love and out of favour with his beloved. To let a servant have the painful joy of doing something for Ray was beyond him. He snatched an overcoat from the back hall, an extraordinary instance of the mechanical operation of common sense, and, in the circumstances which came to pass, a providential one, and then limped back, climbed the wall and tackled the greenhouse furnace. It was a bad-tempered, tricky little affair, and its chimney was cold and its whole attitude dis-

obliging, but at the end of half an hour Stephen dragged himself up to his knees with the aid of his stick, pushed the hair back from his damp forehead with a hand which left a fine black streak across it above his eyebrows, and relaxed the strained attention of his expression a little at the sound of the fire behind its iron door roaring merrily up the iron chimney.

He limped to the greenhouse door and tried by peering in to tell whether the frost had done any damage, but the light of the short December afternoon was failing, and he could not be sure. From force of habit he felt in his trouser pocket for the key, his badge of service to his lady, as precious as ever soldier's commission or courtier's wand of office, and then sighed, remembering that by his own doing he had lost his right to be there.

But the generation which went to the war gained something in resource to balance other losses, and quickly enough he reasoned that one greenhouse key is probably pretty much like others, and that his father possessed many greenhouses. It took him longer to climb back into the "Highcroft" demesne and to gather together, regardless of his father's head gardener's convenience when he came back to lock up, the keys of every greenhouse in the grounds, but once back at the door of the treasured "lean-to" at "No. 34" he felt a slight thrill of pleasure at his own perspicacity when the first he tried turned the lock and let him in.

In common with many other such buildings the Destorimer greenhouse had a wide grating running down the floor. Stephen Jevons knew it well. Gratings and gutters and cracks were the natural enemies of his trusty stick, and bitter experience had made him skilful in avoiding them. But now his thoughts were all for Ray's flowers, for Ray's disappointment if they were killed, for what Ray must think of him, standing by in his pride because of their quarrel and letting her treasures die before his eyes. He made haste to examine the great heliotrope that was her special pride, and the trusty stick, his friend and talisman, caught its ferrule in one of the slits of the grating, bent, broke, and let him fall.

It was a hard fall, for his feet had slipped on the tiles of the greenhouse floor, and like most falls had a feeling of unexpectedness that, added to the force with which he struck the ground, left him dazed for a few minutes, lying at full length. When he pulled himself together and looked stupidly



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"Who—who—— Oh, you!" said Ray, and her voice broke in her throat in her relief"—p. 118

Drawn by  
John Cameron

at perhaps a foot of the faithless stick, broken off short in his hand, and himself a derelict, sprawled at that side of the greenhouse where a smooth brick wall offered no hope of hold by which to pull himself up, Stephen began to laugh.

It really struck him as funny that circumstances had made a prisoner of him like this. Only the maid at "Highcroft," from whom he had got the firewood, could have the very faintest conception of what he might be doing, and he had not told her where he was going; also, by reason of her lowly position in the household, she was likely to be the last to be questioned. It might be hours before they found him; perhaps he would be there all night. He had a vision of the police being called in to look for him, of rivers being dragged, while he lay *perdu* in the next-door neighbours' greenhouse. Speculations of that sort kept him bitterly amused for half an hour or so, and then the thought crossed his mind that if they were long enough in finding him Ray and Miss Destorimer themselves might come home and discover him lying, helplessly, on their greenhouse floor.

He burnt at the thought and looked round as well as he could, lying flat on his back, to see if anyhow, anywhere, there was a chance of escape. All his amusement at the situation had gone. He dreaded the humiliation of being found by Ray some forty-eight hours hence far too much to waste even a moment in looking for a way out. Shouting, with the door and window shut, was no good, he knew that almost without considering the point. Where he had fallen getting up was an impossibility. If only he had been near the staging there was a chance that, helping himself by one of the legs, he might have got to his feet and crawled, leaning on the wall, to the door. The thing was, could he reach the staging? That was almost more than he dared hope. He dug strong fingers into the grating, making helpers of the holes that had caused his downfall, and dragged himself along a few inches with physical exertion such as he had not made for years and which it would have been better for him if someone had had the sense to encourage him in long ago; but the healthy, happy clan of his brothers and sisters had quite uncon-

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sciously preserved his incapacity for him by their very competence. And as he lay still, pulling himself together for another effort, the door of the greenhouse leading into the drawing-room of "No. 34" was suddenly thrown open, and, shading the light of a candle with her trembling hand, Ray, in coat and hat, stood, white-faced, staring at him.

"Who—who— Oh, you!" said Ray, and her voice broke in her throat in her relief.

He was cold enough already, but it seemed to him that in that moment, lying there under Ray's eyes, the shame of his helplessness froze his very soul. There was nothing left now to gain or lose. He could not hide his wretchedness from her any longer and pretend not to be so very much inferior to other men. She must know now, and that was the end of it all. He answered her with complete self-possession, because when the worst has happened—though it never really does—it has a wonderfully calming effect.

"I'm not drunk, you know," he said; "there's nothing to be afraid of."

"You're—you're not hurt?" She came nearer quickly.

"Not at all, thank you. I merely happened to drop my stick down the grating, and without it I am in the habit of exhibiting this elegant indifference to an upright position until somebody picks me up."

"Now she knows," he said to himself. "Now she knows. Why doesn't she laugh?"

But Ray merely looked, and then quite suddenly knelt down on the floor beside him.

"What were you doing? I mean, how did you get in without the key?"

"I have eight of our greenhouse keys in my pocket—I'm lying on them, as a matter of fact, and they're not very comfortable—and the ninth is in the door. I—I saw it had been freezing. I didn't happen to notice the weather till quite late this afternoon. I thought I had better come round, as obviously no one else had lighted the fire. Is that—the frost—why you have come?"

Ray nodded.

"Yes. When it was so severe, I—I had to tell Aunt Marie that we had—you hadn't got the key, and she let me come home at once to look after it."

"And so it's my fault you had to come home?"

"In a way," said Ray, and then she spoke out more clearly. "I told Aunt Marie about the key because of the frost, but really it wasn't that—I wanted to see you."

"You wanted to see me?"

"Christmas wasn't Christmas when I didn't know whether we were friends."

"Same here." He had to stop, his heart was beating so loudly. "It hasn't been Christmas. . . . It is now."

She slipped her hand into his at that, and the touch of his fingers made her brave beyond the little limits pride and convention build around love. She shook her head to shake away the tears that had come into her eyes and laughed through them.

"I ought to help you up, but somehow I like having you at my mercy there. Why aren't you always nice to me?"

"I don't know," he said, because the truth seemed to him much too dangerous to be told.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"You couldn't." He looked at her, thinking how little she guessed the secret which had made their friendship bitter to him and yet the dearest thing on earth, and did not know that looking so he had made full confession, but Ray knew, and her heart grew suddenly light and happy, looking and knowing.

"You are horrid to me and I am horrid to you"—but she never had been, only she wanted even to share his faults—"because—well, because we love each other too much not to be if we don't tell, and I mustn't tell you and you won't tell me. And so we are wretched when we might be happy."

Stephen had both her hands now in his and held against his heart, as though that might be a cure for its wild beating; but as a matter of fact he didn't know it. He thought that he was arguing very calmly and reasonably, and saving her from herself and from the misery of marrying a helpless physical wreck with a remarkable assumption of calm.

"My dear, I know all that; but no girl with a ha'porth of common sense would want to marry a man who can't stand up by himself"—she shook her head—"who . . . walks like a crab."

"You don't . . . you walk like a hero," said Ray, and with a little gesture infinitely tender and mother-like passed a soft finger along his smutty forehead. "You walk like a hero, but—you *look* like a sweep."

And that is the true history of how, sitting on the floor of a badly frosted suburban greenhouse on Christmas afternoon, the two next-door neighbours who really mattered to each other decided not to be only next-door neighbours ever any more.

# A Christmas Lapse

By  D. H. PARRY

## CHAPTER I The Call of Christmas

"WE are looking eagerly forward, my dear boy, to seeing you once again in our humble abode, and your mother is counting the hours. We want to hear of these great successes from your own lips, if you can tear yourself away from your wealthy patrons for a little while and cheer our loneliness this Christmas-tide."

The words hit him like a blow, and Gilbert Haddon looked round his painting-room with a haggard eye.

He was not the only promising lad who had sought his fortune in wonderful London town, full of high hope; but at the end of two years of work and weary waiting his only fame had been contained in those glowing letters he had written home, for the old folk must never know of his failure.

The "great successes," a goodly dozen of them, stood face to the wall, as though turning their backs in proud disdain upon those "wealthy patrons" who had failed to appreciate their undoubted merit.

Several striking portraits, and those who knew said they were quite as good as many from the brush of Mr. Gainsborough, just then at the height of his popularity, gazed from the frames that had cost more guineas than he had earned, and the room struck very cold, for there was no fire in it.

Over the empty grate hung a brilliant study of the man whose letter he now crushed in his hand—his father, in the red coat of Elliott's Light Horse, painted in the garden of the trim little cottage where the half-pay captain nursed his wounds and the sense of his country's ingratitude, which has been the legacy of old soldiers in all ages. Nowadays we give them a row of medals to make up for it, but it doesn't.

Haddon plunged a desperate hand into the pocket of his kerseymer breeches and glared wildly at the one and sevenpence halfpenny it produced.

"Great heavens! I'd forgotten all about

it being Christmas! Something's got to be done. They shan't be disappointed if I can help it, but the single coach fare is thirty shillings, to say nothing of any presents. And look at my clothes!" he groaned.

He strode across the room, selected a bundle of sketches and drawings, which he placed in a portfolio, and went out.

The street, with its tall old houses, was like some quiet backwater running out of the main stream of traffic, hushed and muffled by the snow that had fallen, and beside the door, which closed behind him with a dull bang, was his name on a brass plate—"Gilbert Haddon, Portrait Painter."

It had looked so bright and enticing when he had first had it placed there, but it had brought no custom, and now the portrait painter was going forth to hawk his wares, the soles of his shoes uncomfortably thin.

He was conscious, too, that the cuffs of his brown coat were terribly ragged, and tried to hide the fact as he opened his portfolio in the back room of a printseller's establishment.

"My good sir, business was never at a lower ebb; I am buying nothing," said the dealer, who had taken an odd drawing from him at intervals during the past. "After Christmas is over, perhaps—but now, it is only wasting my time and your own."

Everywhere he met with the same reception. One man, touched possibly by the eager, hungry look in the pale face, gave him five shillings for a spirited sketch of a groom leading a horse, and sold it for ten times that sum within half an hour.

Another man was frankly brutal.

"Tut-tut, young man! What my customers require is something seasonable," he laughed scornfully. "Who do ye think wants 'May Gorse on Hampstead Heath' three days before Christmas? Look at this—now if you'd anything to offer after this fashion I might talk to you." And he produced an original drawing by Thomas Rowlandson, so coarse in subject that the colour came into Haddon's thin cheeks.

"It is a disgrace to the great genius who

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produced and the hireling who would exhibit it," he said hotly. "Rather would I starve than dip my brush in such foulness."

"Then starve, my budding Michael Angelo; starve by all means!" And the man roared with laughter, as Haddon retied the strings of his shabby case and went out into the gathering gloom of the wintry afternoon.

He had tramped miles and eaten nothing since his frugal breakfast, and the handsome, sensitive face had a desperate, hopeless expression now in the sunken eyes and the drooping curve of the mouth.

He had tried every source he could think of, and there was nothing left but to plod wearily back to his room and shatter all their Christmas hopes.

It was cruelly hard to see the wealth on every side; wealth in chariots, wealth on foot. Crowds of well-dressed people spending money like water; thronging into the shops with those bow-fronted windows, whose small panes were not too tiny but that something of value could be seen behind them to tempt the purchaser.

He had reached Bond Street, then, as now, the mart for all that was of the best at the highest possible price, and on a sudden he bethought him of a dealer in prints in St. James's, at the far end.

He could not afford to let a last chance pass by, and very weary by that time he turned southward through the melting slush as the candles and oil lamps were being lighted.

With head sunk forward, footsore and heartsick from the hopeless quest, Gilbert Haddon paused as a young lady stepped from a carriage drawn up beside the kerb and spoke to the powdered coachman in the most musical voice he had ever heard.

The man had mistaken his young mistress's direction, and was angry at his own stupidity.

"Never mind, Ellis, 'tis but a few steps down the street. Wait here, 'twould be shame to turn the horses and the way so crowded," she said, her eyes falling for a brief moment on the artist, who was conscious only of a pretty face that matched the music of her voice as she turned and tripped before him.

He did not trouble to look at her a second time, but followed a few yards behind in those shabby shoes that let the water in and squelched it out again at every step, and she had reached the silversmith's door before she discovered her loss.

As she turned she saw him stoop, and the netted silk purse that had fallen from her reticule into the snow gave out the chink of gold as he picked it up.

Myrtle Westoby stood quite still. He could have seen her had he raised his eyes, but they were bent on the thing he had found, counting the twenty-five guineas it contained, while she realized that conscience and dire necessity were at grips before her, and that necessity was winning.

The tired, hauntingly handsome face was that of a gentleman, although a broken one, and in the fleeting space of a few seconds pride and want struggled visibly, merging at length into a flush of anger at the inequality of wealth, and a sudden resolve which swung him round after a furtive side glance, to vanish among the crowd of happy, laughing folk that just then overtook him.

Gilbert Haddon had fallen from his place among the angels, leaving a pang of disappointment and a great pity in the breast of the lovely watcher.

"Oh, what a cruel world it is!" she sighed, returning to the waiting carriage. "Heaven grant those guineas I shall never miss may bring that poor man the comfort he so surely needs!"

Somehow the girl found no heart to examine the heap of parcels that represented her Christmas shopping, and they lay unnoticed as she sat with her tiny feet on the fender, thinking of what might lie behind the little tragedy she had witnessed and the face of the man who had succumbed to a sudden temptation—she knew instinctively he had been an artist, and fell to wondering whether chance would ever bring him across her path again.

The stately old mansion in St. James's Square was a veritable museum of the fine arts, for was not Sir Jacob Westoby one of the great connoisseurs of the day, as all the world knew?

It was his step that now approached with quite unusual haste, and the girl's face brightened, as it always did when her father entered.

"Myrtle, a piece of rare good fortune, a discovery if we can only find him. A neglected genius, my daughter! Look at this!"

Unwrapping it almost impatiently, the baronet produced a masterly water-colour of a groom leading a reluctant horse out of a stable door!

"What do you think of it, child? Is it

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not marvellous in its truth? Egad, that poor besotted fool, George Morland, must look to his laurels, for here is a stripling who will outpace him, and that right soon," cried Sir Jacob. "Enderby only asked me

who picked up the fallen purse had carried a green portfolio and wore a shabby brown overcoat?

"Knew you'd like it, my dear," said the connoisseur, although she had said no word, but the genial enthusiast was too busy endeavouring to find a signature that did not exist to notice the omission.



"The tired, hauntingly handsome face was that of a gentleman, although a broken one."

two guineas and a half, and the man was a stranger to him—looked half starved, he said, with a ragged brown overcoat and a tattered green portfolio under his arm, full of drawings he was trying to sell. I cursed Enderby for a dolt not to have taken his address, but he will try to discover his whereabouts for me."

Perhaps it was her trained appreciation of her father's latest purchase that made the girl so silent; or was it because the man

### CHAPTER II

#### The Call of Conscience

GILBERT HADDON looked over his shoulder several times as he quickened his pace almost into a run.

In his own heart he knew perfectly well that the girl who had tripped so daintily in front of him must have been the loser of that purse, and that he could have settled the point in a moment by stepping up to the

## THE QUIVER

family coachman; there had even been a crest on the door panel; he had seen it as he stood back to let her pass, and now he was hurrying away like a thief!

His cheeks showed a dull red spot; his hand clutching the coins was so hot that the guineas grew hot likewise, and seemed to burn him; but after a while he threw his head back and laughed scornfully.

"Pshaw! Beggars can't afford to be choosers. The loss will mean nothing to her, who can loll at her ease in an equipage with a purple velvet hammer-cloth, and it will be everything to those at home!" he muttered, salving his conscience and growing a little faint as he thought how he could now bring joy to those parents who were "counting the days."

His head reeled so giddily that he stood a moment grasping an iron post at the street corner, remembered that he had eaten nothing all day, and straightway sought the nearest coffee-house, where he ordered a beef steak and a drink.

From that moment he thought no more of his unexpected accession to wealth, but planned how he could lay out the money to the best advantage.

To-morrow he would renew his wardrobe and buy a pair of high boots with brown tops to replace those which let the snow in. Then there were seasonal gifts; some arrears of rent for the painting-room which had been troubling him sorely, and the day after he would book a seat on the stage coach and return to the bosom of his family with more appearance of the Conquering Hero than the Prodigal Son after all.

Afterwards—oh, hang the future! That might take care of itself, and probably would.

In which semi-defiant mood Gilbert Haddon, portrait painter, opened the door of the house in the quiet street and whistled almost gaily as he went upstairs to his room on the first floor.

Like a glad dream was that cold coach ride to the occupant of the box seat beside the driver. It was good to be well dressed again, and the bottle-green overcoat ornamented with broad tabs and huge flat buttons might have been made for him instead of having been bought second-hand in Soho from a Hebrew gentleman, who had supplied his every want, even to the handsome leather valise, which, with his package of painting traps, reposed in the boot at the back of the coach.

The very keenness of the wind that made

his breath hang in a cloud before his woollen muffler acted as a tonic, and fresh snow having obligingly fallen overnight, the landscape was seasonably good to look upon, with icicles glittering on the bare branches and children sliding on the village ponds.

"A rare open-handed young gemman, Jim!" said the coachman to the guard when Haddon had left them, each with a liberal largesse.

The half-pay captain had been waiting at the garden gate, looking more than ever like his portrait on the wall, listening eagerly for the ring of the hoofs on the road and the warning toot of the horn.

"Welcome, my dear lad!" cried the veteran of Emsdorff, gripping Gilbert with his unwounded hand as though he would never let him go again. "A little thinner, perhaps—but that's hard work—or maybe the late hours of your fashionable London friends, you dog! Egad now! What on earth have you got in your bag?" and he insisted on carrying it himself, just to show that the French had left him one stalwart arm at least.

"Something for you, father, and something for this dear soul," laughed Gilbert, as the mother, in her white mob cap and fichu, met him with a glad cry and folded him to her maternal bosom.

Once alone in the tiny little chamber above stairs, with its spotless dimity curtains, the corner wash-stand, the oak chest of drawers with the brass drop handles, all exactly as he had known it two years before, Gilbert drew a deep sigh and sat down at the edge of the bed.

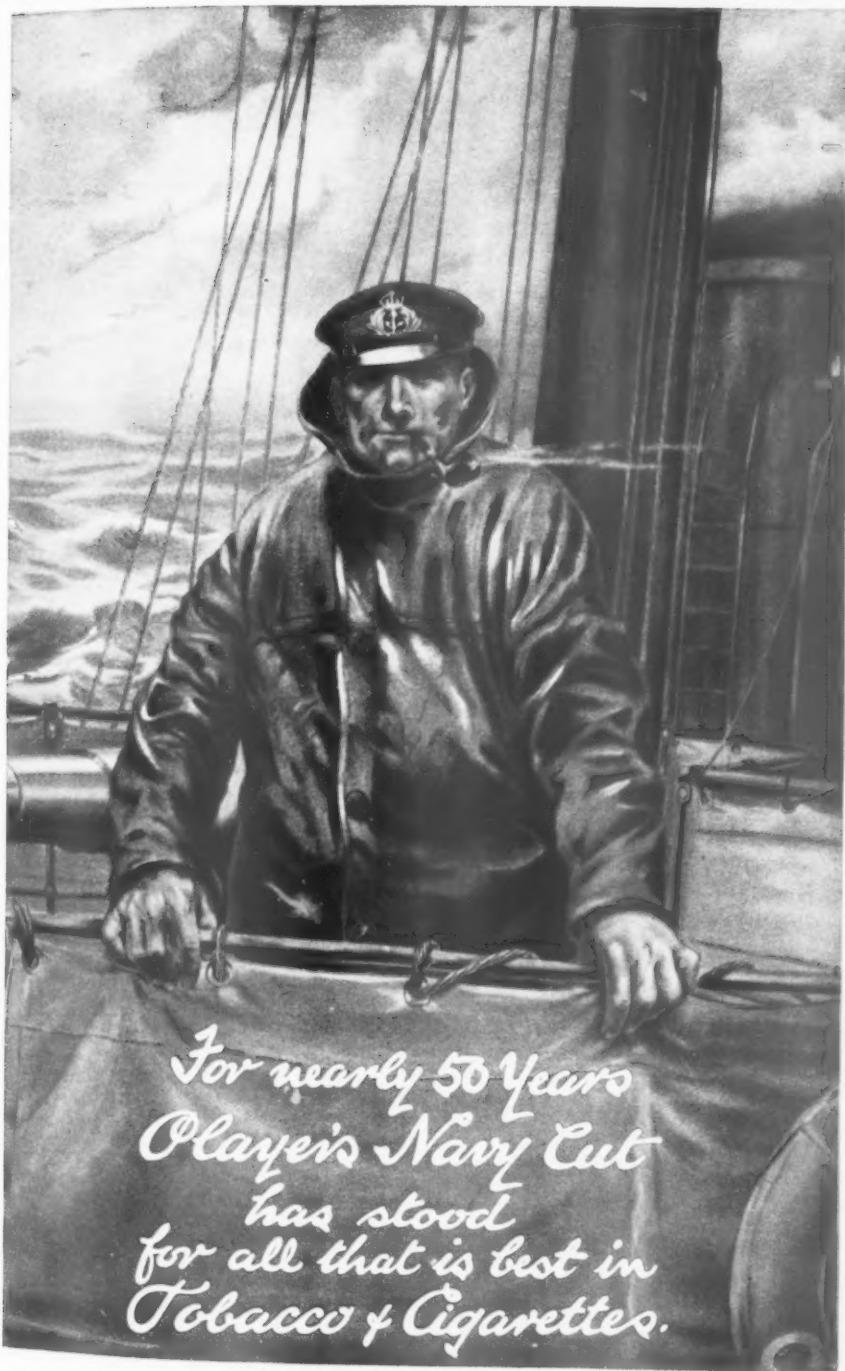
Everything was the same, even to his own portrait, painted in a looking-glass, hanging over the fireplace, and through the open door of the adjoining room he could see what had once been his boyish studio, just as he had left it.

He alone had changed; he could date the exact moment when the alteration began, and yet but for that netted purse in the trampled slush of Bond Street he would not be there—hearing the subdued murmur of those happy parents below, discussing him, doubtless, joying in his presence in the home once more!

He had taken off the bright blue swallow-tailed coat, and hearing wheels on the high road leaned in his full shirt-sleeves on the sill as a travelling carriage rolled by, drawn by four post-horses.

One passing glimpse he caught of a man's





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*W. O. Hartley*



## A CHRISTMAS LAPSE

aristocratic profile looking at the church and pointing out its beauty to a hooded figure beside him, and the carriage had gone by, trunks piled up on the back with scarce room for the liveried manservant, whose nose was purple with the cold.

"They are keeping Christmas royally at the Rectory this year," said Captain Haddon when Gilbert descended. "Half a dozen chariots of sorts have arrived this morning, and more expected to-morrow. Which reminds me of a little surprise. The rector has asked us to dine with him on Christmas Day, and we have accepted."

"But, father!"

"Nonsense; there are no 'buts' about it, lad!" laughed his sire. "I vowed my old red coat was over white at the shoulders to rub them against the rector's guests, but the good fellow would take no denial, and your mother sided with him when he told us that his brother Sir Jacob was to be of the party—you know him in town, of course?"

Gilbert gasped.

"What, Sir Jacob Westoby, the great art patron?" he cried with surprise and some bitterness in his voice. "Nay, he flies at higher game than I, and has been known to pay a thousand pounds for a single canvas."

"Then why not for one of your own—who can tell?"

But Gilbert shook his head. "A man must be long dead to command such a price," and under his breath he added: "Would that I were dead also, for I see danger looming."

The poor fellow moved as in a waking dream. There was a sense of unreality over everything, and when he looked about him at the old familiar objects he found himself wondering whether he were really there at all; whether he would not suddenly wake up to find himself in the cheerless painting-room and the whole thing a mocking vision. And then the way of his coming would return to him, and there was no delusion about that.

He had done a thing that was eating into his very soul. He felt mean and humbled in his own sight: the look of pride that lit up the half-pay captain's eyes every time they fell on his son hurt him more than anything. But what was done could not be undone, and he longed to go away and hide himself.

The watchful mother saw the trouble under the boisterous gaiety he assumed, and

as they rose to sing the grand old Christmas hymn her hand took possession of his own, and the action in itself was a prayer that he who had brought all his boyish secrets to her would open his heart again.

Gilbert Haddon looked across the aisle in search of the voice which had suddenly thrilled that little congregation with its marvellous beauty, and their eyes met!

The singer was one of the company that thronged the rector's pew, and beside her stood the elderly man with the aristocratic profile he had seen in the passing carriage.

He felt himself pale and then flush redly to the roots of his chestnut hair, and the romance of a lifetime betrayed itself in his ardent gaze.

He was a very handsome fellow, and into the eyes of the girl flashed an answering light: a look of recognition, almost of fear, which instantly gave place to an expression of puzzled doubt. Then the eyes dropped to the book before her, and she sang no more.

Outside in the porch there were greetings and salutations and hearty wishes for a happy Christmas, and the portly rector, having hurriedly changed his surplice, introduced his distinguished brother to Captain Haddon and his family.

"Ah, Jacob, this is the young man I want you to meet—he who painted that bay cob of mine you were admiring so much yesterday."

"How d'ye do, Mr. Haddon?" cried the famous connoisseur, shaking Gilbert's hand with great warmth. "Egad, young gentleman, I don't know where you've been hiding yourself, but if that picture is a specimen of your work, then I must see more of it! My daughter—Myrtle—and the puss is almost as severe a critic as her father!"

Gilbert bent over the little hand and raised it to his lips, and again their eyes met, only this time she smiled. It was impossible. The likeness at first sight had been truly remarkable, but Mr. Haddon was faultlessly dressed, and apparently in the best of circumstances. The other—and she shivered as she thought of the wretchedness in the face of Gilbert's double, which had haunted her ever since.

"Come along, sir, come along. I understand we are to have the pleasure of your society at dinner," said Sir Jacob, and if the great art patron had not already taken him under his wing he, at any rate, took him by the arm as they passed through the private gate into the Rectory garden, followed by the rest.

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### CHAPTER III

#### The Call of Love!

AS Sir Jacob talked the shadow seemed to fall from the artist, and with it all memory of past privations. The comfortable Rectory house, and the truly Georgian feast, had their influence on the impressionable temperament of the young painter, no doubt, but the heartening words of the man whose approval would set half the dealers in London clamouring for the neglected masterpieces, he knew, filled him with a wild glow of hope for the future, and across the table the sweetest face he had ever seen smiled encouragement, and something more, every time he looked into those wonderful eyes.

"There's a picture for you, Haddon!" said Sir Jacob in a low voice when the men were alone, and he pointed to the table, groaning under its weight of silver and polished glass, reflected in the shining surface, with the rector's rubicund visage already nodding over his ample chest. "Look at the colour of your father's coat against the panelling and the ruby glow of the port which is too generous for me."

"And for me also," replied Gilbert with a sigh, as that wonderful voice floated through the closed doors, accompanied by the subdued tinkle of an ancient harpsichord.

"You are fond of music, I see. Shall we join the ladies?" smiled the baronet approvingly, and they left the other men to soak, and presently to snore, as was their custom.

In the white-painted drawing-room Myrtle sang sweet old ballads, and they played round games with the children, and when the gentlemen had pulled themselves together in time for a dish of tea Christmas Day came to an end, as all good things must, with a merry romp and "Sir Roger de Coverley," in which even the captain joined, while the genial rector clapped time with his fat hands.

"The moment you get back to town Myrtle and I will come and see your work, Haddon; I am all impatience," said Sir Jacob entering the address carefully in his tablets. "And remind me to show you a study of a horse and groom I picked up the other day. The handling reminds me greatly of your own."

"Oh?" Gilbert had smiled, conscious of a reddening of his cheek as he turned the subject aside, but glancing at Myrtle Westoby's face next moment he surprised the same startled look in the eyes that he

had seen in church, and wondered, almost guiltily.

"Mother, my fortune is good as made!" he cried when they had returned to the tiny cottage. "Sir Jacob has asked me if I paint portraits, and hinted at Miss Westoby sitting to me!"

Mrs. Haddon shaded the flame of her candle as she watched him cross the landing to his own room, full of exuberant hopes and not a little flushed.

"Ah, my dear boy, even if fortune has not come you have met your fate!" she murmured softly. "Cupid's arrow has pierced two hearts this Christmas Day!"



A great change had come over Gilbert Haddon's painting-room, and it dated from Sir Jacob Westoby's first visit.

Astonished and delighted with everything he saw, the great art patron had filled his carriage with those neglected masterpieces, leaving behind him a pile of gold and bank-notes on the little table which had taken the artist's breath away.

Haddon's first act when he was alone had been to count out twenty-five guineas from the pile and place them in a certain netted purse of crimson silk, drawing a sigh of relief, even before he penned the letter which was to joy the hearts of the dear ones at home.

And that was only the beginning of things. Dealers came clamouring to the door with the brass plate, only to be told that Mr. Haddon was busy upon the portrait of Sir Jacob's daughter, which sent them empty away and doubly eager to return.

The portrait was finished now, and the painting of it had been a labour of love in more senses than one. Not a word had either of them spoken, but there is a language of the eyes more eloquent than any speech, and while the artist had drunk his fill of the lovely lineaments he placed upon the canvas the girl was studying him too, laying bare his very soul, unknown to him.

She knew the reason of that almost austere reticence that came over him from time to time—why in the middle of some well-chosen phrase he would suddenly grow very pale and relapse into grim silence.

On the floor in one corner stood a shabby green portfolio, and among a row of costumes and accessories hung a brown overcoat, very ragged at the cuffs! She could see them from where she sat in the chair at



"As he spoke he drew out the purse,  
and their eyes met again"—p. 126

Drawn by  
W. T. Wightman

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the model throne, and realized that the man would never speak while that thing, which she alone knew, was gnawing at the vitals of his self-respect.

And now the sittings were over, and Gilbert Haddon stood with folded arms, conscious of a great triumph, and also of an impending loss that would leave his future life a blank.

On the morrow Sir Jacob was coming to pass his final judgment on the picture. He would clap the artist on the shoulder in his kindly, genial way; he would continue the generous patronage which had already placed the owner of the shabby brown coat out of reach of want for ever and a day; but the picture would be gone, and the fair sitter he would see occasionally at possibly rare intervals. But the words that were trembling on his tongue that would have meant so much to them both, could never be spoken!

He was a handsome fellow, with the chestnut hair tied in the black silk ribbon, the cambric frill at his neck, and the wrist ruffles of the finest lace; but there were melancholy shadows under the clear grey eyes that work had not placed there, and he turned with a start at the tap that came on the door.

"Had Sir Jacob sent for the picture already?" he thought, and his "Come in!" had an almost fierce ring in it. The next moment he was bowing and advancing with outstretched hand to greet the girl, who, to his intense surprise, entered for the first time unattended.

"Miss Westoby!" he exclaimed. "This is indeed an unanticipated delight! I feared your presence would never lighten this place again!"

She dropped him a mock curtsy and flashed an almost reproachful glance at him.

"If there was one thing more than another that made me look forward to my visits here, Mr. Haddon," she said, "it was that, contrary to the fashion of the times, you refrained from empty compliments, which are things I detest."

"Nay, Mistress Myrtle, they are not empty, I assure you," he cried. "I was even now saying farewell to your picture, never dreaming the original was so near. But tell me"—and the old gaiety returned—"what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," she replied archly, with the daintiest little *moué* in the world, "I have come in answer to your advertisement!" and she held out a copy of the

*Whitchall Evening Post*, pointing to a certain column with a delicate little finger that trembled with the joy that thrilled her whole frame as she read aloud.

"If the individual who let fall a purse in Bond Street on the afternoon of the 22nd of December will send an exact description of it and its contents to G. H., 7 Newman Street, it will be restored to the owner, the finder having but just returned from the country." There cannot be two Newman Streets, and the initials are certainly your own!"

"Not only are they my own, but the advertisement is also mine," he cried. "Egad, Mistress Myrtle, if you indeed know the owner 'twill be a mighty relief to me. See, here is the purse, which has lain in this drawer ever since the day I found it. There are five and twenty guineas in it, waiting to be claimed!"

As he spoke he drew it out, and their eyes met again.

He thought he had already learned all the changing moods that mirrored in the wonderful blue depths beneath the silken lashes, but he surprised a look now that he had never seen before, and it held him spellbound.

Her voice seemed to come from a very long way off as she suddenly said: "Well, sir, am I to have my purse or not?" And the eyes were laughing now with a marvelous witchery in them.

"Your purse, Myrtle?"

"Indeed, yes. I must have dropped it when I left the carriage."

The freshly minted guineas gave out that golden ring again as he let it fall on the table and took the lovely face in both his hands, and that other face on the canvas seemed to smile on the happy lovers as their lips met.

"Egad, sweetheart, how little did I think what Christmas was to mean for me; but I wonder how I am to face Sir Jacob?"

"My father will refuse you nothing, Gilbert. You are one of his prime favourites already. He is never tired of sounding your praises, and prophesies a great future for you."

"And yet," laughed the young painter, "a month ago I had not dared to ask him for your hand."

She nestled closer to him, knowing that only one short half-hour ago he had not even dared to take that hand in his, but she locked the knowledge in her heart for ever—and it was better so.



# MAKING A SUCCESS OF LIFE

## *The Art of Living with People*

By  
*Stacy Aumonier*

THE art of living with people may be said to be the keystone of making a success of life. Aristotle described man as "a political animal," by which, of course, he also meant a social animal. We cannot escape the obligations this implies, neither is it desirable that we should. The community is linked together by moral, physical and intellectual ties. An individual who cuts himself off entirely from this community will inevitably in time go insane. Even a small community that is cut off from the rest has this tendency. This fact is emphasized very cleverly in many of Conrad's books; "Almayer's Folly," for example.

### **Obligation**

We live in houses that other people have built, we read books that other people have written, we have access to knowledge that others have found out. All this implies a moral and intellectual obligation on our part. As the stars are held together by the law of gravity, so are human beings held together by the law of sympathy. If, therefore, we have to live with people, it is obvious that our success in life, our happiness, and sanity, depend upon the way we do it. We have first the family, then the race, then mankind, all indissolubly connected.

And the happiness of the community unquestionably pivots upon family life, for it is there that we prove whether or not we are capable of mastering the art of living with people. Carlyle was one of the world's profoundest thinkers, but he had not apparently this art. It is very doubtful whether Romeo and Juliet would have lived happily together if they had married. And it is certain that Ophelia could not have got on with Hamlet. No one could have lived with that man.

### **Contrasts who Match**

When we look around amongst our friends and acquaintances it must often strike us how the most unlikely people seem to get on well together, and others who appear in every way suited to each other fail entirely.

Nearly every novel that has ever been written deals with love and marriage. And this is not surprising in view of the enormously important part they play in the lives of each one of us. Love is the basis of family life, and if marriage is only a social convention, it is a convention for which no satisfactory substitute has yet been found. The combination is the one enduring test of the art of living with people. We may go to schools and colleges, or serve in the army



Mr. Stacy  
Aumonier

Photo:  
Sutton

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or navy, and there we are forced to live with people, some of whom we like and some of whom we do not like. But there is always the sense that it is a temporary arrangement. In good time we shall be free of the people we cannot get on with. But marriage is a matter of one's own choice, and to make a mistake in this direction one has to pay a heavy price. There can be nothing more awful than for two people to be tied together, and then to realize that they are mutually antipathetic. And the problems that arise from this are wellnigh insurmountable. The only thing that can be said to commend them is that they may supply a fruitful field for the activities of the playwright and the novelist!

### Must Make Concessions

Although it is a subject about which it is quite impossible to dogmatize, there are certain broad generalizations which may be observed. In the first place, one has to realize that, for either two or more people, living together entails concessions. No one is perfect, and even some people's apparent perfections may be a source of irritation. Personally I could never get on with anyone who is always equally tempered, the kind of man or woman of whom it is claimed that "Dear So-and-so is always the same. We always know what he—or she—will do." I dislike the person who always agrees with you before the words are out of your mouth. I think social life demands a modicum of friction, or in any case conflict of opinion, for out of this we learn and become keyed up to the natural processes of spiritual evolution. On the other hand, to live with anyone who is eternally fractious, critical and argumentative is almost impossible.

### Irritating Mannerisms

So to revert to this question of concessions. When people are thrown together, either through marriage, married life, or through any other channels, and the novelty of their early communion has begun to wear off, they invariably find in each other some traits or mannerisms—or worse—which irritate them. Juliet will keep Romeo waiting for at least an hour when they are going out in the evening. Hamlet develops an unfortunate conviction that he can write plays, and he keeps Ophelia up half the night ranting them out aloud to her. These little things accumulate and become a daily trial. When they become almost unbearable it is time for these cohabitants to take themselves

to task. Even if Juliet does keep him waiting, doesn't Romeo frequently stay out at night and not be very clear in explaining his absence? Has Ophelia no faults? Isn't she rather apt to be querulous when any little thing goes wrong? Isn't she unduly jealous too? And isn't she always nagging Hamlet to get his plays *produced*? To live happily together these people have got to make these concessions, and when the moment of trial comes realize the beam that is in their own eye, and make the best of things.

### Wanted—Common Recreations

And concession is not the only thing required. There is also adaptation.

Some wise person once said that when a man and woman fall in love and contemplate marriage what they should look for in each other is not common ideals so much as common recreations. On the face of it this sounds cynical, but in effect there is much to be said for the contention.

The average married couple lead their days apart. They have their work and duties to perform. They are together only in the evenings, or over week-ends and holidays. If one is a bookworm whilst the other is mad on dancing, or if one likes country rambles whilst the other is crazy on golf, there is trouble in the offing. Fortunately, it is during their recreations that they are more likely to meet and fall in love than during their work. The romances that occur through the communion of intellectual pursuits are rare compared with the romances that spring from the ballroom, the river, or the tennis court. And these common recreations are undoubtedly a great bond between many married people.

In summarizing this position I would say that the people who live most happily together are the people who don't live too much together. However fond you may be of a person, to be cooped up with them all day and every day is inviting disaster. Part of the charm of living with people is the little separations, giving a piquance to the reunion, describing the day's experiences, the day's troubles and joys.

### Do not Expect Too Much

Also the people who live most happily together are also the people who do not expect too much from each other—in other words, what are known as the ordinary people. It is not the clever and brilliant people, nor even the people who have wisdom, who always do the wise thing. One

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has only to observe the law court records to realize how artists of all kinds, for instance, find it extremely difficult to live with anyone, or perhaps I should say how difficult anyone finds it to live with them! The artist is invariably ego-centric. The frenzy of creative work makes him impatient of any interference. He cannot make concessions, neither can he adapt himself. He wants everything and thinks he must have it.

### The Physical and the Spiritual

In conclusion, I think I may assert with-

out fear of contradiction that no two people have ever lived happily together when their communion has been founded exclusively on physical attraction. At the same time, physical attraction is not to be lightly disregarded, and not to be treated as a subject of shame. The happiest combinations have been those in which the claims of physical passion are acknowledged, but made to act subserviently to the spiritual poise, the intellectual sanity, and that great sympathy and understanding which raises mankind above the beasts.

## How to Keep a Woman's Affections

A Sequel

By

Mrs. W. L. George

TOO many men concentrate upon capturing a woman, and too few upon retaining the affections they have been fortunate enough to secure. This is not remarkable, since it is easier to hook a salmon than to land it safely upon the bank. Only too often the man who has earned a woman's love tends to rest upon his oars, thinking his task done; and as for the woman, his point of view seems to be that she is now married, and should proceed to be happy ever after. When he finds out that she is not happy he is never ashamed, seldom angry, and always surprised.

### Forgetting to Water the Plants

What has happened is that the husband behaves like the gardener who carefully rears his seedlings under glass, and after bestowing every care on them, plants them out in the open and then forgets to water them. A man never seems to realize that the first months of marriage are seldom happy ones for his wife. He fails to realize the mental adjustment she has to undergo. It does not occur to him that it is difficult for her to be happy in a new house, with new maids, new friends, and, worst of all, a new husband. The man returns from his honeymoon feeling glad to be back and to see his old friends at the office, the same faces at his club, and, as a novelty, instead of a sour landlady a young wife anxious to please. The woman returns from her honeymoon also feeling glad to come home, but filled with anxiety. She has never had a house to look after; she has never had to

give orders before, and up till now her husband has thought of her comfort and looked after her. But now the tables are turned; it has become her duty to look after her husband's comfort and to think of him. Will she be able to do it? Are the maids laughing at her? Was it a mistake to make the drawing-room blue? And does the cook really mean to give notice?

All the foregoing may sound absurd, but it is very serious to a young wife. She is so anxious to be a success, so anxious to please her husband and to do him credit, that her very anxiety involves her in difficulties. Through anxiety she becomes nervy and irritable; her husband tells her that she seems annoyed, and that creates their first quarrel.

### Money Matters

Money matters, too, cause the woman anxiety. In her ignorance she oversteps her housekeeping allowance, and her husband promptly delivers her a lecture on extravagance. If only men would realize that what the woman needs is sympathy and help, much trouble would be avoided. Men spend time, energy and money in securing a wife, and having achieved her, cease to think of her any further.

Men suffer also in the first months of marriage, but for them it is not so serious as for women; this is not because they love less, but because they get away from their love, which women cannot do. The man goes to his office in the morning and stays there all day. During that time he is dis-

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sociated from his wife, sees his friends, does his work, and forgets his home worries. But what happens to the woman? She is never separated from her husband because of her house and household duties. She thinks of him while she mends his linen, and she thinks of him while she orders his dinner. She cannot get away from him.

### **When Life Gets Complicated**

After a time the woman gets accustomed to her new life. Ease envelops her, and she at last feels that she stands upon the threshold of the happiness she had imagined. Then she has a child. She is overjoyed, so is her husband, and his pleasure doubles hers. But almost at once she realizes that once again her life is becoming complicated. The child, though it grips at her heart strings, also hangs at those of her apron: it needs feeding, washing, clothing, nursing . . . and worrying over. Thus her delight becomes a burden, laid upon her shoulders almost unexpectedly. She tells herself that as the child grows up life will be easier . . . but life is never easier; it is merely different. To sum up, whether a woman is a young wife, or the mother of a baby, or the mother of growing children, life is always difficult, and can be made easy only if she receives from her husband all that his love and especially his skill can give her.

### **Skill Wanted as well as Love**

I can hear the very young reader protest against this word "skill," and cry out that love is enough. The trouble is that love is not, and that time, without making us cynical, teaches all of us that if love builds the abode, it is skill which manages the household.

So many men cease to court their wives as soon as the wedding is over. The wise man knows that then is the time for him to redouble his efforts. After her marriage a woman is very sensitive to any little consideration on the part of her husband. She is in her most critical mood, and the reason is that she has been warned by older married women that it is then, and then only, that the man she has married will show himself in his true colours.

The first months of matrimony are very trying, chiefly because during the courtship the man and woman equally have tried to show the other their best side only. After marriage they still desire to do so, but with the best intentions it is impossible to

keep it up all and every day. Both begin to see faults in each other, but if the husband, instead of telling his wife what he thinks of her, repeats some of the things he said to her while they were engaged, he will find that many storms are averted.

### **Take an Interest in Household Affairs**

Another way in which the young husband should show his tact is by taking an interest in the household affairs. By this I do not mean that he should interfere or give his advice, but that he should encourage his wife to tell him about her household joys and difficulties, and please her by telling her how beautifully she manages everything. If she insists, a little advice may be given; but it is generally dangerous, and surprise should never be expressed if the advice is not followed. It seldom is.

### **Remember Anniversaries**

Then, again, the wise man will remember anniversaries. A woman likes the date of her engagement to be remembered, and the day of her wedding. She will also show no annoyance if her husband invents a few other anniversaries. Nothing pleases a woman more than to feel she is being remembered all the time, and that on a certain date she made so strong an impression that it will never be forgotten. Most women would love their husbands to keep an anniversary of their first row! This does not mean giving expensive presents; in fact, as long as the day does not pass without comment, it does not much matter whether there is a present or not.

### **Presents**

Of course, presents mean a lot to a woman, and on the whole the more costly they are the more she will appreciate them. I know we always say that the value does not matter—it is the thought; but few women will be as pleased with a string of imitation pearls as with the genuine article. I think what a man should remember is this: a woman likes her presents to be always just a little more expensive than he can really afford. She feels then that he is making a little sacrifice to please her, and that makes her value the gift more highly. Unexpected presents are always a great joy to a woman, but they should be bought with her approval. I mean the husband who says, "Come out with me and choose yourself a present costing three pounds," will

## MAKING A SUCCESS OF LIFE

give more pleasure than the one who spends five pounds on something his wife does not want.

### Take Her Out to Dinner

Another way of keeping a woman's affection is more subtle. It is very pleasant for a man to return fresh to his house in the evening after his business is finished, but there is no novelty in it for the woman, who has been at home all day. The husband should sometimes let the woman come to him and take her out to dinner. I wonder how a man would feel if he had to order dinner every night for his wife. In my opinion, if that were the case, there would be fewer dinners eaten at home. I know many men complain that they are tired in the evening, and don't want to go out; but they should, if they want to keep their wives' affections, consider that women are tired, too . . . of watching their husbands smoke.

Husbands should encourage their wives to be social; the busier a woman is socially the less time it gives her to be bored in. On the whole, women like change, and the more a man sees to it that his wife has plenty to do, the longer she will love him. It is very difficult for a woman to make social headway unless her husband helps her, and if he does not help her, her affection for him will soon suffer. The man who brings friends to the house, and makes a point of taking his wife to dances or other forms of amusement, will always score over one who does not.

### Comrades

But a woman does not want her life to be one entirely made up of pleasure. She

wants her husband to provide her with amusements, and to share her social activities; but she also wants him to let her share in his worries, and to make a comrade of her in his business. How can a man hope to retain a woman's love if he keeps all his thoughts and ambitions to himself? The woman feels that she is not trusted, or that her husband does not consider her clever enough to understand his work, and that hurts her pride. Besides, what is there to keep a man and woman together after the first years of passion have exhausted themselves, if there is nothing between them to take its place?

Pleasures won't of necessity unite a man and woman, because at bottom they provide no real companionship. The man who tries to keep a woman's love without giving her his confidence is bound to make a failure. The man who gives a woman his confidence and makes her understand his business and share his worries, thereby leads her into a realm which may not be one of sentiment, but is one in which a woman finds profound satisfaction, because her natural vanity (and we are all vain) inevitably feeds upon these precious marks of his regard.

At the same time her husband should not forget that a share of worries and responsibility is not all that a woman wants. He must be prepared to follow the example of Hassan, and with his wife "take the Golden Road to Samarkand." That is to say, in his anxiety to make her into his workaday companion he must not forget that woman, even more than man, lives by such scanty delights as the day affords. Let him, therefore, as far as possible, keep her amused as well as trusted.

(Other articles in this series will be "How to Choose One's Friends," by E. V. Lucas, "Keeping Out of a Rut," by Lady Dorothy Mills, and "The Problem of Happiness," by H. M. The Queen of Roumania.)





"The sweet and silver sandalled Dew,  
Which like a maiden fed the flowers,  
Hath waned into the beldame Frost,  
And walked amid our bowers"—

T. BUCHANAN READ.



# WORLDLY GOODS

By  
Sophie Kerr

## SYNOPSIS OF FIRST PART

EFFIE MOORE is a product of Connorsville, a little place somewhere in the United States. She receives the usual country-town education, her best friend being Alice Mickleham. Alice's father suddenly makes a great deal of money by some fortunate speculation, and decides to move away from Connorsville, and go to the city. So Effie loses her best friend. A bigger tragedy comes when her mother dies, and after a short while her father decides to re-marry. Effie feels she can no longer stay at home, and having taken an extra "business course," tells her father that she is going to the city. Her mother has left her a little money, and with this she starts in the unknown world of city life. She fails at first to get a job, and is reduced to her last penny, when fortunately she secures a situation as typist to a man who is a crank on spelling, but otherwise dull and uninteresting.

Effie finds friends in the city—Veevee and Louise, and the three girls, being tired of the commonplace boarding house, decide to set up a flat of their own.

It is just when they are about to move into the new little place that Effie meets Walter Osborn, and promptly falls in love with him.

## PART II

WE began our housekeeping, Veevee, Louise and I, in a childish fever of excitement. The housework we divided, each of us taking two days a week to do all of it, and on Sundays we pooled our energies and gave the little place a thorough cleaning and cooked co-operatively. Living in such close contact changed our views of each other considerably. Veevee was the careless one, leaving clothes about and spilling powder and never hanging up towels or putting the top on her toothpaste tube. Louise was neat, but a wretched cook. The meals she got were pretty sad specimens, no matter how hard she tried. Sometimes, too, her gentleness amounted to obstinacy.

As for me, I don't know what the girls really thought was my greatest fault, but the thing they railed at me most for was my passion for change and improvements that did not always improve. They affirmed that I would like to get up in the middle of the night and move all the furniture about, and paint a few chairs, and I always got cross and peevish when I saw the household arrangements I had so carefully made disregarded or handled without what I thought was sufficient respect by them. But on the whole, we got along pretty well, considering that the size of our

place made us live practically in each other's pockets.



As simply and as easily as I had fallen in love with Walter Osborn, so simply and easily did our affair progress. He came to see me on the evenings when Louise had to work late at the library and Veevee was out gallivanting with one of her many suitors. And we told each other, absorbedly, all about ourselves, just as all young lovers do, and presently he kissed me, and held me, and with that same shyness that had seized him at our first meeting he asked me to marry him.

"In a year, or sooner, if I get a rise," he urged me.

I said my yes without the least uncertainty. Now I was happy, now I was content. My whole scheme of life had resolved itself into marrying and making a home, the normal, sane thing for youth. And I was abysmally in love with Walter. I thought he was perfection's perfection. I saw him through rose-coloured glasses that concealed every fault and flaw and inequality.

At eighteen, just through High School, with a husky body and a profound belief in his incipient powers, Walter had struck off for Chicago to conquer the advertising world.

## THE QUIVER

Three years there in a small obscure agency that was on the edge of bankruptcy most of the time taught him a lot, but he suffered from the restlessness of the young man who is not getting on fast enough. He looked at New York, the bigger chance, the wider opportunity, and at last took the little money he had saved and came to New York, and applied at the best and biggest agency of them all.

He told me, and I believed him, that it was his experience that landed him there. But I know better now. It was his ingenuous face, his manner, his boyishness, and that personality of his that made him as irresistible as a wagging Newfoundland puppy. Moreover—something else he didn't know—the manager of the agency was a man whose vanity was his ability to scent out youths of promise. Walter looked and spoke like excellent raw stuff; I am sure of that.

At a fair-to-small salary—forty dollars—Walter was thereupon added as a cub to the staff of selling experts who had made the Tobin Agency the liveliest, most active in the city, and set down to get his training under the tutelage of one of their best men.

He had been with the Tobin people two years when I met him, and he had not advanced as much as he thought was his due, though he had had a small rise each year. Walter was, it must be admitted, one of those who had, as Burns said, "a good conceit o' oursel's," but his case, as he presented it to me, was thoroughly convincing. I took his side passionately, was sure that he was treated unfairly, that he was wronged. I saw in him the most brilliant man in the world, let alone the Tobin Agency. I admired him as much as I loved him. He seemed miraculous to me, who had been floundering about in search of a vocation, the steadfast way in which he had chosen one, and gone straight to it, followed it faithfully, longed for no other.

My admiration consoled and encouraged him.

"I can't see what reason you have to complain," I told him, and meant it. "Look how young you are and how far you've gone already. You can't expect to leap over the heads of all the men who've been there for years. I think you've been magnificent."

"I'm afraid you're prejudiced," he answered fondly.

"But I'm not," I persisted.

"Well, I'd better have another rise coming pretty soon," he said, "or I'll leave them and go somewhere else. I know the agency's clients like to have me come in—they ask for me even—but when it comes to putting something new up to them, they almost always ring in someone else—one of the older men. I don't like it. It makes me look cheap."

"Oh, Walter," I said impatiently, "you couldn't look cheap. Don't be in such a hurry to do everything. You're going to be one of the big advertising men of the country; I know it. But you can't expect to do it all in a week or two. One step at a time and all that sort of thing."

You can see where I was tending. My ambition was being transferred, personified in Walter and his success. As for me, I was going to be married and live happily ever after, making a home for Walter, secure in all the best traditions that say, with no hesitation or shadings, "Woman's place is the home." I was more than content with the prospect. Old Holbrooke's office was now nothing but a stop-gap, a time-killer, until the day when Walter and I would be married.

It was a point of view in which Walter apparently joined me. He had been brought up very much as I had, and one of the things he said oftenest was how glad he was that I would soon be free from the grind of the office. He was going to take care of me. . . . I thrilled with pleasure every time I heard him say so.

Louise and Veevee liked Walter, Veevee having at once forgiven him for not being her instant victim, chiefly because a young man named Roger Stole was looming large on her horizon, and Roger had a car and a penchant for the best seats at the theatre, the most expensive restaurants.

If I seem to be always turning from my own love affair to that of one of my two friends, it is because our three stories, at this time, were so entwined and intermingled—indeed, I can't call Veevee's going about with Roger Stole a love affair, for it was no more than I had told Walter. But with Louise it was different.

"A funny thing," Veevee remarked acridly, "the minute we three decide to take the responsibility of this flat, two of us decide to set up homes of their own and leave me—"

"Leave you flat," I said, trying to be funny.

And it *was* queer. Louise's man was Ned

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Anderson, and neither Veevee nor I could stand him for a minute. Louise was not the sort of girl who attracts men. She'd never had a beau or a suitor of any kind, nor even an honest-to-goodness man friend. Veevee and I nearly laughed our heads off—behind Louise's back—when we first came to know Ned. He was a dreamy, incapable, myopic young newspaper man, an assistant dramatic critic on—well, it's not fair to tell what paper it was, for it would be a reflection on its managing editor for keeping such a man on the staff.

Nevertheless, Louise went out to dinner with him once or twice a week, and on Sundays, when the weather was fine, they would tramp the city all day and return, silent and tired and satisfied in the evening.

"He takes her to all those horrid little Italian places," said Veevee to me. "It's a wonder she doesn't get ptomaine. I dare say she pays for her own at that. And look at him, Effie, look at his hair-cut, and his shoes, and his suit—I say his *suit*, because I don't believe he's got but one. Oh, he's hopeless."

"He's writing a play," I said. "Maybe he's a genius."

"Writing a play," sniffed Veevee. "So's every newspaper man and woman and office boy and wash-lady in town. Two of the girls at Aimce's are writing plays. All the others, except me, are writing scenarios. I wish I had a contract to furnish paper to half the people in the city who're writing plays. Be sensible, Effie. Compare Ned Anderson with your Walter, for instance."

"Oh, well, beside Walter he's nowhere."

"No more he is, even allowing for your slight partiality. I do wish if Louise was going to pick someone she'd have picked something worth having."

This conversation, in varying forms and in varying degrees of severity, took place so many times that at last we simply raised eyebrows and exchanged meaningful glances when Louise and Ned appeared or disappeared. Veevee then forgot it, but I, secure and confident in my own happiness, could not forget. I wanted Louise to be happy, as happy as I myself, and I couldn't see it for her with Ned Anderson. But it was hard to talk to Louise. She drew away from me, became remote and unresponsive. Once only did she open her heart, and that glimpse did not reassure me.

It was on the night that Walter and I had at last decided to rent an apartment that we had looked at often, but thought

we couldn't afford. It was seventy-five dollars a month, a sunny, spacious four rooms at the top of an old house made over. There was a living room with a real fireplace, a dining alcove, a bedroom, a bath and a proper kitchen, with a dumb-waiter and set tubs and room for a real refrigerator—this last was my special exultation. The woodwork was beautiful, and there was an air about the place that showed it had once been lived in by people who found life gracious and easy, and who had made themselves a fitting background for this sort of life. It was a happy house . . . I knew it as soon as I entered it.

But—seventy-five dollars! Walter was making sixty dollars a week. We would have to buy furniture, rugs, linen, china. Then it suddenly occurred to Walter that the rise he had been expecting and growling about not getting would surely be forthcoming when he married.

"So we can take that place," he urged me eagerly—not that I needed any urging. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before, but this married man's rise thing sort of slipped my mind. They never say anything about it, you know. But they've done it for everybody, even for that slacker Gordon, and if they do it for him and don't for me it will be equivalent to asking me to get out. I don't kid myself that I'm the prize boy of the office, but at that I'm not so bad. Old Prayd himself told me my work on that Mindler Soap account saved it for us. So—you see."

I needed no further convincing. In a whirlwind of hilarious excitement we swept around to the West Seventy-first Street place and seized it, paid a deposit and engaged Mrs. Schuster, the caretaker's wife, to clean it up for us. We didn't even take the trouble to pretend that we were old married people—favourite game of the just-to-be-weds—but let the caretaker know the truth, and won considerable sympathy thereby. Even caretakers love lovers.

Walter had been up to the little flat for dinner, for Veevee and Louise were out, and our decision to take the more expensive apartment had been made over chops I had broiled and potatoes I had baked. We had rushed away so fast that I hadn't cleared the table or washed the dishes, and as we came back, swinging through the crowded street hand in hand like a couple of jolly youngsters, I saw that the windows were lit.

"Veevee or Louise has come home," I said. "Look."

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"Then I won't come up," said Walter. "Good night, darling little Effie. Be a good little fellow and meet me for lunch tomorrow, and I'll have the lease."

We kissed at the foot of the stairs, and I ran up as gaily as I had come down.

Louise was there clearing up the table, properly my task, of course; but she was always generous in helping. Veevee wouldn't have touched her manicured fingers to them.

"Louise, don't," I cried. "I didn't mean to leave such a mess, but Walt and I decided to take the Seventy-first Street place. Yes'm, really! Isn't that gorgeous? Grabbed it off for a year and paid a deposit 'n' everything. Why—what's the matter?"

For Louise was not listening, though she stood facing me and looking at me. There was a glint of red on her cheeks and the shadow of tears behind her thick glasses. She was tremulous, appealing. "I wasn't going to tell—right away—but—you scintillate so about Walter, Effie, I've made up my mind—I'm going to marry Ned Anderson—oh, be careful—"

I leaped at her and hugged her, dishes and all. After a while we calmed down and she wiped while I washed, and more of the news was told. "We won't have nearly as much as you and Walter. But I don't care. We'll have a little garret somewhere, down in the village, I suppose. Ned makes hardly any money at all now, but he'll make a lot after a while, with his books and his plays. Even if we're poor as poverty, it doesn't make any difference. Why should we wait and let all our youth slip away from us, living apart, just because we'll be so frightfully poor living together?"

I don't know what made me say it, but the thing came into my mind and popped out. "You might keep your job a while. More and more girls are doing it. Veevee was telling me about one in her place—"

"I notice you're not," Louise's words had a sting in them.

Perfectly idiotic pride dictated my next speech. "I spoke to Walter about it, and he wouldn't hear of it. And I didn't want to, to tell the truth. You know, Louise, by nature I'm a clinger and a parasite. To get away from that grubby hole, with old Holbrooke grouching around, and have a home of my own, and cook meals for Walt, and darn his socks, and do all the nice homely things in a nice leisurely way—not the way we do here, slam-bang on our way to the office—oh, it'll be heaven. I'm going to

embroider monograms on all my linen and make my own underclothes."

Louise turned a dish in her hands, wiping it unnecessarily. "Even if you didn't feel that way—I don't think it's fair to the man to keep on working. I've seen girls who did it, and it means, usually, that their husbands get to depend on that money as part of the family income and expect her to do her work, and run the house, too, so that she carries two jobs instead of one. And though he may be slightly apologetic at first, after a while he stops it, and accepts everything in perfect selfishness. It makes him smaller, somehow. And they're never very happy. I don't know, economic independence for woman has an awfully hollow sound when it costs another human being's self-respect. But I don't want to judge too harshly. If pretty clothes and proud furniture and silver and living in a smart apartment meant anything to me, I might feel very different. I can live in a slum with Ned and be happy. But I want him to provide the slum."

"I could live in a slum with Walter and be happy."

"You couldn't do it indefinitely."

We faced each other like enemies. It seemed to me that she was accusing me of something, something intangible, that had no name. Discord was in the air. I tried to get hold of myself.

"I don't think," I said at last, slowly, "that we need to explain our relative abilities for self-sacrifice. I'm awfully glad you're going to marry Ned, if it makes you happy, and I hope he writes heaps of plays and gets to be as famous as old Mr. Shakespeare himself. And if you live in a garret, do pick out a nice picturesque one, so that it can figure in his biography later with credit." I tried to speak lightly, to get away from the tension.

But Louise was not to be diverted. "I know you and Veevee don't like him, and have said horrid things behind his back, but that doesn't mean anything except that you're not clever enough to see his real quality—"

"Why, Louise—Louise—" I was distressed. She had never spoken like this before about anything. "We haven't said horrid things about him—we do like him. What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

At this she broke down completely. "I suppose I am crazy—but, Effie, you don't understand. I've always been so unattrac-

tive—and no man's ever looked at me before, and—more than that—Ned's not like Walter. He wouldn't care if I did go on working—he's like a boy—not a man. And I've got to do the right thing for myself—and for him, too. And yet—I do love him." Tears stopped her.

I dropped the dish-mop and flung impetuous consoling arms around her. "Don't say such things—don't think them. They're not true—you just imagine them. Louise, you funny, foolish girl!" I petted her and patted her, quieted her, and at last brought her back to her usual serenity. But deep in my heart I felt a throb of pain that was half terror. How dreadful to love him like that—how *dreadful!* Thank heaven I need never say, I need never even think, such an indictment against Walter. I got Louise to bed, but afterwards I lay awake for a long time, thinking, wondering, gazing down this new vista of marriage that she had opened to me. I was sobered and shaken, but yet reassured, clinging passionately to the thought of Walter and his strength. No need

for me ever to supplement it with my own, no need for me ever to question or doubt him. I could rely on him, always, always. Hitherto I had accepted this without knowing it, but now, in its cognizance, my love for him deepened, became more grateful, more reliant. I drifted away into sleep at last and did not waken when Veevee came in.

Nevertheless, I woke in the morning with a sense of shock still persisting, and it was



"At this she broke down completely. 'Effie, you don't understand'"

many days before I could resume my careless, affectionate relationship with Louise. I said nothing to Veevee about it, but in a less tragic form it came up again, when Louise took the opportunity of telling the news to her.

It was Veevee's turn to get dinner that day, and the meal expressed her taste—anchovy toast, sweetbreads, alligator pear salad and black coffee, and we were just finishing it when Louise told her, winding

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up her almost breathless little speech with, "I don't want to inconvenience you, Vee-vee, but there's another girl at the library who'd be glad to come in my place, if you liked her and wanted her."

Veevee was astounded—I don't think she'd ever once contemplated actual marriage for Louise and Ned. "Let me get my breath," she begged, "I can't be so offhand about it as all this. Why, I never felt so forlorn in my life. I wish there was a worm or two around here for me to eat."

"These sweetbreads are a fair substitute," I jibed at her. "I certainly will miss your cooking."

"Dear thing!" mocked Veevee. "Thanks for the ad. I'll come over now and then and get you a really interesting meal and save Walter from the eternal platitude of chops and baked potatoes with which you'll feed him. But don't let's bicker. Isn't this hectic—you and Louise both! And me left an unguarded blossom, blooming alone, as the poet saith. You've been very sly, Louise."

"Not specially," said Louise. "I've known Ned for over a year, remember."

"You're certainly calm and unconcerned about it. Are you going to keep on with your job?"

It was an unfortunate question under the circumstances. Louise flushed and replied huffily: "Effie suggested that also. But I don't believe it will be necessary."

Veevee saw her mistake. "Everybody's doing it," she said lightly. "Effie here is a flat anachronism, but I hoped you wouldn't be so far behind the times. Believe me, when I get married I'm going to keep on extracting the little old pay envelope every Saturday night. No asking Friend Husband's kind permission every time I want a new frock or hat."

I looked from one to the other of them. The prospect of discussion always stimulates me, and on this subject I was very much alive. "I want to thrash this thing out with you both, here and now," I demanded; "I'm going to marry Walter and give up my job—not that it's any hardship for me, for what I'm doing is as dull as ditchwater—and here's Louise going to marry Ned and give up her job, though she loves the library and has had years of special training for it. And here you are, Veevee, declaring if you get married that you're going to hang on to yours—and I know you mean it. Now—why—for all of us?"

"Why for you, then?" said Veevee.

At this I hesitated. "I—I'm not sure that I can tell exactly why. Of course, Walt wants me to, but I think it's because—because—I want to have a real home—and children. I want it to be as it was back home when mother was alive." I spoke as sincerely as I felt, putting into words my honest feeling.

"I suppose that's what you ought to feel," said Veevee hardily. "But, heavens, it sounds sentimental and out of date. Family life went out when the first kitchenette came in. Over in Brooklyn they're building flats for business couples, advertise 'em like that."

"But I don't want to be half of a business couple," I maintained. "It may be sentimental and out of date, but I can't help it. I want just what I said—a real home—and children. I can't have either of them if I'm in a business office seven to eight hours a day."

Veevee shrugged. "Oh, very well. Now, Louise, how about you?"

Louise had gained courage from my frankness. She bared her true feeling to Veevee, only wording it less plainly than she had done to me. "Ned's the sort who needs responsibility to make him do his best. So I've got to be that responsibility."

"Oh, you're both wrong—and very foolish. Why submerge your individuality, your whole self, in that sort of a husband? You and Effie are just as worth while, just as interesting, just as likely to do big things as Ned and Walter are. I'm for the new idea—keep your name, keep your job, be independent all the way through."

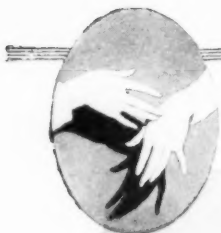
"You've got a certain amount of sense in your argument, Veevee," said Louise. "Only you don't go at it the right way. When you talk about submerged individualities you make me laugh, really you do. If the woman who runs an efficient home and brings up a family well is a submerged individuality—well, show me, that's all. She's the only one who really *perpetuates* her personality, and even shapes the personalities of others. She's doing a big job, and doing it well, and it's much more important than selling frocks or typing letters or even handing out improving literature to the proletariat. As for this keeping your own name after you're married—well, it merely makes life more inconvenient than it was before, and provides a little cheap notoriety for the women who do it. We all have to remember that Miss Whiffletit is Mr. Simpkins' wife instead of calling them both Simpkins and letting it go at that. No, your



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name hasn't a thing to do with what you are and what you amount to."

"All the same," I said, after a moment's pause, "there's one thing that puzzles me."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Veevee with sarcasm.

"Now, listen, and don't try to be funny!" I crushed her. "The women of the so-called 'lower classes'—I have to use the term, though I detest it—the wives of the men who work with their hands, or have low-paying jobs, almost all do something outside their homes to help out the family income, and yet they have children and get along somehow. Our washerwoman has a husband who's a porter, and they've got five children—she told me so. That woman who has the little hairdressing place where we go round the corner, she's married and got three children, and her husband works. Now, why should they do it and we not, and how do they manage and what's the difference?"

"The answer is," said Veevee, "that it's the very highest and the very lowest classes who are emancipated, and we're not."

"But there's a difference in the reason of their so-called emancipation," said Louise. "One is freed by money to do what she likes. And their work is only a fad, there's very few who are serious. The other is so pressed by lack of money that she *must* find work for herself, no matter how she dislikes it and resents it. Let up the economic pressure on the lower classes and their women would revert to housekeeping and home-making as naturally as Effie here does."

"But it's different with Effie," protested Veevee. "She's a victim of her small-town prejudices, among which is the one that men alone should go out and earn the money while the women stay at home and do the cooking and cleaning and have a mighty thin time of it, incidentally."

"All right about small-town prejudices—small towns are pretty safe and sane, take 'em by and large, my dear, which you don't know, being a guttersnipe," I broke in emphatically. "And I believe Louise is right about the economic pressure. Anyway, it's a double burden on the woman. She must work both inside and out of the home, and must have her children without any decent interval before or after. But it's in the children that the crux of the whole problem lies. Our standards of living wouldn't permit us to have a lot of dirty,

undernourished little brats like the charwoman's, with only the street for a playground—"

"And abounding in adenoids and bad teeth," added Louise, backing me up.

"Exactly," I went on. "Who's going to take care of the business woman's children all day while she's at business and do it properly? We can't let our children run wild like the charwoman's. And unless the mother can earn a huge salary she can't afford a nurse who'll really take her place. Besides, the babies themselves protest. Look at those statistics published in the paper last Sunday. A baby that doesn't get its natural amount of love and petting, dies. Scientific care doesn't take the place of wholly unscientific cuddling—not to the babies. Babies in badly managed, poor homes, without expert care, but with a lot of loving, live and thrive better than babies in the best of institutions. No, it's not fair to the children. And the other solution is—to have none."

"There's no use arguing with the maternal instinct, I can see that," said Veevee, rising and beginning to clear the table. "But it doesn't alter my contention that the woman with a job, married or single, is better off than one who depends on a husband or other male relative for every penny she spends. I think that's revolting."

"Oh, pooh, I shall *love* depending on Walter for pennies and everything else."

Veevee grinned. "That's the last word. Any woman in your frame of mind can't recognize common sense when she hears it. But, wait, my dear, until the honeymoon is over, and you behold your peerless Walter, not as a demigod, but as a perfectly normal man, with a firm grip on his pocket-book—you will then recall these words of wisdom and wish you had heeded them. And think, too, how many more nice things you could have and how much more you could do if you kept your job and your salary. For a while, at least."

"That's the argument of the materialist. I'm satisfied to start with what Walter can give me. And when you fall in love, Veevee, really fall in love and find the right man, you'll recall these words of alleged wisdom and wonder how you could have said anything so perfectly silly."

Louise put the final word on the discussion. "So it all comes down to the individual state of feeling. And we're exactly where we started."

So perhaps they were. But I was not.

## THE QUIVER

In talking the thing out, as well as I could, and airing my ideas and hearing theirs, I was not where I had started at all, save on one-half the argument—that I was glad and thankful for Walter's stand against having a wage-earning wife. But—what Veevee had said, there at the last, stuck to me. Think how many more nice things I could have and how much more I could do if I kept my job and my salary—for a while, at least!

I wanted nice things awfully. I had revised my ideas of what a house should look like many times since I left Connersville. Fitting up the little flat for the three girls of us had added many new suggestions, and now, in a home of my own, I was burning to try them. But we didn't have very much money, and I wanted everything to have real beauty, real distinction. Makeshifts would not serve.

I hadn't saved any money—that is, the little bit I had saved had gone partly, when Veevee and Louise and I took the flat, for furnishing and fitting it up, the balance in buying my wedding outfit. I was really penniless, and my last week's salary before my marriage would have to go to the dress-maker who made my wedding gown. The girl who was coming in to take my place in the flat, a Miss Kelp, a friend of Veevee's, who did basket work and did it very well, was willing to pay me something for my share of the belongings there, in lieu of my taking them out, thus forcing her to buy anew. But that was not much—just enough to keep my pocket-book from perishing of anæmia.

Then came a letter from my father, a little more kindly than the last, uncensored, evidently, by my step-mother, and with it a cheque for a hundred dollars, which I promptly used to buy a mahogany table and an easy chair for my new home.

So it was Walter's savings that had to be used to get the other things. Louise and Veevee gave me some household linen, table-cloths, towels and the like, and Alice Mickleham sent me a lamp, which was so costly and beautiful that it must either set the pace for the other furnishings or make them suffer terribly by comparison. That lamp, much as I liked it, made me ache for more money to spend.

I consoled myself, though, by thinking of Walter's assured rise in salary, which would be, of course, only the first of many. He was going to be a great man. I knew it. Greatness presupposed making money,

and money meant more delightful things for me. In this pleasantly selfish, ignorant way I reasoned, just as hundreds and hundreds of girls have reasoned before me, and will reason after me. I looked forward to Walter's success with naive confidence. He talked to me a great deal about his work, and I listened as to an oracle. If I could have been the only person to whom he had to sell advertising he would have been a millionaire in a week.

I wonder how many women remember every bit of their wedding day, or whether it doesn't become just a blur to them, with one or two moments of it distinct and clear. I don't recall a thing about the morning, but I must have had breakfast and finished my packing, and then devoted the rest of the time to dressing. It was a very tiny wedding party—Louise and Veevee and a man named Prentice from Walter's office who was desperately taken with Veevee at once. Ned Anderson did not come, but to my surprise old Mr. Holbrooke lurked uncertainly in the back of the church, as if abashed at such surroundings, so foreign to all chemical interests. My dress was pale grey, my hat a demure little grey affair to match, and my flowers, roses and sweet peas, palest pink and creamy white, tied with a tricky bow of silver gauze, made me feel very sweet and bridey.

Veevee had flowers, too, sweet peas of a strange orange flame that looked stunning, against her new frock of beige, almost as bridelike as mine. Louise was her own shabby self, blue serge and plain white collar. Her only concession was a new hat—Veevee had told her violently that she'd have her barred from the church if she wore her old sailor. And Alice Mickleham came, very condescending, or trying to be, and looking amused and patronizing. All the same, I know she'd have liked to be in my shoes. All her fine plumage hadn't changed her from an ugly little gnome, and she'd had no more beaux than Louise.

I could see them all out of the tail of my eye when the minister began the ceremony. Ridiculous casual fancies played through my mind, as they are apt to do in static, emotional moments, a shaft of colour, splintered purple and gold and crimson that the sun thrust through the painted windows... and then... I was making my response in a strange, still voice, not at all as I had intended. But they seemed to be satisfactory. What a long time it took... I felt that I had been standing there for hours.



"At the sight of him I drew back  
aghast, 'Walter, what is it?'"—p. 143

Drawn by  
Elizabeth Earnshaw

## THE QUIVER

Walter's voice wobbled and made me want to hug him.

And now I was Mrs. Walter Osborn. There was a plain narrow band above the diamond and sapphire circlet to attest it. The strange fancies and the odd memories and observations scurried away and I became once more myself, alive to everything. And especially alive to the fact that Walter was kissing me.

"Well . . . Mrs. Osborn," he said, pretending he had been very self-possessed all the time. Which he hadn't. His arm had shaken as well as his voice.

Everyone else kissed me, and old Mr. Holbrooke shook hands with me. "Come and see us, some time," I urged, feeling suddenly sorry for the poor old queer creature. It was a tossed crumb of happiness from my abundance.

"You'd better come and see *me*," he replied. "The new girl can't spell for nuts." And then he hurried away, as if he had been indiscreet.

Alice Mickleham hurried away, too. "I've an appointment, my dear," she said in her grandest manner. I didn't resent it. She, too, I could pity to-day. I was so much the richer.

Our honeymoon began, like all others, unique only in that there was, perhaps, a little more of trust on the part of the girl-wife, a little more of tenderness and restraint on the part of the boy-husband than is usual. It was certainly the most marvellous event in the world's history, our marriage, and almost as marvellous to come back, after three days at the seaside, to our own home. The Seventy-first Street rooms were bright with sunshine and a twinkling cleanliness superinduced by the strong arms of Mrs. Schuster.

Oh, how we exulted in it!

And it was a sweet little place, no doubt about that. We had been extravagant. "There's no fun in getting what we can afford," I told Walter, and he agreed with me. So, in our living-room, there was a rug, not big but excellent in quality, a many-bordered carpet, with a centre of happy old blue figured in black that I found in an auction room; a chest of drawers bought at an antique place on Lexington Avenue, a massive piece with carved columns that saved it from clumsiness; Alice Mickleham's lamp; the chair bought with my father's cheque; a gate-legged table, and another chair or two, and curtains of hand-blocked chintz, mostly in the

same old blue that dominated the rug, curtains for which I shopped until I was worn out, and for which I paid a staggering price.

"All the same, they'll make the room," I said to Walter, to salve my conscience for spending so much for them.

Walter didn't care. What were savings for, if not to make us comfortable and content? Not that he'd saved so much, and the wedding luncheon and journey cut a big slice in his fund. But we had no misgivings. Over and over again he told me that it was only for these few days that we'd be hard up. At the end of the first week after his honeymoon vacation there'd be the rise waiting for him. On that theory we went ahead and spent—and spent—and spent.

By the time the living-room was furnished and a clever little set, painted buff, striped in blue, was installed in the dining alcove, we were at the end of his savings. So the bedroom things and the kitchen necessities all came from an instalment house, and cost—because I fell in love with a dressing-table and twin beds of exceptional grace—a pretty penny, all told. But the instalments were not unreasonable.

The two weeks of Walter's holiday seemed to end in a minute. He had built shelves for me, wiped the dishes, helped with the cooking, and had been all through it the dear and eager lover. The first morning that he went back to the office and left me for a long day at home alone seemed very strange. I hardly knew what to do with myself. The housework was soon done, and dinner planned for the evening. I got out all of his clothes and mended ferociously, loving the homely service to him.

But as I mended I thought. Why, at this rate it would only be the least little bit of time before I'd run out of occupation. I could mend his clothes and my own and clean some gloves and ribbons. I meditated knitting a jumper, re-trimming a hat, hem-stitching some d'oyleys.

It didn't take more than two hours in the morning and another in the evening to do my cooking and keep the apartment clean. My lunch was tea and biscuits and jam, or a plate of left-overs—like most women eat when left to themselves. I bought for the table as economically as I could—somehow during that two weeks' honeymoon we had run ourselves awfully short of ready cash, and had only realized it when Walter started back to the office. He had just enough to pay his car fare and



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## WORLDLY GOODS

get something very simple at noon, and that was all. But it didn't really matter—the grocer and the butcher were quite willing to run bills, and the milkman and laundryman would call at the end of the week. And at the end of the week we'd be on velvet. Walter might have drawn part of his salary in advance, but he said that it was a practice rather frowned on by the management of the Tobin Agency, and beside it didn't seem tactful just when he was expecting the rise.

The rise . . . the rise . . . the rise! He talked of it more than ever that week. We even made a little list of desirables, seen in our window-shopping, to be bought, one at a time, with the surplus of that rise. We even planned to save a little on it.

"In the meantime," said Walter gaily, "we'll declare a moratorium."

"And once we get going," I supplemented, "we'll schedule all our bills and arrange everything on what the newspapers call a firm financial foundation. Maybe we ought to have a budget—only I hate the idea, and I'm never any good at figures."

"We'll do that next week," said Walter.

On Saturday morning I made a chocolate cake, a proud three-tier concoction, and when it was done and stood in dark stateliness on the kitchen shelf I set the table for luncheon. Walter came home at half-past one on Saturdays. It was a hot, airless, sticky day, and I remember thinking how glad I was not to have to struggle uptown from old Holbrooke's den. I had an old white dress, thin, cool, becoming, that Walter specially liked, so I put it on. Then I heard Walter's key in the lock and ran to open the door. But at sight of him I drew back aghast.

"Walter, what is it?"

He came in slowly, haggard, his face drawn into lines of anger and distress beyond words. I caught his arm, frantic with alarm.

"It's the heat, dear—I know—I'll get some water." I ran to the kitchen, brought the glass and held it to his lips. But he didn't drink. Instead, he looked up at me, appealing, near to tears.

"Ethie, I didn't get my rise . . ."

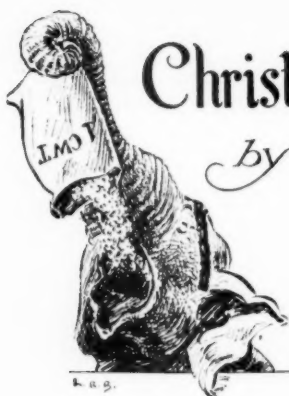
(To be continued)

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# Christmas Dinner at the Zoo

by L. R. BRIGHTWELL, F.Z.S.



**F**EASTING of some sort is a natural adjunct to almost every form of "celebration," whether it be the birthday of an individual or an institution, the opening of an annual garden fête, or the centenary of anything—or nothing—in particular. In fact eating and drinking are inseparable from most social "occasions," Christmas being still the greatest of all occasions, although some writers, who profess to sneer at "moderns and progressives"—i.e. anybody younger than themselves—would have us believe otherwise.

## The Inevitable Unbending

No matter for these decadent misery mongers, Christmas still retains much of its ancient glory, and however hygienic we be in theory, the most rigorous dietist is tempted to unbend a little at this season. It is inevitable. Those wedges of pudding which we are urged to absorb in order to ensure a "happy month" usually result in our experiencing an unhappy night. All the old jokes about Xmas excess have happily lost much of their application nowadays, yet the chemist still experiences a slight trade revival after December 26, and even the dog feels the effects of polishing too many after-dinner plates.

## A Real Christmas Banquet!

When one considers what a Christmas banquet meant in 1570, one feels that we are fast becoming a nation of aesthetes. Such a little list as the brawn of a large pig, liveridge puddings, a haggas ditto, a potage called "skink," a pig roasted whole and with the hair on, a marmalade pie, a Fracas of chicken and pigeon peepers, sweet

bread, six dozen eggs fried with oysters, a salad of broom buds, pickled onions, stewed figs and red pepper, leaves us gasping nowadays. Probably the only institution in London where an ideal Xmas banquet—ideal both as regards quantity and digestive quality—is served is the Zoo at Regent's Park. One cannot call it "the same as usual," for the Zoo's bill of fare is never allowed to become monotonous. Yet no one has cause either for complaints against their entertainers, or for self-reproach afterwards. The banquet is universally proclaimed a huge success from every point of view. It is modelled largely upon *Nature's way*—simple and yet satisfying. An average restaurateur has a comparatively "soft job" compared with that which confronts the caterers of Regent's Park.

## Bewildering Tastes

The individual tastes of the Zoo's three thousand odd guests are, to put it mildly, bewildering. Some prefer to dine off china, others off sawdust; some cannot "fancy" their meal unless they take it from the surface of the water; others again can only feed whilst totally submerged. But whether the guest elects to take his Christmas fare by digging it from the ground, sucking it off a straw, cutting it up with a file or a bill hook or a pair of shears, spending three minutes or fifteen hours at the meal, the Zoo is ready to meet each separate case, and everybody's satisfied in consequence.

## Splendid "Service"

The "service" at the Zoo leaves nothing to be desired. We can safely say that there

## CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE ZOO

is no other institution where the staff is willing to have so little "time off." A keeper usually has one whole day off a week, the other six working days mean anything from twelve to sixteen hours of duty. Christmas Day is, of course, a short day; all the same, dinner must be prepared at about 6.30 a.m., and a good

deal of hanging about entailed ere the last course is served at somewhere about six in the evening. Not quite the last course, however. Some dainty inmates of the Small Bird House must have an artificial "dawn" created for them about four o'clock on Boxing morning, when the keeper on night duty illuminates the house so that the exotic inmates may fancy themselves back in the tropics and having their meals under fairly natural circumstances.

### An Extensive Menu

The menu is extensive—and peculiar. It includes hay, clover, green food and chaff, oats, beans, maize, grain and seeds, fish—



"Finger-bowls are not in general use at the Zoo"

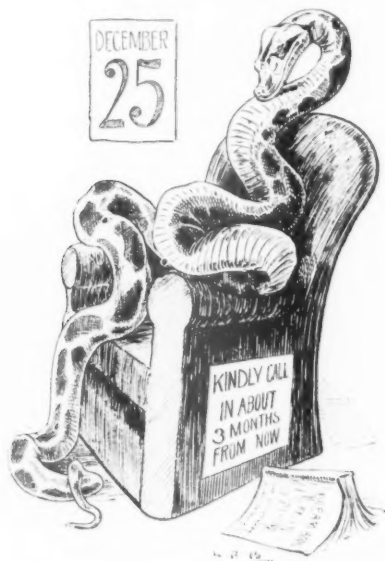
Drawn by  
L. R. Brightwell

salt and fresh-water—horse, goat, beef, poultry, milk, fruit and vegetables, bread, biscuit, eggs, rats, mice, snakes, oils of all kinds, and many other little "oddments." Some foods must be cooked in a variety of ways, others finely minced, others again soaked in oil or juices of one kind or another. The food is served in pans, bowls, threaded on skewers, suspended on strings . . . for birds and beasts have many ways of drawing up their chairs to the festive board.

### Class Distinctions

Class distinction amongst humans is as nothing to the class distinction of the animal world. No two guests sit down to the Zoo Xmas fare in quite the same manner. Many, indeed, prefer to stand, or hang head downwards above the table, or must take their food whilst on the wing or on the fin.

Every guest brings his or her own table implements in the way of knives, forks, spoons and nut-crackers. What an array they make. The knives and forks alone, as exemplified in teeth and talons, might fill a big museum. Then there are straws up which liquid or finely minced food may be taken—witness the elephant's trunk and the anteater's "nose." The "soup strainer" moustache is not regarded as being "good form" amongst ourselves. At the Zoo it is quite *de rigueur*. The terrific growth of bristles ornamenting the face of "Andy," the Zoo's walrus (sometimes referred to as "Old Bill"), are installed by Nature for the express purpose of straining mud and gravel from Andy's under-water meal of clams. The flamingo has a "soup strainer" in his throat, as also has the crocodile. In fact, the Zoo's many ways of "getting outside" its Christmas dinner might be enumerated until we had filled this and the next fifty



Indulging in an "after-dinner" nap

## THE QUIVER

volumes of THE QUIVER. But the reader will be spared—for obvious reasons.

### No After-dinner Speeches

"Toasts" are so inseparable from wine that it is not surprising that the Zoo has no tedious after-dinner speeches. Still, in the matter of "drinks," the means employed



Christmas has no terrors for the turkey at the Zoo

by the many guests to "take in" the fare provided are varied to a degree. Give an elephant, an ape, a horse, a bird, a lizard and a butterfly each a bowl of water, and you see as strange a "drinking bout" as one could desire. The elephant empties the bowl by siphoning its contents up his trunk, and when, as the result of a deep breath, the bowl is empty and his trunk full, he simply puts the end of his trunk in his mouth and squirts the water down his throat. The ape may suck the water up through a straw, spoon it into his mouth or, lifting the bowl, drink in orthodox human fashion. The horse lowers his head and drinks in the ordinary animal way. The bird takes sip after sip, tilting each beakful down his neck in the daintiest manner. The lizard laps with his forked tongue, and the butterfly employs a proboscis which, in comparison with her *sore*, is about three times the length of the elephantine trunk.

### A Depraved Taste

Many beasts can comfortably dispense

with a drink provided they have access to plenty of luscious succulent food; whilst some will be satisfied with nothing short of a drink of blood. This depraved taste is found rampant throughout the insect world, where many creatures, such as the larvae of most of our common water beetles, have sickle-shaped jaws through which they "inhale" the juices of their victims. Most insatiable of all the blood drinkers is the lamprey. His mouth forms a circular sucking disc set with numerous sharp teeth, which diabolical apparatus he will not hesitate to apply to fish many times his own size.

### The Nut Ration

For Christmas fare one naturally goes on to "nuts." The annual Christmas nut ration may on occasion fall not far short of a ton. Monkey nuts, pea nuts, tiger nuts, brazils, almonds and coco-nuts—all have their votaries. There are more ways than one of cracking a nut. Even man can take his choice of using the nut-crackers, breaking his teeth, spoiling the door jamb, or providing himself with a tit-bit of doubtful quality by breaking the shell with his boot heel. The Zoo has many other views upon the subject of nuts. The elephant simply puts them *through the mill*, so to speak, and grinds them to powder, shells and all, between his eight gigantic teeth. A large number of the smaller animals, however, use their teeth in more orthodox fashion. Monkeys and apes employ either their molars, premolars, or canines. Rodents, such as rats, squirrels, marmots, etc., invariably rely upon their chisel-shaped incisors.

### A Perfect Pair of Nut-crackers

The parrot has a perfect pair of nut-crackers in his formidable upper and lower mandible, and he is probably the only bird so provided. Many birds love nuts, but few can emulate the parrot. They must have recourse to other means. Usually they wedge the nut between two stones or in a fissure in rock or tree-trunk, and then hammer the nut with their bills. The nut-hatch and nut-cracker have both earned, and well earned, their titles through their dexterity in handling nuts. It seems impossible, by the way, to teach a monkey to crack walnuts human fashion by crushing two of them together between his tightly closed hands. He soon, however, learns the trick of beating the nut upon something



## CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE ZOO

hard or using a stone by way of hammer. But the palm for nut-cracking must go to the coco-nut crab of Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean. This worthy, really a huge hermit crab with a soul above living in whelk shells, not only climbs coco-nut palms in search of nuts, but having bagged his nut, besieges its iron-bound shell in the most scientific manner, eventually making a hole sufficiently large to enable him to insert a claw and so extract the kernel.

### "After Dinner Rest a While"

"After dinner rest a while." In these hustling days some overworked reader may be thinking it almost worth while to live in the Zoo and so be assured of the after-dinner nap so often longed for, but seldom realized. The birds and beasts certainly set a good example. Most of us would probably do more and better work, if life did but permit us to follow Nature's way, and rest after meat. Christmas is possibly one of the few occasions when most of us have a chance to indulge. The man who does so daily is an exception. There are no exceptions at the Zoo. All rest—some even "light up."

### The Weed

Although only a very few of the larger apes have through long association with man acquired a liking for tobacco smoke, quite a number of creatures enjoy the weed well enough, taken "au naturel." Most monkeys, and a large percentage of the civet tribe, many pigs and all rats, are much addicted to a "chaw," and more than one keeper's pouch has been emptied by his charges.

Tobacco is certainly not to everybody's liking, but there can be no doubt about the

after-dinner nap. An animal's idea of a nap is very elastic, but wonderfully human withal. It involves the same uncomfortable attitudes, the same farmyard imitations, and other noises produced by throat and nose, and the same eccentric movements, testifying that the sleeper is in spirit far away and heartily enjoying himself—or the reverse—according as to whether his meal has been discreet or otherwise.

### The Charm of the Zoo After-nap

Uncle Harry may, and often does, awake from an "after the Christmas dinner" nap with a very so-so temper, which he explains by saying that he feels "like nothing on earth." Comfortably ensconced in the Zoo, he would labour under no such disadvantage. The perfectly discreet meal would ensure him awaking like those exuberant persons who beam upon us from the advertisement columns. The charm of the Zoo after-dinner nap is that the diner wakes up with a ravenous appetite for the next meal. Let us hasten to state on behalf of ourselves that the Zoo is allowed to sleep just so long as it likes.

Nobody, for instance, stirs it up for a cup of tea or exhorts it to go for a walk when it would rather stay in an arm-chair, so to speak. The python, his meal finished, embarks upon a "nap" of anything from three weeks to as many months; the racoon likes a little "doss" between the courses. Nobody says them nay. As for those rampant souls who desire an after-dinner romp, the Zoo is ready with balls and swings and logs of wood and lots of cheerful society. An entertainment, indeed, to suit every taste. Even the turkey wears a broad smile at Christmas—in the Zoo. It is better to be an exhibit than an entrée!



## A CHRISTMAS FEAST FOR THE CHILDREN

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# The House on the Hill

By  
DOROTHY BLACK

**M**ISS MARGARET DALLAS, spinster, of the Parish of Paddington, hated Christmas. Her heart sank at the very sight of the decorated shops, with their Christmas trees, and toys and glittering tridles.

Strange, too, because this particular spinster was of independent means. But she was all alone. Christmas-time brought your aloneness back to you in such a tiresome manner.

We need not pity Margaret Dallas otherwise. She had a nice flat, and a servant in a cap, and a little two-seater, and a piano, and a fur coat, and a typewriter.

Almost everything, except youth.

Yet she was not desperately old. Thirtynish. She was, in reality, younger than she had ever been in all her life. Her fair bobbed hair, that curled so prettily, was hardly touched with grey. Only, if you looked very near . . .

But then, nobody ever did look very near. . . .

It was the old, old story of an invalid mother, bath chair, and medicine bottles, and "dear Margaret's duty." The invalid mother had salved her own conscience by saying—

"When I'm gone, dear, you will have everything."

Well, her mother was gone.

And Margaret had all the articles aforementioned.

Yet she seemed to have nothing at all. The fairy fortune that she had hoped to do such wonders with, had turned to a flat, a grand piano, a maid with a cap, a two-seater, a fur coat, and a typewriter. None of them really frightfully thrilling and exciting things when you come to look at it. That is what they always say about fairy gold.

Margaret wanted fun.

And fun is a mushroom growth on the face of life. Margaret could not find the fields where it was to be gathered. Because

she was too old. You have to get up very early in the morning to gather mushrooms.

In all London she did not know a soul except her maid. In all England there was not one person who wrote to her except her solicitor, who paid her her dividends, and said the weather was fine, and the harvest promising, or otherwise.

Time was when she had fretted. Time was when she had broken her heart over her friendlessness. Week after week she saw the same people in the fashionable church where she had a sitting. But she never got to know any of them. In London it is so difficult.

There was no reason to suppose she ever would.

She buried her loneliness in books. She read anything she could lay hands on. She read advertisements largely. So human, advertisements. Mrs. So-and-so, on the outlook for a cook, suited with one, and that advertising again before you could turn round for another. Box X432, with a fur coat for sale. (Oh, Box X432, what he happened to you that you have to sell it, and the winter days so cold?)

That was but a step. Margaret started tentatively advertising herself. She got the great idea through listening to the postman. He came along the street, knocking his cheery double knock on every door but his own.

She really advertised to get the postman knock.

It didn't much matter what it was for. Sometimes she advertised goats. Or for a post as lady gardener. Or to find a situation for a raw young girl from the country. Or for a job as first-class cook to a single gentleman. (Oh, the answers to that! They filled the box and overflowed on to the hall linoleum.)

It put you in touch with the world. People wrote most kindly to her, giving her details about their sick mothers, digestion, gardens, goats, and hot-water supply. Tell

## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

her what they liked for breakfast, and when they took their hot bath.

Margaret, alone in the great city, was listening-in to life.

Sometimes she corresponded for several days with prospective employers over a mythical housemaid. Once she went so far as to meet a lady in the Grosvenor Hotel to talk over a young girl from the country. There was no young girl, but the lady gave Margaret tea, and talked most interestingly about bees, and sent Margaret home with pink cheeks and a sense of elation that was most refreshing.

Do you blame her for wasting their time?

Think how life had wasted Margaret's.

Imagine Margaret hurrying down Westbourne Terrace on a cold winter's night, the soft collar of her fur coat turned up round her thin face,

and the curls of her hair peeping up over the brim of her little hat to get a look at the violets on top. Her pretty eyes are always a little wistful, like a child's at the pantomime. Life is such fun, and she would love to go on to the stage and join in the game, but she was for ever in a back seat in the dress circle. There was nothing for her but to applaud the lucky ones. I cannot tell you how heartily she did it. When the lady in the opposite flat had a baby Margaret sent her, anonymously, a big bunch of lovely white roses. The woman in the opposite flat cherished them because she thought they were from an old lover (who had long ago forgotten her name)—and her husband wrote Margaret the rudest letter over the noise she made cranking up her little car.



Now the shops were beginning to put on



"Margaret Dallas alighted with her bag. It was an intriguing adventure"  
—p. 151

Christmas clothes and Margaret's eyes their most wistful look. They were like wet forget-me-nots, but there was nobody about to notice that. Christmas is such a busy season.

She put an extra fetching advertisement in two of the morning papers to assure herself of letters by the Christmas posts. It would be so awful not to have any letters.

## THE QUIVER

She knew that she would have plenty. She had advertised for a post as lady gardener, or assistant on a farm (Margaret, who hardly knew one end of a cow from another and was hazy as to which was the business end of an artichoke).

Did she intend to take such a post?

About as much as you do. Or I do.

But she knew there would be lots of answers because she had put "salary no object." Is not the whole world looking for someone to whom salary is no object?

It was.

Great humps of letters awaited her.

She drew the curtains of her cosy flat, shutting out the cold brightness and the glamour of the streets.

Then started her game.

There were letters from all kinds of places. From Taunton, from Hampshire, from a vicarage on the Yorkshire moors, and a farm in the Channel Islands. Pleasant, chatty letters, because money was no object. Telling her about their gardens. Telling her about their pets.

One old lady in Rutland had an adorable pug.

"I am sure," she wrote, "that you would love Toto."

It quite warmed Margaret's heart, which was so long out of practice, to think she might love Toto. She would have liked dearly to love something. She would have had a dog of her own, but then, dogs die. And afterwards it is worse, you see. It would have been kind to have granted a longer span of life to dogs when there are so many lonely people in London.

She decided to keep some of her letters till the next day. The next day was Sunday, and there was no post. She made a little bundle and put it up on her mantelshelf. The top envelope of the bundle had such an appealing look, though, that she took it down.

"Just this one more to-night," she said.

It was written in strange, scraggy writing, on granite-grey paper. The stamp hung out in one corner like a signal of distress.

When she read the letter it was like a cry out of darkness.



"I am quite aware," ran this letter, in wild hieroglyphics, "that this is not a place you would consider permanently. But perhaps you would come for a short time and give me a hand. We have had a great many misfortunes, and are fighting against enor-

mous odds. But if I could get help I might pull through. This is a very quiet spot. I do not want you to come here with any delusions about it. All I can offer you is the acme of discomfort, and hard work, on a small wage. For this reason I am perpetually without help.

"There is a farm cottage up the hill, where the woman would board you. But, of course, you will not come. Waste of a stamp to write.

"You can find out all about me if you ring up the Secretary of the Senior Service Club. But, of course, you will not want to find out about me. Why should anyone come to this barren spot who need not?"



The letter was signed "Harvey Viner." The address was Viner's Folly, Isle of Arden.

Margaret re-read it.

She had about as much intention of becoming a farm hand as I have. Yet here was someone else, apparently alone. She got up and took down her "Who's Who" from the neat little bookcase beside her comfortable fire.

There was only one Harvey Viner, but that could hardly be the same one as the writer of the letter.

"Major, King's Guards," it said. Then followed an imposing string of letters. "Age 48. Son of a distinguished soldier. Been present at innumerable campaigns."

Hardly likely this was the same as her correspondent, thought Margaret. She put down "Who's Who" and rang up the Senior Service Club.

I cannot imagine why. We know quite well that she did not mean to go.

"Yes," said the secretary. "Major Viner is at present residing at his country seat at Arden. Are you Miss Dallas, of Clymping Court Gardens? We had a line from the major to-night, instructing us to give you all particulars. He was, as you are no doubt aware, seriously wounded, and disabled. . . . Lost an arm. He is now farming his own land, I understand, on Arden. Do you wish to know how to get there? Kindly wait one moment."

Presently the voice resumed.

"Trains to Hardwich, and then on by boat. It takes two hours to get across. If we can be of any further assistance—"

"Thank you," said Elizabeth.

She rang off.

She went across to the fire and stood look-



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PRE-WAR  
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## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

ing at it gravely, her elbows resting on the mantelpiece amongst the odds and ends and pretty things of a woman's room.

Next, she went to a rack where she kept a lot of catalogues from the various shops she dealt with. You'll be surprised to hear what she was looking for.

She was looking for those velveteen land suits—coats and breeches—made of a brown corduroy.

It was disgraceful of Margaret.

The man needed help, and she knew nothing at all about a farm, except that one might reasonably expect to get milk there, and that they sometimes kept eggs.

She gave the maid a month's holiday, and had a touching farewell with her two-seater. It was the only thing she minded leaving.

For the rest it would be a mercy to get away from London for Christmas. To get away from the sounds of merriment from other people's parties, and the laughter of other people's children.



The ferry-boat to Arden was packed, mostly with farmers returning from market on the mainland and farmers' children returning home for the Christmas holidays. There were some schoolboys farther down the deck letting off squibs. It all seemed to Margaret like some unlikely scene in a dream. Then ahead of them rose Arden out of the mists of the sea. A toy kingdom on the water.

Margaret Dallas, spinster, of the Parish of Paddington, alighted with her bag. It was an intriguing adventure.

There was a rough sort of trap waiting on the jetty, and an old man with a pair of apple cheeks and a jaunty tweed hat stood supporting an ancient horse, whose attachment to said trap seemed to be a slight one, and mainly string.

"I be from farm," said the owner of the apple cheek. "Be you for Viner's? My missis she be making place for you."

Margaret plus her baggage were stowed into the trap. They drove through the small town, and away into open country up the hill.

Viner's Folly lay in a fold between two hills, in a clump of fir trees. There might be heather all round. Or else just bare hill. You could not tell; there was a thin coat of snow over everything.

She saw the house when the crazy trap turned the corner, looking down at them

like a large caravan stuck in a gap. There were fir trees round it. In one window a light burned.

"Aw, the major mun be back, then," said the owner of the apple cheeks. "Will I put you down at t'house, or will I tak' you on to the missis first, with yer baggage?"

"You'll take me on," said Margaret quite firmly. This adventure was sport, and she was going to get all she could out of it. She would have her first interview in full rig, if you please. Velveteen breeches and all.

She felt very shy when she put them on. Shy, and cold about the knees. But Mrs. Shimmin seemed totally unaware of change in her as she came downstairs and followed the old man down the grassy road and into the broken gates of the house.

They did not think much about clothes at Viner's Folly.

"The young woman, master," said Mr. Shimmin, and left Margaret in the threshold of a small room that was furnished like an office. Over a big table, strewn with papers, a man looked at her, with tired, haggard blue eyes. Restless, miserable eyes. Eyes that gave Margaret the creeps. For the first time she thought regretfully of her little flat, and the cosy fire, and the curtains drawn to shut out the world.

"You've actually come!" rasped the man.

"Didn't you get my wire?"

"Of course I got your wire." He spoke with a sort of restless impatience. "They frequently wire me they are coming. And then the sea is rough. Or they change their minds. . . ."

He got up. The empty sleeve of his coat was tucked into one pocket.

"You've fed? You're not tired? Then I'll show you round. I'd prefer to do it at once, then we can start right off in the morning. I'd make this place pay all right if I had the proper help. Sometimes in my dreams I see it as it might be. But we are handicapped. Handicapped in every conceivable way."

His voice was almost a cry.

Margaret followed him out.

Dusk had fallen, and it was night. There was just light enough to see the dilapidated white house and its surroundings of tumble-down buildings. Every single thing at Viner's Folly seemed in need of repair.

"Can you milk?" he asked suddenly.

"No. But I shall soon learn," said Margaret.

## THE QUIVER

To her intense relief he did not seem to mind that she could not milk. He pointed her out a series of things that waited to be done. Then added:

"Get down at five to-morrow, and my brother will teach you the milking. Here, Jake . . ."

A tall man with snow white hair came out of one of the sheds.

"Here," said Harvey Viner unceremoniously, "we've got help at last. Take her on to-morrow and teach her to milk. She'll do your jobs while you take the cart round."

"Right-oh," said the other man.

"Take her on over the place," commanded the other. "I've got accounts to see to."

He strode off into the night, leaving them together.

"The byres are here—the hens over there. We have sheep on those two hills. We have to see after them ourselves, because the shepherd left."

"You seem to find it hard to keep people here," said Margaret.

Jake Viner sighed.

"Yes. It's hard."

He seemed about to say more, but checked himself, and went on with various details about the farm.

"I expect you know a lot more about all this than I do," he said, and Margaret's heart missed a beat for fear he would start questioning her and find out how little she really knew.

But he passed on to the potato pit and showed her which side to find the various sorts. To Margaret a potato had been a potato, and nothing more. That some were called Blue Skerries and other Highland Kidney was news to her.

"It's rough work for a woman," said her guide gently. "I know I'm out of date now, but I hate to see a woman doing rough work. Feel as though I ought to go and do it for her myself. . . ."

Margaret laughed.

"I don't mind rough work," she said. "It's better than just sitting around doing nothing."

"One thing more." They were back at the cottage where she was to spend the night now. "Don't be frightened by my brother," he said quietly. "He is very trying sometimes. And has a terrifying temper. Don't take any notice of him."

In the darkness he smiled at her and was gone.

Margaret mounted to her spotless room,

with its little white curtains, and looked out up the mountain where the sheep were huddled together in patches.

What an adventure it all was!

Wonderful how quickly you can learn a thing if you put your mind to it. Margaret had suddenly and most unexpectedly put her mind to farming. She spent Christmas Day with Jake Viner on the hill looking for lost sheep. About the last thing she had ever thought of doing.

Yet it seemed, somehow, a more real Christmas than those others she had passed mainly in the fashionable church in London and alone in her little flat. It was late evening when they returned, and Margaret strode along beside her tall companion, the words of the old hymn running in her head:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

That was the evening she commenced her cooking.

Mrs. Shimmin was supposed to do for the two men at the house. She was a good-natured, dirty, harmless body. They lived, she learnt from Jake, mainly on tinned foods.

On Christmas night Margaret went to with Mrs. Shimmin to the low, old-fashioned kitchen, ostensibly to give her a hand. It ended in her cooking their dinner herself. Then, for her own love of order, she set the kitchen to rights. You had it all your own way there. Neither of the men came near the place.

She had not to wait long before she discovered the reason that nobody stayed at Viner's. She was in the kitchen, clearing up one night before she went her rounds when she heard the sound of raised voice.

Harvey Viner was going for his brother.

Some of the words reached Margaret right down there in the kitchen.

"I wonder he stands it," she thought appalled. "He must be a poor spirited sort of creature to stay here and put up with that kind of thing."

"Get out"—she heard Harvey Viner's voice louder now, for a door had been opened—"get out and work for your brother you lazy brute! Get out before I throw you out!"

A moment later she saw Jake crossing the courtyard. He was wiping his brow with a hand not over-steady.

He saw the light in the kitchen and looked in. Perhaps he guessed she must have heard something, for the following

## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

day, as he helped her with the milk-cans, he said:

"My brother was very badly shell-shocked as well as wounded. It has left him a very different man from what he used to be."

Margaret said nothing.

The more she saw of the elder brother the less she liked him. He never left you alone. It was "See to this," and before you were well on the way to do it he called you back, and it was, "See to something else." And then those mad, blind rages. Of course, you were sorry for him, but she came to wonder whether the war had changed him so very much. The original Harvey Viner must have had little gentleness, or surely there would be some traces left.

She came in for her share of his temper like everyone else. Sometimes for days Mrs. Shimmin refused to go near the house. Then Margaret went.

Twice he turned her off the place. Ordered her to go.

I cannot tell you exactly why she did not go. There were moments when she half contemplated it.

Then came the night when Jake cut his head so badly.

She was in her own room when a stone hit her window, and he was standing out there, under the stars, leaning, sick, against the side of the house.

"Could you come?" he asked.

She went down to him.

He told her a plausible enough story. He had been on the mountain and fallen in the dark amongst the rocks. There was a gash in the back of his head enough to knock a man out, and an ugly cut on his forehead.



"He took Margaret's suit-cases, and flung them out into the road"—p. 154

Drawn by  
Albert Bailey

Margaret believed his story at the time. It was next day, when she heard his brother tormenting him, that suspicion first entered her mind.

"Looks a beauty, doesn't he? How did you get it, Jake? Falling amongst the rocks, hey? Looks to me as though a better man had knocked you down."

He laughed harshly, and turned on his heel, and went down the fields.

Margaret, her cheek against the sleek side of a Jersey cow, regarded him under level brows. He turned, and saw her.

"I suppose," he said suddenly, "you wonder why I stick it?"

"I often wonder why you stick it."

He waited a moment before replying. Then, very low, he said:

## THE QUIVER

"Because I'm afraid to leave him. He'd probably kill someone. I can look after myself, because I know what to expect. It's hard sometimes. He taunts me so over the war. He did so brilliantly, and I was sent home right at the beginning, unfit. They gave me a job at the base. It was bad enough then, but nothing to what I have to go through from him now. . . ."

"What was he like before?"

"He always had a temper. It's called Viner's Curse. Most of us have a touch of it. My other brother had. The supply did not last for me. Perhaps I'd have stood up for myself better if I'd had a bit too."

There was a long silence. Then:

"I've the chance of quite a decent job in town," he said. "But I daren't leave him."



There were all kinds of signs that led up to it, but Margaret was no adept at recognizing signs. Those restless blue eyes started watching her. She did not remember when she first noticed them following her. It was just another of his tiresome ways, she said.

Suddenly he was always about. She got the idea that he and Jake were watching one another, like two tiger cats. He started coming to the morning milking, which had been their one time of peace.

It seemed but a step from that to the day when he came to her beside the granary and took her in his arms.

"I've found my salvation," he said hoarsely. "I need you. I want you. Marry me, and we'll make something of all this."

In the midst of her disgust I think one little feminine thrill of triumph went down Margaret's spine. Someone had proposed to her! She need not go to her grave now as one of the women who never had a chance.

She pushed him away gently.

"I couldn't marry you," she said, "because I do not care for you."

The strange red light she knew and dreaded flared in his eyes. His face flushed crimson.

"Then, by gad, I'll kill you!" he said.

"No, you won't," said his brother quietly. Jake had been watching.

Harvey Viner turned on his brother with a roar.

"That's it? That's what's up? It's you. You've been hanging round her yourself? Then take her. Get out. Both of you. Clear off. If I see either of you around the place again I'll kill you both."

He took Margaret's suit-cases, stuffed whatever he could find into them, and flung them out into the road. He threw his brother's clothes out of the windows, followed by his boxes. Then he retired into the house and barricaded the door.

"He's mad," said Jake Viner miserably.

They sat down on the fallen log at the gateway at the end of the garden. It was raining softly.

Suddenly Margaret laughed.

"It's really enormously funny," she said.

"But it's your chance, you know."

"My chance?"

"Go to London and take your job there. What's the use of staying with him. We've done our best."

He turned and looked at her wistfully.

"I feel it's all my fault," he said. "That I've got you turned away from your place. I don't believe he even paid you your wages. I never can bear to think of women . . ."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said she. "Of course, it's all nonsense, his blaming you like this."

"It isn't," said Jake Viner very quietly.

"I've cared immensely about you ever since you came. I did hope perhaps—a time——"

Margaret turned and looked at him.

We who have thought her plain all along, and rather middle-aged, would be surprised if we could see our Margaret now. He thought her eyes were like wet forget-me-nots.

"Perhaps you could—go on hoping," she said unsteadily. "I'm a dreadfully lonely person."

His hand found hers.

It did not seem to matter a bit that it was raining.



Margaret went back to her flat. She threw open the windows and made a fire, and burnt the pile of letters she had saved up against her next loneliness.

Margaret has left her back seat in the dress circle and is climbing up on to the stage.

Life is such fun!



# Meals and Good Health

"May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both."

—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL diseases enter by the mouth," says a proverb from the land of Nippon. As in all popular sayings, there is a certain amount of exaggeration in this sweeping statement; but it is perfectly true that errors in eating and drinking are responsible for a very high proportion of the ills that flesh is heir to. This is applicable to women as well as to men. It is, as we all know, a tradition that men think more of their meals than do women, but, like many other traditions, this is not founded on fact. I have no hesitation in saying that women are at least as appreciative of what are called "the pleasures of the table" as their husbands and brothers. That is to say, they eat just as much, and enjoy what they eat equally, though perhaps they show less discrimination in their eating and drinking. A man, as a rule, is satisfied with the meals he gets at meal-times; a woman is not. She is fond of eating between meals; she likes to keep a tin of biscuits or a box of chocolates at hand.

## The Woman's Extra Meal

Moreover, a woman has an extra meal over and above those allotted to a man. She makes of afternoon tea an elaborate repast, replete with sandwiches, hot cakes, toast, muffins, and all kinds of sweet things.

This, between lunch and dinner, is flying in the face of Nature and throwing upon the already overworked digestive organs an additional heavy task.

We all give our organs of digestion and elimination too much employment, and we should all be much healthier and happier if we ate and drank about one-third only of our usual allowance. That is to say, we ingest about three times as much as we really need for nourishment and the supply of heat and energy. Social customs, convention and the gratification of the palate, in some cases sheer gluttony, are responsible for this state of affairs. In the dawn of

*Sensible—if not Seasonable!*

By

*Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson*

civilization mankind had a dim idea that to gorge itself with food was the best method of storing up strength and energy. Not until many centuries had passed did we discover that to eat more than sufficient for the body's need was to store up, not strength and energy, but disease and misery. Even to this very day ignorant people cling to the old idea, crystallized into some such phrase as "You must eat well to keep your strength up." Nothing more mistaken could be imagined. The healthiest and most energetic individuals are those who eat most sparingly, and thus refrain from overloading their systems with masses of food with which the organs are barely able to cope. When an athlete is preparing for some great feat calling for energy and endurance he "goes into training." That is to say, he does not take *more* food, but *less*. Which would make the better appearance in an emergency: the lean and wiry athlete "trained to the minute," or the fat, flabby, self-indulgent man who has always been accustomed to eat and drink more than is good for him? This simple illustration will show the fallacy of the old-fashioned idea that health, strength and energy depend upon ingesting large quantities of food and drink.

## Personal Idiosyncrasies

Nobody has yet formulated any precise rules (as to the amount of food required) which shall apply to all persons. The personal idiosyncrasy must be taken into account: for instance, the size of the subject must be considered, big men and women requiring more food than smaller ones and thin people less than the obese. A woman doing her own housework would probably eat more than one whose muscles were not excited. A professional woman doing sedentary work would not require as much food as a factory worker or a woman who spent a good deal of her time in sports and games. In fact, eating heartily is a handicap to hard mental work because of the extra work put upon the digestive organs.

## THE QUIVER

Professor Atwater, an American, puts these points well when he says:

"For people in good health and with good digestion there are two important rules to be observed in the regulation of the diet: The first is to choose the things which 'agree' with them, and to avoid those which they cannot digest and assimilate without harm. The second is to use such kinds and amounts of food as will supply all the nutriment which the body needs and at the same time avoid burdening it with superfluous material, to be disposed of at the cost of health and strength.

"For guidance in this selection, Nature provides us with instinct, taste and experience. Physiological chemistry adds to these the knowledge—still new and far from adequate—of the composition of food and the laws of nutrition. In our actual practice of eating we are apt to be influenced too much by taste—that is, by the dictates of the palate; we are prone to let natural instinct be over-ruled by acquired appetite, and we neglect the teachings of experience. We need to observe our diet and its effects more carefully and to regulate appetite by reason. In doing this we may be greatly aided by the knowledge of what our food contains and how it serves its purpose in nutrition."

### Ill-balanced Meals

Alas, few people have the knowledge alluded to in the last sentence, which is one reason for many of the dietetic errors committed. One constantly sees the most ill-balanced meals consumed, with deplorable results. Take, for instance, the usual middle-class "Sunday dinner," consisting of a joint of roast beef, York-shire pudding, potatoes and greens, followed by a fruit tart. The starches contained in the pudding, the potatoes, the crust of the tart and the bread or roll are out of all proportion to the constituents of the rest of the meal. Again, it is the custom, when one is already replete, to place upon the table dishes of fruit called "dessert." These fruits are taken *in addition* to an already sufficient meal, instead of forming part of it, as health and common sense alike direct.

The constituents of the foodstuffs which we ingest are five: protein, carbohydrates, fats, mineral matter and water. Protein furnishes heat and energy, and may be of either animal or vegetable origin. Carbohydrates comprise all the sugars, starches, gums, etc., found in vegetables and grains,

and may be derived in insignificant amounts from foods of animal origin. Fats may be either animal or vegetable, and the mineral waters embrace the sulphates, phosphates, oxides and other salts contained in the food.

It would be well if simple instruction in these matters were given in schools to a much greater extent than now obtains. Perhaps in that case we should not find so many digestions ruined by being called upon to deal with the wrong foods.

### Three Faults

The chief faults of our British system of nutrition and those which are responsible for so much illness and misery are as follows:

We, most of us, eat too much.

We eat the wrong things.

We do not allow sufficient time to elapse between one meal and the next.

Take the order of meals in an ordinary household. At eight-thirty or nine a substantial breakfast, with bacon, eggs or fish, is partaken of, at one or so comes lunch, with more meat, and at seven or seven-thirty dinner, a more elaborate meal, with three or four courses. And, in addition to this, the housewife has had a good tea. The human organism does not require all this mass of miscellaneous food; the digestive system does its best to cope with it, but breaks down at last. In consequence the patent medicine vendors make large fortunes, and can afford to spend as much as £100,000 a year in advertising their "remedies" for indigestion and stomach trouble.

As everybody knows, on the Continent there obtains a most sensible system, in which the first meal of the day is postponed till noon. A cup of coffee or chocolate with a roll breaks the fast, and then the day's occupations are tackled. In France or Germany, by the by, the business man begins his working day much earlier than does his counterpart in these islands. Having transacted a considerable amount of business by noon, he is ready for his substantial lunch, and can afford to give the necessary time to it. It usually consists of an omelette, a dish of meat, fruit and cheese. When the day's work is over comes dinner, over which the Frenchman is not ashamed to linger lovingly. The result of this system is that less food is ingested than on the English plan, and the interval between lunch and dinner is longer, this giving time for perfect digestion.



## MEALS AND GOOD HEALTH

### A Compromise

However, it would involve too much of an upheaval to urge the British housewife to abolish breakfast. That institution is too firmly established. As a compromise, let me suggest a much lighter lunch than usual. A good substantial breakfast would furnish the organism with enough energy for the work of the day, and it were folly to impose an additional strain on the digestive organs just because one o'clock has come round. Fruit makes an ideal midday meal when the domestic scheme includes both a substantial breakfast and an evening dinner. An apple or an orange, with a couple of bananas, will "carry one on" quite comfortably till seven or eight p.m. if the day has begun with a meat or fish breakfast. After the evening meal no more food should be taken. Many women are in the habit of indulging themselves with cake, biscuits or sandwiches immediately before retiring; but sleeping is not such an exhausting process that the body needs fortifying in order to sustain the ordeal. This practice is apt to lead to indigestion, disturbed sleep and bad dreams. We should always allow a long interval between the last meal of the day and retiring to rest.

### A Dietetic Error

Taking food immediately before going to bed is only one of the dietetic errors which we ignorantly commit. There are many others which should be avoided by the person who desires to retain his good health and good looks. One of them is beginning a meal with a plate of soup, which only dilutes the stomach and dilutes the gastric juice. "Soup," says Dr. Alderson, writing on indigestion, "only forms a small pond in which other articles of diet that make up dinner swim, swell, and take up a large amount of room, with the result that that stomach has difficulty in grasping, churning and digesting the dinner." True, the doctor was writing more particularly for dyspeptics, but the same reasons apply in the case of healthy people. The notable rule of the tea-shop, while it has its good points, also has its bad ones. It tempts silly and ignorant women to make a meal of buns and what are known as "pastries," such a meal being very bulky, yet supplying but little nourishment. A bun-and-cake lunch supplies plenty of carbon, but not the nitrogen, which is essential; and, moreover, such food is liable to ferment in the stomach, giving rise to complaints connected

with the digestion. Chronic dyspepsia may even ensue, and then there is nothing to look forward to but a life of misery.

### Drinking at Meals

Another common dietetic mistake is drinking at meals. Not only does this practice dilute the gastric juice, but the fluid has an effect on the muscles of the stomach, interrupting the normal process of digestion. It is, of course, a tradition that wine or other beverages should accompany the solids, but it is a tradition that has been responsible for countless cases of dyspepsia and flatulence. To give up drinking with meals would be very hard at first, but the human system is adaptable, and the subject would ere long become perfectly used to a "dry" lunch or dinner. Either drink half an hour before a meal or one and a half hours afterwards. If a person feels that he absolutely cannot do without something to moisten the solid part of the meal, not more than half a tumbler of any beverage must be allowed, and this must be sipped, not gulped. When fruits or salads are taken the craving for liquids is not so pronounced.

To keep in good health and retain his looks, a middle-aged person would do well to observe some few simple rules of diet, which may be summed up as follows:

He should practise moderation at the table, and refuse to eat to repletion, even to please other people.

He should not force himself to eat because a certain hour has come round. It were better and wiser to miss out a meal altogether than to upset the stomach by loading it with food when appetite is not present.

He should restrict himself to foods that "agree" with him. One has seen people partaking of a dish which they like and saying, "I know I shall suffer for this later on." Such childish lack of self-control is contemptible.

He should only eat butcher's meat once a day, for choice at the evening meal.

He should eat plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables and salads, and should finish each meal with them.

He should pay special attention to mastication and chew each mouthful well.

He should banish beverages from the luncheon and dinner table, and drink only between meals.

He should try to bring a cheerful frame of mind to the table, and abstain when feeling worried or depressed.

# A Christmas Dilemma

By  
E. VAUGHAN-SMITH

**H**URRIEDLY Phyllis turned over the tumbled cards in the stationer's tray. No less than six of her Little Friends had cruelly embarrassed her by unexpectedly sending her cards late on Christmas Eve.

Phil's Little Friends, it should be explained, were not small children. Quite the contrary. Their average age was somewhere round sixty.

It was Nancy Lea who had invented that name for them.

Wherever Phil went she seemed to acquire another Little Friend or two, generally rather forlorn elderly people who found Phil's smile attractive and her habit of listening with real interest to what they had to say even more so. The result was that the circle of Little Friends had grown so vast that, being a happy-go-lucky person, she invariably forgot a good many of them when making out her Christmas card list, and had to rush out conscience-stricken to set right the omission at the eleventh hour on Christmas Eve. It was a case of then or never, she felt, for the least shrewd of Little Friends was sure to see through the sorry device of a New Year card!

Of course all the decent cards had been bought up hours ago; only the rubbish was left. How tired she felt of Christmas puddings—very black and stolid-looking—with sprays of holly stuck into them. And worse still were the cards representing would-be comic men with jovially red noses kissing vinegarish females of uncertain age under the mistletoe! It would be nothing short of an insult to send a good, refined, teetotal Little Friend such a vulgar thing as that!

That one of an old-fashioned coach labouring up a snow-covered hill in the sunset was really rather nice. Oh, dear, it was marked fourpence on the back, and she simply could not afford anything more than penny ones to night, for the presents she had bought for the family and Nancy had left her very nearly stony.

"They don't seem to produce the charming Christmas cards nowadays that they used to years ago," said someone at her side.

Turning her head she saw a little lady with grey bobbed hair. It was the Little Friend with whom she had promised to have Christmas dinner to-morrow evening.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Miller!" she said with her beaming smile.

"I hope you have good news of the poor little scarlatina patient?" asked Miss Miller solicitously.

"Oh, yes, thank you. Mother writes that she's got it quite lightly. But it's awfully hard luck on the poor kid having to be in quarantine for Christmas."

"It's awfully hard luck on you, too, dear, having to spend your Christmas in rooms instead of going home." The girlish slang which Miss Miller affected sometimes seemed as quaintly incongruous as her bobbed hair.

"Well, it *was* rather a nasty blow," Phil owned. "But it would be ever so much worse if *you* hadn't been so very kind in asking me for Christmas evening," she added gratefully.

She was surprised and rather embarrassed to see sudden tears spring to Miss Miller's little spectacled eyes.

"Oh, my dear, if you knew the difference it makes to me having someone young and bright to share my Christmas dinner. It makes it seem quite like the old times before my dear parents died." (Were the parents so young and bright, then, Phil wondered with irreverent amusement? "Actually, I've got a turkey this year at the strength of your coming! For twenty years past I've felt a chicken as much as I could face, and though chickens are very nice, they somehow don't seem quite Christmasy, do they?")

"No, I don't think they do," agreed Phil, and then she suddenly blushed crimson.

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"Yes, we can supply you with that, sir," the stationer was answering a customer in the outer part of the shop.

"Well, I must be hurrying on," said Miss Miller to Phil's relief. "I always find there's such a lot to do last thing on Christmas Eve, however well ahead one thinks one is. A very happy Christmas, dear."

"A very happy Christmas to you, too," echoed Phil mechanically. In her wildly beating heart a great longing to go into the outer shop—to let *him* see that she was here—fought a panic instinct to remain invisible.

"Christmas cards? You'll find them through there, sir."

The next moment a tall, well-set-up young man, with plain, blunt, good-humoured features and intelligent, short-sighted eyes, came through into the inner shop.

He seemed slightly confused at seeing Phil, utterly absorbed as she appeared in her choosing of cards. "Oh, how do you do, Miss Godfrey?" he said. "I imagined you'd be in Yorkshire by now."

She explained the reason why she was staying in town after all.

"Hard luck!" he said, and an awkward little pause followed in which neither seemed able to think of anything else to say. "That's really rotten luck!" was the brilliant variation he finally hit on.

And that evening three weeks ago—the last time they had met—when they had walked back from the Tube together after going with the Leas to the theatre, she and Hugh Martin had seemed to have more to talk about to each other than Phil had ever had with anyone before. What had changed him so? She felt acutely miserable.

Hastily she gathered up half a dozen cards without much heeding whether they were the ones she had chosen or not.

"I wonder why Christmas cards always seem to imply that both sender and recipient are just about the age of Methuselah?" Hugh Martin observed with an attempt at jocularity. "They're for ever harping on the 'Auld Lang Syne' strain."

"Yes, it's rather funny," she laughed, trying hard to seem at ease.

Then she nodded and smiled, and passed through in a brisk and businesslike way into the outer shop. (Not for anything should he think that she was prolonging her purchases on purpose.)

"I've chosen these six," she said to the

shop-girl. (If he wished, he could easily dawdle till she had been given her change and gone safely away.)

"Sixpence change," said the shop-girl.

(He was coming through already. He must have hurried on purpose! Phil's pulses gave a joyous throb.)

"I'll take these, please. That's just right, isn't it? With the typewriting paper, too."

They left the shop together. "I'm sorry I never brought you that book I promised to lend you," he apologized. "I'm afraid I'll hardly have time to bring it round now before I start for the Balkans, but I'll post it you."

"Are you going to the Balkans? I hadn't heard of that," said Phil, trying so hard to show only a polite degree of interest that she rather overdid her indifference.

"I only got the commission yesterday. It's a series of articles I'm to write for the *Daily Post* on present conditions out there."

"And shall you be out there long?"

"I don't know. It may take me six weeks. Or if things blow up for a storm, as they look like doing, I may be out there six months."

They were reaching the turn which was his shortest way home. Would he take it, or would he accompany her the few extra hundred yards to her own door?

His steps slackened and came to a pause. "Well, good-bye, Miss Godfrey," he said rather uncertainly. "I won't forget to send that book."

"Thank you so much," said Phil with a rather choky feeling in her throat and a sudden sting in her eyes. "I do wish you a very happy Christmas and the best of luck in the Balkans!"

"And a very happy Christmas and New Year to you, too."

They shook hands and parted.

Why couldn't she have expressed more interest in the work he was going to do in the Balkans? Phil wondered bitterly for the rest of the way home. Why had she been so much more tongue-tied and stupid with Hugh Martin this evening than she was with people she cared nothing whatever about?

Well, if he really did send her that book she would be able in her letter of thanks to say some of the things she ought to have said just now, but it wouldn't give them that little extra bit of talk together that they might have had if only she had been more natural and sympathetic. No doubt she had bored him, and he had been only too glad to bring the *tête-à-tête* to a close.

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She didn't suppose for a moment he would remember to send the book.

She let herself in with her latch-key, and was met in the narrow little entrance-hall by her landlady, who announced, "There's someone waiting to see you, Miss Godfrey."

"Who on earth can it be?" thought Phil with weary impatience. She felt in no mood at that moment for entertaining a Little Friend. But on opening the door of her own room she gave a joyous exclamation. "Why, Nancy, I thought you were at Folkestone by now!"

For there, sitting on the chintz-covered settee that became an ordinary bed at night, was Nancy Lea, her great friend and Hugh Martin's cousin.

"No, the hotel people wired this afternoon that there wasn't a vacant room," explained Nancy. "And really, Phil, I was quite glad as *you're* spending Christmas in town, you poor kid! Dick and I have thought of the most *lovely* plan. We'll make up a party of four to-morrow evening—you and Hugh and Dick and I—and go to dinner, and the dance afterwards, at the Criterion!"

"Oh, Nancy, I *do* wish I could, but by the most horrid ill-luck I'm engaged already. Miss Miller asked me for Christmas evening two days ago when she first heard of Joan's scarlatina. If it isn't just the most tantalizing thing that ever happened!" she added, tears of disappointment springing to her eyes.

"Well, you simply *must* get out of going to Miss Miller's somehow, and that's that!" said Nancy flatly.

"But whatever could I say?"

"Say that you're very sorry, but you find some friends were reckoning upon you, and you'll spoil their evening if you upset the plan."

Phil hesitated a moment. The temptation was a desperate one. Then a vision came back to her of little Miss Miller saying, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, my dear, if you knew the difference it makes to me having someone young and bright to share my Christmas dinner!"

"Oh, I *can't*!" Phil said. "She'd know that I was only putting her off because something nicer had turned up, and she'd be awfully hurt. I *can't* do it, Nancy."

"Phil," urged Nancy, "don't be a little fool! If it were just a case of an evening's pleasure it would be a different thing, but you know quite well—you *must* know—that much more than that may be at stake. It's

Hugh's last night before going abroad. Did you know that?"

"No, I hadn't understood it was to be quite so soon," said Phil rather limply.

"Well, it is . . . Dick and I saw quite plainly weeks ago that Hugh was tremendously taken with you, and we do so want something to come of it. He's one of the best, and you know what rotten luck he's had—that wretched girl throwing him over just because she has a chance of a richer man, when they'd been engaged three years, and Hugh thought just all the world of her. It went all the deeper because Hugh had never had any of the flirtations and semi-love affairs that most people have. He's an only son, and has always been shy and awkward with girls, so that he never had any intimate friends among them before that miserable engagement, which was probably why he didn't see through his fiancée long before. . . . I do so want him to be happy again, and you two are so perfectly suited to each other that I can't imagine anything more ideal, and neither can Dick. . . . I think to-morrow evening might just bring things to a point, but if he goes away for many months perhaps, and gets into fresh scenes with fresh impressions . . . Oh, *don't* be a silly little goose and spoil the chance for the sake of a silly engagement with one of your tiresome Little Friends."

Phil's whole attention during this speech of Nancy's had apparently been absorbed in one of her gloves which she was pulling on and off. "There's no chance to spoil," she muttered in an embarrassed tone. "Anyhow, I can't possibly get out of going to Miss Miller's. So please don't press me any more, Nancy, there's a dear."

Nancy got up impatiently to go. "Well," she said with a toss of her pretty head in its saucy little brown fur toque, "I think you're a perfect little idiot, Phil—the sort of little idiot who grows in course of time into a Little Friend. You may depend upon it all Little Friends have had chances back in the far away past which they let slip because they hadn't the sense to recognize them."



Dejectedly Phil dressed for her Christmas dinner. How much more heart she would have felt in putting on her blue crêpe-de-chine frock, and twining blue ribbon to match in and out of her fair wavy hair, if only she had been going with the others to the Criterion!

However, the effort of dressing had a cer-

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"I wonder why Christmas cards always seem to imply that both sender and recipient are just about the age of Methuselah?"

*Drawn by  
Percy Graves*

tain tonic effect, and Phil felt a little less miserable when she started off on the half-mile walk to Miss Miller's in her evening cloak, and with a pretty painted scarf tied round her head.

The first part of the evening was really not bad. Miss Miller was so touchingly pleased to see her, so touchingly frank in the admiration that shone out of her little spectacled eyes, so touchingly grateful for the embroidered doilies with which Phil presented her. Her gift to Phil took the rather embarrassing form of a pair of startling tassels for Phil to attach to a hat.

"I should look just like one of these decorated horses in circus processions with those things dangling by my ears!" was Phil's private thought, and she secretly resolved only to pin them on temporarily on

the occasions of her visits to Miss Miller. But her genuine gratitude for the kindly intention that lay behind the gift enabled her to thank for it very warmly and prettily without any sense of insincerity.

Then Phil, with her healthy young appetite, could not help thoroughly enjoying the Christmas dinner; the delicious turkey and its accessories; the flaky mince-pies portending happy months to come; the plum-pudding with its accompaniment of lovely thick, rich cream.

By rather obvious manœuvring on the hostess's part the wedding ring appeared in Phil's helping of pudding.

"There, dear, that's just as it should be!" exclaimed Miss Miller in beaming triumph, and the elderly servant who was waiting at table—a maid almost as old as Miss Miller

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herself, who had been with her mistress for thirty years—smiled broadly too.

"Did you see the sixpence roll out just now?" asked Miss Miller confidentially when the maid had gone out of the room. "I do hope Annie didn't notice it. I managed to put it back into the pudding somehow, but I'm afraid not very well. I always try to contrive for her to get the sixpence each year. She's got a rich old uncle in Australia who she hopes will leave her money one day, and when she gets the sixpence out of the pudding she feels quite encouraged."

When, dinner over, Miss Miller and Phil, each decorated with an absurd paper cap out of the crackers which they had pulled with rather laboured gaiety at dessert, proceeded to the drawing-room, the worst part of the evening began. It was then that poor Phil found herself continually thinking with bitter regret of that delightful party of the Criterion, and of all that it might have meant.

Miss Miller was one of those people whose chief idea of entertaining a visitor is to show innumerable picture post cards of places visited during foreign travel. Each of the multitudinous hotels where she had stayed in the course of many years had a neat cross marked to show her bedroom window, and in every case she conscientiously pointed this out to Phil.

Phil grew so unutterably wearied by the time she had racked her brains to find suitably varied comments on some forty photographs of Swiss mountain resorts, all with a strong family likeness to one another, that she had the greatest difficulty in suppressing her yawns.

"At a quarter to ten I shall make a move to go home," Phil promised herself, as a deeper and deeper depression settled on her spirits.

Furtively she glanced at the clock every few minutes. Never had its hand seemed to move so slowly.

Twenty to ten. A ring at the front door resounded through the house.

"Whoever can it be?" wondered Miss Miller. "The dear vicar did say something about looking in one day soon, but I scarcely think—"

"Mr. Martin!" announced Annie, causing Phil's heart to give a sudden leap.

He came in, looking very shy and embarrassed. "I—I must apologize for this late call," he stammered, "but the fact is, I'm off abroad to-morrow, and it's the last

—I thought I might see Miss Godfrey home if she would let me."

Miss Miller beamed delightedly under the pink paper cap which she was still wearing, and which had got rather crooked. (Phil had removed hers some time before.) "Any friend of Phyllis's is welcome at any time," she said with the utmost warmth.

"But how is it you're not at the Criterion?" asked Phil in as casual a tone as she could manage.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly have gone there to-night; I've too many last jobs to finish. It's only with difficulty that I've been able to snatch half an hour or so now."

So if she *had* thrown over Miss Miller and gone to the Criterion the result would only have been disappointment. He wouldn't have been there.

"Phyllis, my dear, I don't want to seem inhospitable, but perhaps, if Mr. Martin has so little time to spare—" hinted Miss Miller, feeling very diplomatic indeed.

Her kiss to Phil as she wished them good night five minutes later had almost the character of a blessing.

For a minute they walked along in silence. Then, just as Phil was trying to think of some commonplace remark to relieve the strain, he began abruptly. "Nancy told me about your giving up the Criterion just because you'd promised to go to Miss Miller's and were afraid of hurting her feelings. She said she'd tried her very hardest to persuade you, but without the least effect, and that you were always like that, you would never let anyone down." ("Dear Nancy, how nice of her to say that when I'd annoyed her so!" thought Phil.)

"It made me think," he went on rather haltingly, "that if—if ever you *did* care—you wouldn't give a chap the knock-out blow that I once had, and that had made me vow to cut that sort of thing out of my life for ever. Phil, I'm not fatuous enough to think you can care *yet*—sheer funk, the burnt child dreading the fire, you know, has made me waste my opportunities these last few weeks like a fool—and naturally you'll think you don't know me well enough. But will you let us write to each other while I'm abroad, and then perhaps after I come back you'll be able to tell me—"

By the time they arrived at Phil's door he had reached the point of saying wistfully, "I suppose you couldn't make up your mind *now*?"

"Well, if you *asked* me," half whispered Phil with a shy laugh.



"I stepped back  
on to her foot"



December 24th.

7.30 p.m.—Oh, hang it! Not a seat to be had in bus, train, or tram. Getting positively fed up with strap-hanging. Haven't sat down on the way to and from town for a week. And all because it's Christmas. Christmas indeed! Never saw anything in the festival to make me lose my head. Lot of tommy-rot, I call it. People spending their money like water on trippery—yes, trippery. Heard two women talking outside a shop this morning—made me feel sick. "Now what can I get for darling George?" said one of them. "I wonder which he would like best—those yellow silk pyjamas or that violet tobacco pouch?" I don't know which she got him in the end, but just fancy a man getting himself up in yellow silk pyjamas or being seen using a violet tobacco pouch! I turned away in disgust, and I think they heard my sniff of contempt.

Very nearly got a seat in that bus, but had to give it up to a fat woman with about twenty parcels and three children,

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and when the bus gave a lurch I stepped back on to her foot. Of course, I was awfully sorry and said so a dozen times, but I knew by her looks that she'd made up her mind neither to forgive nor forget. That was her Christmas spirit, I suppose. She got out at the next stop, and I sank exhausted into her place—when, lo and behold, a young lady stepped in. I sat tighter and determined not to notice her standing, but somehow I couldn't help seeing how pretty she was and how tired she looked, and the next minute I was on my feet—strap hanging again.

9 p.m.—Staggered into diggings. Sitting-room seemed different somehow. Groaned inwardly. Mrs. Bloggs, my landlady, had decorated the room with paper chains. Hate paper chains more than anything else in the world, and she and her daughter had been busy all day putting up the beastly things. Got absolutely giddy following the trails from corner to corner, and up to the middle of the ceiling, and back again in a wholly bewildering criss-cross fashion. Also I could scarcely see the frames of the pictures for the holly that festooned them, and altogether the place looked to my mind uninhabitable.

Of course, I said nothing. I never grumble. Mrs. Bloggs would probably have flooded the room with tears had I suggested that there was anything wrong, so I smiled my sweetest smile and she appeared quite satisfied.

I'm a tall fellow, and more than once I caught my neck in the meshes of those abominable paper chains. I broke one—couldn't help it—and when Mrs. Bloggs came in with my supper she promptly stood upon a chair and fixed it up again. I only smiled.

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9.30.—Botheration! Some wretched people started singing carols just under my window. Hate carols. Besides, I was reading the paper and felt annoyed at being disturbed. A knock came on the front door. Of course they wanted money. "Well, they won't get any out of me," said I to myself. Knock was repeated, and I heard Mrs. Bloggs go along the passage. Then she opened my door and said, would I give something to the carol singers?

It was a bitterly cold night and a most infernal draught was blowing through the two open doors, but I didn't notice it at the moment, for a woman's voice was singing remarkably well. Oh, dash it! I'm getting sentimental. I had to listen—it was Mrs. Bloggs' fault for holding the door open in that stupid way, and before I realized what I was doing I had walked up to the singers and handed them a shilling.



"Did I want to look round the church?"

A lady took it from me, and as she looked up to thank me I received a shock. It was the same girl I had met in the bus, and I felt sure it was she who had been singing so well. Put hand in pocket and drew out another shilling. Then they departed and I went back to my room.

Sneezed. Sneezed again. Sneezed six times. Caught a cold, of course. Kicked and pinched myself for having been such a fool. Two shillings gone, and a cold into the bargain! And all for a little hit with a voice. Wondered what the money was for. Perhaps she'd keep it all herself for frocks and things? Hang pretty girls and hang carol singers!

10.30.—Went to bed. Mrs. Bloggs and her people making a fearful row downstairs. They were going to make a fearful row the whole of the next day, I knew. Well, I should take myself off somewhere and be out of it all. Band began playing in the street, and I groaned again, and pulled the bedclothes right over my head. Found myself wondering where the pretty girl lived. Hadn't noticed her before. Couldn't go to sleep for a long time. Got off at last and dreamt I had a bus all to myself, with the pretty girl as driver.

December 25th.

7.30 a.m.—Why did I choose lodgings opposite a church, especially one with a peal of bells? They were ringing their hardest now, because it was Christmas Day. Poof! What difference do bells make, I'd like to know, except keep people awake who want to sleep? Got out of bed and fastened window and drew thick curtains over. Then buried head under pillows, but could even hear the wretched bells through them. They stopped presently and I got up and dressed.

Mrs. Bloggs was lying breakfast when I got down, and wished me a very Happy Christmas. Handed me a small parcel, which I opened. It contained a packet of cheap cigarettes. Oh, what fools some people are! Hate cigarettes—will only smoke a pipe, which Mrs. Bloggs knew very well. However, I felt I ought to say "Thank you very much," so did with a smile.

Couldn't make out why she hung about so, until I suddenly realized that it was my duty to give her something. Had bought nothing, and all the change I had in my pocket was a pound note, so had to give it her. She was so overjoyed that she nearly kissed me, and told me that I was a real gentleman and must have had a good

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mother. Didn't quite see the point of that remark, but suppose she was right.

10.30 a.m.—Those bells started again with double fury. People began walking along the street, and I saw them go into the church. Silly fools! Just going to shout themselves hoarse with "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" or "Christians, Awake!" I had been awake long before I wanted to be that morning through their ridiculous ideas.

Couldn't stand the bells any longer. Put on hat and coat and went out—anywhere to get away from the bells. Told Mrs. Bloggs I should be out all day.

Bells stopped as soon as I got into the street and the whole town became very quiet. Suppose everybody was in church. Walked on until I came to another one. I was going to bury myself in the woods close by, snow or no snow. There would only be Nature there, and Nature never annoyed me.

Can't think what made me go through the churchyard instead of the gate on the high road, but I did.

Got as far as the door and stopped dead. Someone was singing inside—a girl's voice—the same voice that had sung those carols the previous night. Couldn't catch the words, but it was something with a refrain which the congregation took up and sounded jolly well.

In a few minutes the people began to come out, so dodged behind a tombstone. *She* might come out, too, and I wanted to see her. Didn't take much account of the folks—just a few old ladies with large books, and one or two poor fathers with large families—but *she* didn't come.

Peeped round the church door. Doddering old verger saw me and said, did I want to look round the church? I did not. Looking round churches was n't in my line, but I caught sight of something at the far end and changed my mind, said I *would* look round the building.

Stepped in and the old verger went away. Yes, it was the pretty girl again, and she was playing the organ. Sat down in the darkest corner and waited. Presently she began to play, and then she sang. If I had been myself I should have sneered and come out, but I wasn't myself—haven't been myself ever since. Sat perfectly still until she'd finished, then went boldly up to her and asked her to sing it again. I frightened her, but that I was, but she very nicely obliged me.

"I'm so glad you came to church this

"Was obliged  
to help her."



morning, Mr. Lorner," she said when the carol was over.

How had she got my name like that, I wondered.

"You see, I really know you very well," she went on. "Mrs. Bloggs has often spoken to us about you, and I thought it was she who had persuaded you to come to church this morning."

Told her I never went to church—didn't believe in it, at which she looked so horrified that I instantly withdrew the remark and said I thought church-going was a fine institution.

The little puss smiled—I know it—though her lips never moved. She did it with her eyes.

Then she began collecting up her music. Offered to carry it for her, and she said "Thank you" so nicely that I wished the pile had been ten times bigger than it was.

We came out of the church, and she took my breath away with the announcement that she was the Rector's daughter, and that they didn't live at the Rectory because it was too

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**Mrs. Bloggs delighted.  
Kissed me twice.**

large, but rented a house about a quarter of a mile from the church. It would be too much trouble for me to carry the music all that way.

I said it would be a great pleasure, at which she smiled a smile that confused me so much that I dropped half the music on to the snow. Of course, the pile was arranged in a woman's way, with small books between large ones and slippery leaflets on the top, but I struggled on. I never grumble.

"I'm sorry you don't believe in Christmas, Mr. Lorner," she said suddenly.

I hadn't actually told her so. How did she know it? But there, how do women know anything? Grew horribly confused, and muttered something which I don't remember now.

Then she began to talk. Can't recall everything she said—there was a lot of it—but when she'd finished all my previous

views on the festival of Christmas were shattered to pieces. I realized what a noble thing was strap-hanging at such a time. I forgave the woman who wanted to buy the yellow silk pyjamas or the violet tobacco pouch. Understood Mrs. Bloggs' ideas on paper chains—and as for the bells that had so annoyed me, I knew at last the message they had been ringing, and felt sorry that I hadn't been to church that morning to sing the good old Christmas hymns—and, what was far more to the point, felt an absolute worm in the presence of that good and pure creature beside me.

Door of the house was opened by the parson himself—white-haired old gentleman with genial face. Girl explained my presence in a way peculiar to herself—made an awful lot of my "kindness in carrying the books," etc. Had to go inside, and the door was shut behind me.

Felt decidedly uncomfortable, and broke out into profuse perspiration. Never been inside a parson's house before—had always avoided vicarages, rectories, and manse, and all such-like meeting-houses. Supposed there would be a pulpit in the drawing-room and an organ in the library. Hymn books and psalteries and volumes of sermons would be everywhere.

Managed to land pile of music safely on hall table. Then Rector asked me what I was doing for Christmas, and I muttered something about Mrs. Bloggs, at which he laughed and said, would I spend the day with them? They would be delighted. Looked down at my clothes and he laughed again. There were only himself and his daughter—clothes didn't matter a bit. Don't remember saying that I would stay, but somehow I did.

2.30 p.m.—Dozed in Rector's study after the best lunch I've had for years—goose and plum pudding, and such mince-pies! Never met a jollier chap in all my life than the Reverend Lynton, nor a sweeter girl than his daughter. A ripping study, too, with only two volumes of sermons that I saw, which he told me had been preached by his grandfather, who was a great orator. But there were two shelves of Dickens, a row of bound volumes of *Punch*, and quite a lot of modern fiction. He was proud of his library, and I discovered that he was keen on military things—had a case full of medals and ribbons and badges of all kinds.

4 p.m.—Miss Lynton brought in tea on a silver tray. She was dressed in an old-rose coloured gown and looked stunning. Served

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tea like a princess. Then we went into the drawing-room (there was no pulpit), and had the best musical evening I've ever known. How that girl could sing! Rector grew quite merry, too, and sang "The Admiral's Broom," and "Drake Goes West," and "The Floral Dance" with a power in his lungs that would have shamed a youth of twenty.

8.30 *p.m.*—Adjourned to dining-room for supper. Awkward thing happened on the way. Bunch of mistletoe, carelessly tied up, fell down on Miss Lynton's head and got entangled in her hair. Was obliged to help her. Embarrassing situation. Got the mistletoe out at last and hung it up again. Yes, I know what I ought to have done, but I didn't do it—only took my place at the supper-table with a flaming face, while she ran upstairs to rearrange her hair and presently appeared again as cool as a cucumber.

10.30 *p.m.*—Returned to diggings, light-hearted as a boy. Found my parlour turned into a ballroom by Bloggs and family. Said I didn't mind in the least. At any other time I should have objected. Saw a girl without a partner and took her round. Got

caught in the paper chains in three places. They fell about me in festoons, until I resembled a conjurer who has got mixed up in the yards of paper he's drawn out of a hat. Only laughed. Didn't mind anything. Mrs. Bloggs delighted. Kissed me twice. Didn't tell her where I'd been all day—just said I'd had a tophole time.

*December 26th.*

1.30 *a.m.*—Just come upstairs to bed. Am sitting on the edge of it, trying to think. What has happened to me? I, Harry Lerner—cynic, scoffer, pessimist, and anything else bad you like to call him—believe in Christmas! That's surprise No. 1. Surprise No. 2 is that I'm desperately in love—a thing I always vowed I never would be, and I know someone else who's in the same boat. Couldn't help seeing it in her eyes when we said good-night at the parson's door. She's an angel! I'm not fit to clean her boots. But, heavens, how I love her! I'm to go there again to-morrow, or rather to-day, and if that bunch of mistletoe is still hanging in the hall, shall I let another opportunity pass? Not if I know it, and something tells me that the lady will be very surprised if I do!

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## Books as Christmas Presents

THE old, old problem comes again this Christmas-tide—what to give for Christmas presents? Toys are expensive, easily broken, and often unsuitable. But surely one cannot go wrong if one chooses books, not only for the grown-ups, but for the children. This is a wonderful age for children's literature, and the child of every kind and taste may be catered for with books.

Here are some which will bring delight to the hearts of the boys and girls of the family this Christmas-tide:

"Cassell's Children's Annual" (price 5s. and 6s. 6d.) is a beautiful volume suitable for young children. It is exquisitely illustrated in many colours, and there are contributions by the best authors and artists. For our younger children there are "Bo-Peep" (price 5s. cloth; 4s. picture boards) and "Tiny Tots" (3s. 6d. cloth; 2s. 6d. paper boards), two very beautiful story

books for little children, well illustrated in colour and black-and-white.

The growing boy will be supremely delighted to receive a copy of the "British Boy's Annual" (price 6s. net). It has splendid stories by Conby Hadath, Ernest H. Robinson, Percy F. Westerman, T. C. Bridges, S. Walkey, D. H. Parry, and a complete book-length story, "White Man's Fashion," by Frank H. Shaw.

For the girls, a special favourite is the "British Girl's Annual" (price 6s. net), well illustrated and with splendid stories by popular authors.

For children of all ages there can hardly be a more suitable and popular gift book than the Winter Volume of "Little Folks" (price 6s. 6d. cloth; 5s. paper boards). This contains four serial stories by popular authors, short stories by the best authors of the juvenile world, and hundreds of illustrations in colour and black-and-white.

# Iodine and Childhood

*A Wonderful New Discovery*

*By*

*Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.*

**M**OST of us think we know about iodine. It is a dark brown stuff, used to paint the skin, perhaps for swollen glands or swollen joints underneath it. This is, beyond doubt, a most valuable preparation, and relieves local pain and inflammation in hosts of cases.

## **Iodine for External Use**

We think of it as more or less equivalent to a mustard plaster, but with the special merit of being an antiseptic, and some of us remember that, at the beginning of the war, our soldiers were supplied with iodine as a first-aid dressing for wounds. It is excellent for that purpose, and a little bottle of tincture of iodine should be in every house; but in mine is, for choice, a newer way of preparing iodine, invented by my late friend, Sir William Crookes, the great chemist, and having the merit that it is not irritant. He discovered how to give us iodine without the alcohol which helps to irritate in the ordinary tincture. His preparation is called "collosol," and applies to many other valuable drugs, and I mention it here because it teaches us that iodine is not necessarily an irritant which the body objects to.

## **The Marine Element**

On the contrary, this is one of the price-less elements without which none of us could live, and for lack of which, as has lately been discovered, millions suffer. These millions are not the fish of the sea, nor whales, nor any other marine form of life, for iodine is pre-eminently the marine element.

No student of the history of the living world doubts that Life began in the ocean, though all its highest forms are terrestrial, and have the advantage of breathing our abundant air instead of the tiny quantities which are dissolved in water. There is a disadvantage, however, in that we who live on land and breathe air still need iodine, and are very apt to go short of it.

The unfortunate thing is that we have ignored all this until just the other day.

Ever since we can remember we have talked about other elements, such as iron for the blood, and lime and phosphorus for the bones and teeth, but iodine is needed in such tiny quantities that we have forgotten it—and our children in especial have paid a long price, just as in the similar case of those vitamins of which we have read so much lately. No one can live without them, and their discovery has meant the wholesale cure and absolute abolition of many diseases; but the needed quantities are so small, and their action is so subtle, that only now have we discovered the injury we have done ourselves by our artificial ways of feeding, which deprive us of these vital factors in a natural and perfect dietary.

## **We Must Have It**

We need very little iodine also, but we must have it. Under really natural conditions we should probably receive enough, at any rate, if we live reasonably near the sea; but living as we do, probably very few of us are properly supplied with it, and there are many parts of the world where probably no child escapes the deplorable consequences.

My purpose in this article, after having spent much of the present year in the study of the subject, including a visit to Switzerland, is to persuade my readers to make good this deficiency, for their children most of all, as everyone can readily do without the slightest difficulty or any measurable cost.

A more fundamental and simple and entirely satisfactory medical discovery was never made than this, which, even more than the discovery of insulin, is the great achievement of medical science since the war, and is already serving hundreds of thousands of children, especially in Switzerland and the United States. There is nothing but our insular slowness to prevent us and our children—and all young mothers—from sharing at once in this boon; and I write with absolute certainty since the happily confident reference made to the subject



## IODINE AND CHILDHOOD

by Sir David Bruce, in his great presidential address to the British Association in Toronto last August, on "The Prevention of Disease."

### Glands and Iodine

Now we will change the subject and talk about something else—apparently!

Perhaps you remember an article which I wrote for the readers of *THE QUIVER* (November, 1923) on "The Mystery of the Ductless Glands." The really new part of that article had to do with a gland called the pancreas and the discovery of "insulin," which saves the lives of many people, victims of diabetes, by giving them the precious secretion which their pancreas cannot make for itself as it should. That is a splendid discovery, though it only concerns one person for thousands concerned with what we are now discussing. But I also mentioned another gland, the thyroid, which, in health, lies unobtrusively in the neck, just below and on either side of the voice-box, and which seems to produce nothing, but is vital for every one of us. This is what I said, and I rejoice to be able to supplement it now:

"We cannot live without this seeming idle and useless gland. As the blood which nourishes it passes through the cells of the thyroid add to the precious stream a new ingredient, made nowhere else, and necessary for life and health. Curiously enough, this ingredient is particularly rich in iodine, and the interesting question arises, where does a child in the first place get the iodine in its food which it must have for its thyroid? However that may be, the thyroid secretion is precious for our lives, and if it fails, as it may do when some disaster happens to the gland, the results are calamitous."

### When Congestion Comes

It certainly is an "interesting question," and the answer only too often is "nowhere," or almost nowhere. The needed iodine is not in our modern urban water supplies—unless we happen to live in the progressive young city of Rochester, in New York State, which is now adding iodine deliberately to its water; nor is there iodine in our white flour, nor in our salt, nor in the air which we breathe. But if the thyroid receives no iodine, or not enough, in the blood which reaches it, how can it elaborate its unique secretion—nowadays called thyroxin—of which iodine is the characteristic constituent? It cannot perform impossibilities, but it does its best. It becomes congested, as if it were trying to obtain larger sup-

plies of the blood which cannot give it what it needs. "It works overtime," under impossible conditions, and then it begins to grow weary and ill and to fail altogether. This enlargement of the iodine-starved thyroid is called goitre, and is, of course, very easy to observe, for it means that the beautiful outline of a healthy neck is spoilt, and the swollen gland becomes visible under the skin, producing the appearance which, in Switzerland and France, is called *gros cou* and, in the most afflicted part of England, "Derbyshire neck." Goitre was described by the Greek physicians hundreds of years before Christ, and has been only too familiar ever since. Nowadays our girls do not hide their necks as they used to do, and we are allowed to observe how frequent goitre really is, and in Derbyshire it is estimated to affect not less than one-tenth of the entire population. But soon it will be found only in the medical histories, like leprosy in our country already, and rickets as soon as we please.

### Goitre Due to Lack of Iodine

For we have made the simple discovery, after these thousands of years, that goitre—and vastly more than goitre indeed—is due, as of course you will have already perceived, to iodine deficiency, starving and hurting the thyroid gland, and through it injuring every tissue, every function, of our own bodies, and of the future children of any young mother who is the victim of iodine starvation. The thyroid is a most versatile gland. It serves body and mind, this generation and the next. It builds the body, and the brain above all. It helps us to burn and use the fat in our food. Its thyroxin is, we now learn, a great enemy of microbes and a neutralizer of their poisons. So it depends on circumstances how much iodine this wonderful gland needs. It may be getting just enough, even in our clever-stupid modern diet, until perhaps motherhood is concerned, or until, unfortunately, some germs get into the body and settle down in the food-canal and begin a systematic course of poison-manufacture. If that happens, the thyroid must defend us urgently, and calls for more iodine, the raw material of its munitions, but the iodine is not forthcoming, and in a few months goitre is the result. Starvation, of course, is a relative term. The navy must starve on a diet which would suffice a sedentary worker. Similarly here, we find goitre commonest at those times of life and in those

## THE QUIVER

people whose need of iodine is greatest. Fully to enumerate those times and people would require us to know fully all the many functions of the gland, as no one, indeed, yet does; but we can confidently say that children from the years of 8 to 16 and all expectant and nursing mothers are the first to consider. This does not mean that anyone can do without iodine; and we may very probably find that some measure of thyroid-deficiency, due to iodine-starvation, is all but universal, at least at times, in modern communities; but, for the moment, our motto is, "Mothers and children first."

### "The Goitre belt"

In certain parts of the United States goitre is very common, as many travellers, such as myself, have often observed, and it was in this "goitre belt," as it is now called, that the first practical steps were taken to prove the new theory. By an amusing coincidence, the observer to whom, perhaps, we owe most regarding the restoration of the marine element, iodine, to our terrestrial lives, is Dr. David Marine, of Akron, Ohio. He and others began to give tiny doses of iodine to schoolchildren, and goitre began to vanish. Small goitres, already existent, disappeared, and new cases did not arise. We cannot promise that iodine will cause the recovery of a poor thyroid which has, in effect, worked itself to death under a shortage of iodine continued for years; but in immense numbers of cases where the essential cells of the gland are still intact complete recovery occurs. Hitherto, in Switzerland and elsewhere, the surgeons have operated, with pitifully scant success, on many of these hapless glands, but now surgery has been banished from that field for ever—not the last, by a long way, from which our growing knowledge of the causes of disease will exclude it.

### Dramatic Results

Switzerland soon followed suit. The results in three cantons, over a period of three years, were so splendid and dramatic that the Swiss Goitre Commission last spring recommended the systematic administration of iodine henceforth to all the children in the whole country. I have, of course, been sadly amiss in my exposition if the reader does not recognize that we are here a whole world away from the giving of drugs, though iodine has been recognized as a typical drug for ages; we are simply restoring to our diet an essential food constituent

of which, partly in ignorance and partly in carelessness, we had deprived it.

### How to Take It

But it is now quite clear that everyone should have iodine, and no more convenient way of supplying it has yet been suggested than to find it in our table salt. Some people do not add salt to their food at meals, and so we must use this iodized salt for cooking also. I shall never have any other in my house again. Any increment of cost, as compared with ordinary salt, is negligible. Since last I was in Michigan, it seems that steps have been taken, or mooted, to forbid the sale of any but iodized salt in that State. To day we can obtain iodized salt anywhere in this country; or, if in any place it is unobtainable, the local druggist will very soon put that right. The necessary quantity of iodine is very small, and no palate can detect the addition; but the thyroid gets what it wants—not for its own sake, but for ours.

A large number of cases of apparently hereditary deficiency in children, including those tragic cases of cretinism to which I referred in my article last November, will cease henceforth when we see to it that no expectant mother is ever starved of iodine again. This is a simple thing for all to attend to who share in the work of maternity and child welfare centres which is already saving the lives of scores of thousands of children in England and Wales alone every year.

Some learned readers may say that they have heard of people who cannot take iodine as a medicine because it upsets them. There are such people; but they need perhaps hundreds of times as much iodine to upset them as anyone has ever proposed giving to prevent goitre. Not one case of ill-effects in seven years, concerning hundreds of thousands of children, has yet been reported from Switzerland or America.

There is much new evidence to show that farmers will profit when they restore iodine to the food of our domestic animals, who need it and suffer for lack of it, just as we do; but I have already exhausted my space, and it is enough to have stated the case for a return to Nature—as this really is, though in a scientific and rather roundabout way—so as to conquer a vast new field of illness and disability and poverty of mind and body. Nor is this the best nor the last triumph of the true science of life. "The best is yet to be."

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# LUCIE OF LOTA

by

## G. Appleby Terrill



### PART I

**The Bay of Chesapeake: October, 1688**

ON that afternoon when I resolved to go to England without the King's leave I had been three years and one month in exile—years of idleness strangely different from my life hitherto, which had been fully active.

I was a soldier from my fourteenth to my thirty-eighth year. I made five campaigns with English brigades in French service, and led some squadrons of horse in Scotland during part of the troubles there. When I was thirty-six I became colonel-in-command of a dragoon regiment quartered near London; which regiment being but newly formed, I worked hard as any corporal to shape it to my liking—bringing my dragoon lads to a rare degree of excellence, so that in the end, as I had hoped, they more resembled squadrons of picked cavalry than companies of mounted foot, which, in truth, was all that they were.

It was in this period that I met with my great happiness, with which my dragoons had naught to do. Lucie came into my life—so came into it that presently she was my wife.

I first saw her at a levée at St. James's Palace, she being maid of honour to the Duchess of York (now our Queen). "Lucie of Lota" the Duchess was wont to call her prettily—because there was another Lucie among Her Highness's ladies, and my Lucie was born at Lota, Ireland. "The bright-eyed flower out of Ireland" was how most people spoke of her—and hard indeed did I have to strive to get this flower for mine own wearing. For she was but seventeen, extremely my junior; and every handsome

young spark was after her. But she surrendered to me in four months; and we were wed in the Church of St. James's on December 18th, 1684.

She had surrendered willingly, because she discovered that I had made her love me—and for the six months following our marriage she made me more happy than I had believed a man could be. . . . Then, like a crash, turning all to blackness, had come the dreadful happening which changed her love into hate against me, and caused the King to take away my colonelcy and to order me to voyage to the estate which I had in Maryland, and there remain till he should bid me back to England—the happening being that Adrian, her brother, was slain in a duel: not by my hand, verily! yet through my fault.

I had been a stout-hearted, maybe even hard-natured, man till then. But such was my love for Lucie, my grief for Adrian, my grief for Lucie in her desperate sorrow, that I came to the Americas a very different man. For the first year of my exile I did little except wander aimlessly amid my oaks and cypresses and sit staring at the waters of Chesapeake—wrapped about utterly by a black sadness, into which, I felt, nothing could bring a gleam of relief save only some word, some message of forgiveness, from Lucie—which word, in all the three years and one month, never came; though I wrote above two score times to her ere I would let myself be convinced that, as concerned me, she was now a thing of the past. She would never write to me, never speak to me of her own will—never think of me save with bitter unforgiveness.

In the second year I endeavored to take an interest in the cultivation of my land,

## THE QUIVER

hiring some wandering Lenni-Lenape Indian men to clear part of it, but losing all interest after a day or two and sinking back into my pensive idleness, which by now, however, had lessened somewhat in sadness. Friendships which I had formed with certain kindly neighbours had helped to this—but I found my real, and unlooked-for, comfort in thinking of my daughter, who, as I knew by a letter from my mother, was born some months after I left England.

My first thoughts were no more than that it was curious and pleasing that I should have so tender a thing as a daughter. But soon I began to build up an ambition anent her. It was that, since Lucie was lost to me, my daughter should much take her place—should grow up to be a great love and gladness to me. . . . 'Twould be a heartening and beautiful part of my future years—I would ponder—to have my daughter as a tall maid verging on womanhood, and anon a woman—to have her placing her arms about my neck and saying "Father."

In my third year, from long thinking of her, I was very restless to see her—of whom I knew not even her name. For my parents and sisters were at variance with Lucie owing to her unforgiveness of me, and so she hid everything from them. My impatience to return home ended not at my daughter. There were my parents, both of them aged and very troubled for a sight of me, that I fain would see. Withal, my former sadness having considerably abated by now, so that I was beginning to be my old self, I had a great craving to get back my colonelcy of dragoons—if somehow I could persuade the King to that. Of Lucie I strove not to think at all. For what use? But often she would dwell in my mind. For it was difficult to ponder of the daughter and wholly forget the mother.

I had twice petitioned the King to allow me home—receiving, as from Lucie, no answer. But with the springtime, in this third year, there had commenced to reach us from Europe those rumours which, continuing into the autumn, turned my thoughts to another road than petitioning—rumours that the Prince of Orange, in Holland, was preparing a vast fleet of warships and transports for the purpose of making a great invasion of England, whereby—having leagued himself with the traitor party there—he hoped to cast our King from the throne and, the rumours even affirmed, to seize it for himself.

In common with my neighbours I much

doubted these rumours, particularly when letters from England told us that half the folk there, the King among them, believed them no whit, but believed that the Prince's fleet was intended against France. Yet from France herself and from divers ports of Europe the other tale would waft obstinately across the ocean to our shores; and, becoming impressed by it, I could not but muse constantly on the chance there now might be for me to return without the King's leave—without being thrown into prison for my disobedience, but rather with much prospect of having my dragoons restored to me. For if the Prince of Orange did indeed move to invade us, the King would be like to welcome me as no useless man in time of trouble.

There were days when I was very minded to make a big hazard of it and sail for England forthwith; but prudence held me. If I stayed quietly in Maryland another year might see me pardoned. If I went home *sans* leave and found no alarm of invasion, I should have made the foolishlest step. The King would know I had come; for I would not creep into England like a felon, which I was not—and 'twould be four or five years in jail at the least, and never my colonelcy while His Majesty lived to resent me for disobeying him. "And long live King James!" quoth I ever, and sincerely, at this point; for His Majesty had been very kind to me in the past, and he and the Queen ever kind to Lucie.

As September waned I had, reluctantly enough, put aside all thought to go. The rumours had not ceased; but I reasoned that—except the Prince of Orange had already fallen upon England, which I had no grain of warrant to suppose—he was most unlike to do anything till the winter was past; for a winter campaign is a deadly thing to adventure. Moreover, I reflected as some poor consolation to myself, with the season now late, I doubtless should have much difficulty in discovering a ship setting forth to England.

Then, and 'twas quickly thereafter, came that afternoon which I shall always keep in mind—it was of Monday, the first day of October, 1688—when I found myself resolved to sail for England on the morrow. No fresh rumour, no new reasoning, had led to my resolve. The season was late for ships, I had reflected. The sailing to my very threshold of a ship that would carry me home proved somehow so extreme a temptation that I could not withstand it.





"By quick consent Welsted and I disengaged  
and turned to knock their swords up"—p. 175

Drawn by  
Albert Bailey

## THE QUIVER

2

SHE was the King's ship *Oxford*, a frigate of forty-four brass guns. She had flown into Chesapeake from Saturday's storm, and had run so high up the bay that, soon after midday on Sunday, she was anchored directly off my land. She was bound for England, and her captain was my old schoolfellow Richard Johnson, who would gladly oblige me with a passage thither.

I strove, 'tis true, to persuade myself against the voyage. It was not until towards sundown on the Monday, after many hours of solitarily pacing my parlour, that I finished with resistance. Thereupon, I recall, I felt at once a little rise of excitement at my temples, very pleasant after the brooding inactivity of my late years. I felt too—'tis curious to note—an immediate, distinct brightening of my hopes (that had been very small) that this expedition, unwise indeed though it seemed, was going to better me. Withal, I told myself almost gaily, whether I was heading for my colonelcy or a cell, I meant to see my daughter before either.

The business settled, I drew on my hat and cloak and stepped from the house to take the air, walking shoreward to a place where I had an oak bench that I oft sat on—whence now I should be able to note the rowing to shore of Johnson and his officers who were to sup with me.

On the bench presently I was seated, my hat dragged forward over my brow shading my eyes, for the low sunrays were coming over the water to me, and, dragged forward by my hat, a tress of my hair in my vision—hair looking faded and greyed, it being my own, for I wore no periwig in the freedom of Maryland.

A long carbine-shot from me rode the *Oxford*. The sea had fallen well-nigh calm, so that her mastheads scarcely swayed to it; and only twice or thrice while I sat did the breeze waft with weight enough to spread her banner and show the cross thereon.

For a space I considered how, if the King pardoned my return, I could best arrange frequent meetings with my daughter without distressing Lucie by forcing her to communicate with me on the matter. If pardoned, I should have full power to force her, for she was my wife. But I had no wish to do that; no wish save to avoid her utterly, as she desired. For I had some

pride by now; and, despite the great sorrow I had brought upon Lucie, I was becoming sullen towards her for her stony, relentless silence to me.

I leaned against the tree trunk behind my bench, clasping my hands about one knee, watching the flight of a band of seawowl past the *Oxford*, and setting my mouth a little. I was displeased to be thinking of Lucie; I wanted no such vain, unhappy thoughts on this evening of my rather bright hopes. To avault Lucie I endeavoured to turn my thoughts even from my daughter—endeavoured to ponder of my dragons, endeavoured even to consider how, were I an engineer, I would fortify this piece of Chesapeake shore with half-moons and horn-works.

But Lucie gathered my thoughts back to her and would not release them. I watched another band of seawowl come fast down the bay, but I was seeing her—first, the Lucie of Lota, the slip of a maid of honour, that as yet I scarce knew; then, for a while, Lucie my wife, with her bright eyes full of love for me—ay, love. For, arms about each other, lips close to lips, eyes speaking to eyes, had we passed our married months—'twas hard to credit that now!

And then I saw the Lucie of — I moved my head impatiently. Nay, nay! I was not going to dwell upon what my thoughts had now reached—the dark finish of it all. But dwell upon it I did.

The commencement had been at one of Her Majesty's (formerly Duchess of York, Lucie's mistress) June levées at Whitehall in '85. In a corridor a man, Harry Welsted, had touched Lucie's hand in such wise that she told me. She entreated that I would but reprimand Welsted, not fight him. She pleaded that I already had fought a duel in England, wherefore, since His Majesty abhorred duelling, I should do myself much harm with him by fighting a second. Also, quoth she beseechingly, a duel was abhorrent to her, as oft she had confessed to me. But, saying I would have care not to hurt Welsted more than I had hurt my other opponent, but that I would beware of men holding *her* cheap, I would not listen but fight.

Ere I set forth I spoke of the matter to Adrian, her brother, a lad most dear to her, they being orphans and having had but each other; a lad who verily was dear to me also. He was an officer in my regiment, and I had deemed it right to instruct and encourage him in swordplay that he might be the

## LUCIE OF LOTA

more able to defend himself; of which instruction Lucie was a little afraid, thinking 'twould render him quick to quarrel.

I had strictly commanded Adrian to avoid all duelling—difficult enough in these blade-ready times; yet severely had I commanded him, with success thus far. Now, lackaday! I spoke counter to my commands. 'Twas in my mind that Harry Welsted's fortunate star might be up, and his rapier slip through me. I asked Adrian to be alert with his blade for any insulter of Lucie if I were dead. Would indeed I had not spoken! The boy was instantly hot to see me chastise Welsted; begged to go with me; and, thinking no harm, I took him.

The meeting was in Lincoln's Inn Fields—five o'clock of the morning, with the grass wet and slippery. Welsted and I, knowing hands, fought shoeless in our stockings. We had little touched swords when we heard the voices of Adrian and one of the men who had come with Welsted ring high; and an instant after there sounded the rattle and scrape of their blades hard at it.

By quick consent Welsted and I disengaged and turned to knock their swords up. Adrian and his man were both in their coats and periwigs and shoes. Before we had gone two steps towards them Adrian's right shoe slid. Ere the thrust which came at him touched him I knew he was dead. He went down, and died in a minute or two.

Lucie in her poor agony blamed me for all—so distraught that verily she was transformed out of herself, who never yet had spoke in anger to me.

"You!" she cried to me. "You enticed and lured him to this! You accursed preacher of the sword! You glorier in the sword! . . . Oh!" she cried, writhing half up from her bed whereon she had flung herself, and tearing her dress from her bosom, with her dark brown eyes aflame at me and a glistening of tiny bubbles at her lips, so frenzied was she. "Oh!" she cried, "you who have lived by the sword, fooling a boy to perish—may you perish by the sword; and may I never see you from this day till the time when I shall see you so perish!"

When she was calmer—as I was informed—she would not see me. The next day she would not; and though she was mine in my own house, verily I would not compel her. Too prostrate to go to the Queen—'twas a week when Lucie, now one of Her Majesty's bedchamber ladies, was not in attendance—she wrote both to her and to the King, imploring punishment for me as the provoker

of the duelling; and in response there came the withdrawal of my colonel's commission and His Majesty's stark warning that if I voyaged not at once to Maryland it would be the worse for me. But for the Queen's good word, I learned, I should have stood trial for my life with Adrian's slayer, so vehemently had Lucie urged my guilt.

For a week I stirred not from my house, deep in my own sorrow for Adrian and believing that Lucie would see me. But one night she stole off to her lodging at Court, out of my reach; and certain of my friends, receiving news that my arrest was now ordered, led me on shipboard, I being too stricken to care what fate befell me, or to know clearly what my friends were doing with me.

And that first year of my banishment! Twice, in my crushing misery, I had been near to killing myself because no word came from Lucie to help me endure. Lucie whom I loved so!

I had not got to believing, then, that Lucie was a thing of the past. By now, however, I was used to the fact.

I let my eyes drift over the bay, and then contemplated the *Oxford*; anon I stood up. The frigate's long-boat, her after part filled with officers, had appeared round her counter. I went towards the sea edge to greet my guests, drawing my cloak about me. The sun had gone all save his rim, and the world was turned somewhat cold.

### PART II

London: December, 1688

I REACHED England on December 8th, landing at Rye.

From ships that spoke to the *Oxford* as we came up the Channel, I knew what I was to find. The rumours that the Prince of Orange designed against England had been true. He and his Hollander army had landed a good month past.

As I stood in the yard of the Anchor Inn while a horse was brought out and saddled for me, I learned from the innkeeper much anent the strange and woeful state of affairs that now existed. There had been incredible treachery. Most of the navy, most of the peerage, and most ordinary people were all gone over to the Prince's side—most of the army officers, too; but most of the common soldiers were holding faithful to the King—fine boys! Yet His Majesty adventured not to give battle. Indeed, 'twas whispered that,

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despairing to save the day, he was about to disband the army; and, of a certainty, he had sent commissioners to treat with the Prince.

Whereat, I doubt not, I wrinkled my nose. For I was thinking that, with one of these rare dark, tempestuous nights for falling upon a camp that we were having, there could be done some excellent business with the Prince by a roaring charge of a few brigades of horse.

There had been no military fighting, the innkeeper told me, except for a chance skirmish or two; but there were riots in many parts of the land, and the London mob was very ugly, pillaging and burning houses and ready to do violence to the King and Queen, they being now at Whitehall with their infant child the Prince of Wales—the three of them thought to be in danger of their lives, what with Orange, and the traitors, and the mob. For his own part, quoth Mr. Innkeeper of himself, did trouble spring up near Rye, he should put his family and his goods aboard one of his big sail-boats, which perchance I had noted in the harbour, and go off to France.

I little heeded what he would do. I was thinking apprehensively of the position of the King and Queen, my master, mistress, and friends withal—no matter the recent years—thinking, too, that Lucie, and might be even my daughter, were right in the danger centre with them.

I rode post to London, with two young gentlemen bound thither, all of us heavily armed. We met with no interference; but it was the worst journey for quagmire, drenching rainstorms and wind that ever I did take—and 'twas four o'clock of the morning when I reached my house in Bloomsbury, prettily astounding the servants whom—with my sisters giving an eye to them—I had maintained there.

When I had changed my clothes I wrote forthwith to the King, craving his pardon and an appointment to some service—to my dragoons if that should best please His Majesty; and soon after daylight I walked forth with the letter to intercept some acquaintance going to Whitehall. In New Palace Yard I caught Willie Walgrave, the Queen's physician, who became my letter-bearer.

My parents being beyond visiting distance for to-day—at Tunbridge Wells—I returned home and passed some of the morning at my chests and drawers, lifting forth clothes and shoes and periwigs to choose apparel

for town and for Court, were I summoned there; after which, the rain having cleared, I walked abroad. It being Sunday, I went for a little into St. Martin's Church, then turned cityward, seeing in the distance the flames of two houses that I was told the mob was burning, and anon meeting a rabble of these villains, from whom, however, striding coldly through their outskirts, I received no affront.

No message from the King came to me that day; and, the wind and rain keeping me awake through much of the night, I wondered whether His Majesty—perhaps incited by Lucie—intended not to pardon me, despite the state of things. Nevertheless, on rising I dressed as for seeing him—dressed, as became one in disfavour, wholly in black save for my flaxen periwig and the whiteness of my great ruffles and my neckbands. Then, considering from my mirror that I too much resembled Mr. Simmons's picture of "A Gentleman on the Mourning Occasion of His Execution," particularly as my face, looking much aged since last I saw it in a big, fair mirror, was very gloomy-eyed and set-mouthed, I passed a gay, sky-coloured sash about my waist and donned a pair of shoes with sky-coloured heels.

At eleven o'clock, watching at my window, I saw a fellow, not a royal messenger, come to my steps, and a moment thereafter a letter was brought to me. When I perceived the form of the handwriting upon it—

"To Colonel Charles Eudamore,

"Att his Hous in Blomesbery,"

when I perceived that, I could not forbear to raise my brows, despite that my lackey was near me. Not till he was gone from the room did I open the letter, standing meanwhile a shade rigid, feeling a slight, queer touch of numbness at my heart. I had received a surprise—in that Lucie, my wife, had at last written me.

I unfolded the letter. Beneath the name of a house in Chelsea where—my servants had told me—Lucie dwelt when not at Court (she had never entered my house since leaving it), was written:

"You are order'd bye His Ma'ty to come here. "L."

Plainly it was by the King's express command that Lucie had written. Deeming that His Majesty intended me to depart secretly from her house upon a mission, I detached the light walking-word that was in my black sword band, and put there a

heavy, cut-edge rapier, a French blade finely balanced by an Italian hilt—and bidding Walcot, a trusty old groom of mine, to follow me with a horse, my riding gear, and my pistols, keeping his mouth shut, I went at once in a hackney coach to Chelsea.

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IT was strange to stand in a small, pretty pine-panelled parlour, with divers little bright pictures fixed upon the panelling, and some pieces of delicate silver upon the side-board, and a great, bright Turkey rug upon the floor, and to think

that this room, so utterly unknown to me, was my wife's familiar room. It was strange to think that Lucie would presently enter and speak to me. I was sure that she would do this, for I had learnt from her hall-servant that no one from Whitehall was here to meet me.

For many minutes I stood expecting her, listening to the faint sounds of the house—the quiet opening and shutting of doors, the quiet voices of her maids. Once or twice I turned about, scanning the pictures, the silver that doubtless Lucie's own hand kept ashine. In my last turn about I saw something else. On a chair, half hid by another, was a little brown, hooded, baby's cloak. I walked to it, knowing that I was smiling; for was not this the cloak of Miss my daughter? I picked it up—so soft, and little and light—and anon I let my chin touch the hood; and, smiling, I quoth to its owner, doubtless in a room above me: "Thou dost not dream who is here and presently will see thee, darling."

Then, hearing a light footstep without



"'I am going to France, Eudamore,' she said in a quiet, steady manner. 'The King has given me a very hard order—to send for you to go with me.'—p. 178

the door, I laid down the cloak and turned. With the opening of the door I gave one look at Lucie's face ere I bowed; and, when I had raised myself, I looked again.

I had left a beautiful girl; I saw now a very beautiful woman—slim as of yore, grave, but with all her youthful colour retained, with her wonderfully bright eyes—that everyone was used to speak of—never brighter, with her black curls retaining all their childish gloss. These still clustered about her ears; but her hair in front was carried back from her brow and thence decked in a newest mode with white frills. Her gown of amber colour was of unknown mode too, very tight at the waist and full therefrom.

Her eyes met mine calmly, with no great unkindness in them, but, as I could have anticipated, with no trace of friendliness or greeting in their brightness. About them I had instantly noted this—that there were blue half-rings below them and a tiredness of the lids which seemed to speak of a night of wide wakefulness, of anxiety, even of

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bodily fatigue. But by the little, fresh scent of bathing which she brought into the room she appeared to have but lately come from her pillow and her bath.

Her lips, as her eyes, gave me no smile; and though I had suddenly experienced a most unlooked-for, intense impulse to forget her past silence, to bethink only that within this grave, beautiful, well-nigh stranger woman was the heart of Lucie of Lota, which I had laden with sorrow—and straight-way to go to her and implore her forgiveness, her mien aided me to quell the impulse; and with dogged composure I gave her no smile.

She had stopped two yards from me. In her hand, I saw, was a partly folded letter.

"I am going to France, Eudamore," she said in a quiet, steady manner. "The King has given me a very hard order—to send for you to go with me. Read."

She held out the letter, which I stepped forward and took, finding it to be superscribed to her—writ hurriedly by His Majesty on this morning:

*"Whitehall,  
"December 10th.*

"Your husband is at his house. I think you will better accomplish your journey without being questioned and molested if you travel in simple manner with him as though upon some private affairs of your own.

"Pray send immediately for him and tell him that I am glad to know he is a faithful servant to me in my need, but that he can do me no service at present except to see you to the Queen.

"J. R."\*

I raised my eyes from the letter. It seemed clear what event had happened.

"So the Queen has escaped out of it—to France?" I asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Before daylight to-day, in a yacht from Gravesend—she and the Prince of Wales."

I nodded. The course appeared wise. Then I turned my gaze to the window, for I preferred that Lucie should deem me little interested in her rather than see my eyes travelling from her eyes to the gloss of her curls, then to her brow, to her lips, then to her curls again, and no farther from her, which was their present desire. Beyond the window was the Thames river, brown with stirred mud, the top water driving fast and

very foam-flecked; and this reminded me that, though the rain had ceased, the rough weather of the night was little abated. I pondered with considerable pity that the Queen—very liable to sea-sickness—must be beating about prettily in the Channel at this hour.

Then, still looking towards the window, and with a knowledge now of why Lucie's eyes were weary circled, I said:

"You were in this night business—the escape?"

"Yes."

"But sailed not with the Queen. Why?"

"I was sent back from Gravesend for a book."

"Book?"

She explained in the quiet, steady manner which seemed to be now her natural one.

"One of Her Majesty's private journals that had been lost. We had searched and could not find it. But when Her Majesty came to the yacht she remembered where it was like to be—not at Whitehall, but in a cabinet at St. James's. I knew the cabinet and hasted back, two gentlemen guarding me on the road; and I found the journal. . . . His Majesty was told of what I was at, and he wrote me of you. . . . Eudamore, those two gentlemen would gladly see me to France in your place."

I glanced stiffly at the letter. "The King doth name me, not them," I said, looking again to the window.

"Therefore I sent for you, Eudamore. The hardest thing I ever did! But I would not protest to His Majesty when he is so troubled. . . . Yet I have a hope that you will do me a very proper service. There must be ways in which you could be far usefuller to the King than by coming with me. I have a hope that you can now think of such a way, one that would be like to please the King, and that you will ask him whether you may go along that road."

"I prefer to go on your road," I answered. "I know you to be of supremest honour; yet, since you are my wife, I would liefer that I, not other men, guarded you."

I averted not my gaze from the window. I heard her move past me; and she went to the window, so coming—without intent, I thought—full into my sight. Standing a little sideways, she looked at the river, her hands linked together in front of her.

"Hearken carefully—and believe me," she said after a space, in her steady fashion. "When *that* befell Adrian, whom I trusted you to safeguard, you thereby almost de-

\* Jacobus Rex (James the King).



stroyed my life. For all my days I will keep asunder from you because of that. I bear you no hot anger now, but for memory of my boy brother, for memory of how you turned from my poor pleadings not to duel—which would have saved him, I will not endure except to be asunder from you. . . . Think not that this journey shall make a difference. I shall ignore that you are with me. And after it, you shall never come into my company again; I will entreat the Queen, the King, to that. . . . Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe," I answered. "I did you the cruellest harm, and while I live I will pity you and reproach myself. But you, who had my letters from Maryland, gave me punishment without mercy. So I believe you."

She moved not a shade, save for her breathing. Then—

"Therefore, since I am honourable, why come? What do you gain?"

"I look to gain little from you," I said; for, despite that in my heart there was a great, eager wish to take this journey with her, 'twould prove but empty gain. "I look," I said coldly, "to gain back my colonelcy from the King. Small chance of that if I jockeyed with his first command to me. So I shall go on your road."

Very fixedly she gazed along the river, the outline of her grave face most sweet against the dull, wintry light without. Of a sudden my eyes went to her hands; for the fingers had begun to move, to play together—the first variance from utter calmness that she had shown me. Then she spoke: "I think I should be careless whether you came or no," she said, "but there is something else—something I much remember. On *that* morning . . . the saying of Holy Scripture anent the sword was in my mind. . . . I did wickedly divert it against you who were my husband. . . . I willed that you should perish by the sword. I willed, even, that I might not see you till I should see you so perish! . . . I do hope I am forgiven of Heaven; yet I am a little fearful that the words shall now be visited on me—a little fearful that this journey shall lead to your perishing. Men may seek to hurt me on the road, saying I am a Court woman fleeing—and you would fight them—perchance perish. . . . The news of the Queen's going will be abroad to-day, and the seaports very watchful and spiteful against those that would follow her. . . . Since I bear you no hot anger now, since

you would be fighting for me, I can ill face the thought of your so dying. . . . Wherefore, I ask you again, Eudamore, stay back; find excuse."

Her fingers played very quickly. Her fear had touched me—rather deep; and it was with extreme gentleness that I answered her.

"I am sure your words are forgiven you, Lucie; truly sure. . . . And look you, I know a quiet road to a quiet port—Rye, where I landed. By that road we shall meet few folk like to trouble us. Is any port or ship arranged for you?"

"No," she answered, steadily eyeing the river.

"I believe I can get a sail-boat at Rye—fit for crossing to France," I said—the innkeeper's boats being, of course, in my mind. "If I deem her a safe boat I will charter her—if you will come to Rye."

She made a little movement of her shoulders, staring on at the river, saying nothing.

"Will you come to Rye?"

"Mean you to come?"

"Yes."

She moved her shoulders again. "Since you are coming, choose the road. I care not."

"Rye, then," I said. I laid the letter on a little walnut table near me, set my thumbs in my sky-coloured sash, and reflected for a moment. The King had bidden us travel in simple manner—which was right, since a large escort would draw attention, and probably trouble, upon us. "I will take a couple of armed grooms," I said. "Will you ride in a coach?"

"No—ahorse. I wish to journey my fastest. I trust to your honesty that there is a likely boat at Rye. . . . Fetch your grooms, and a horse for me—at once. I have enough delayed on your account. Make you no delay now."

I supposed that this talk of haste was all to tell me of her impatience to be finished with my escortship; but I made no observation on it.

"Walcot should be close by," I said. "I will go and give orders to him. . . . Then, you must allow me to come back to this room for a while." I took a quiet, long breath, lifting my chin a jot in a glad way. "There is someone I have long wished to see, Lucie—my daughter. Pray have her brought hither."

For the second time that morning I surveyed my face in a mirror—there happening to be an oval one at my shoulder. I was



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surmising whether my little daughter's heart would be at all won on her first meeting with her gloomy-eyed, lined-mouthed daddy. Then, Lucie not having spoken, I looked towards her—she staring on at the river vista.

"Pray have her brought, Lucie," I said gently.

"You cannot see her to-day. I do not know that I shall let you see her at any time."

Whereupon I spoke most gently, that I might seem in no wise harsh to her whose life I had, in her own words, almost destroyed.

"Lucie," I quoth, "after this journey I will allow you to keep asunder from me as you wish, for perhaps I owe you that. But remember, now that I am no more a banished man, you have no power to keep from me. You are my wife. And remember, you have no power to take my daughter out of my own house henceforth, except I permit. I will permit—permit you to have her always with you. For I would never rob a mother of her child. But you must make me some return for this. You must promise . . . not to turn her heart against me; and you must let me see her whenever I will."

I paused. My wife was silent, motionless.

"I will tell you a thing I have builded," I said, still gently, "a thing that, when I was seeking for comfort, gave it to me, and hath comforted me these two years. It is that my daughter shall grow up loving me, becoming the love of my life for the rest of my days. You would be wrong to grudge me that. You must put no difficulty between me and my daughter. Pray let me see her now."

Lucie's head had lifted a little; there had been a hint of a tremor in her cheek. Indeed, though I could see but her side-face, I could tell that her thoughts were very much surprised by this new matter—her daughter stepping into her shoes. Whether she grudged me or no, it was with a shade softened manner, as though comprehending a man's wish for his daughter's love, that she answered me.

"You cannot see her. She has gone to France with the Queen."

"What!" I exclaimed, with a swift sharpness that I could not help.

There was no reply, Lucie wrapped in that gazing at the river.

I turned slowly, went slowly to the little brown cloak on the chair. I picked up the

cloak with a profound sense of yearning, of sadness, for my daughter, now far away at sea from 'this her cloak—and she so little and so helpless.

"You have let her go to France!" I said, fingering the soft texture of the garment. "She is scarce three years old, and you have sent her on this rough-and-tumble voyage without you!" I laid down the cloak, swung round. "On my troth," I declared bitterly, "you have a pretty way to send those that love you over the sea!"

"Sent I Adrian over the sea?"

I looked aside from her, compressing my lips—less because her words had thrust me than because they reminded me that I had been speaking indeed with harshness.

"I am sorry for my words, Lucie," I said.

Then, knowing that she had turned to face me, I looked back to her. I thought that in her bright eyes, which had shown me scarce so much as recognition yet, there was now—not friendliness, but something of natural recognition. But, with uneasiness, I perceived that they were more deeply ringed than hitherto, as though our converse was straining her greatly.

"What could I do, Eudamore?" she asked quietly. "Baby was on the yacht, going to France with me—for I might be away for months. And then the Queen bade me go quickly to St. James's. I could not take baby on a horse, for thus I went. I could not let her follow me in a coach without fear that some mob would attack the coach. So I gave her to Lady Strickland, who was going with the Queen, and she promised to care for her as her own till I reached France. 'Tis for baby that I would go my fastest now. . . . For she is all I have in the world to love."

"Yes, yes, I understand how it was," I answered. "And now I will speak to Walcot."

Yet, instead of moving, I stood hesitant. I was looking at the blue curves beneath her eyes, with a consciousness that I should be a fairer, better man to her if I took not this journey with her, straining her throughout it, what with her apprehension for my safety and her dislike of my presence. But, apart from aught else, I had an urgent desire to be at her side till she was clear of danger; and in the last few instants it had seemed to me that my ear caught faintly the sound of two musketoon shots—an ominous presage. So, after hesitating, I only said:

"You have had no sleep, have you?"

She shook her head.



"'Oh, your worship and your worship's lady!' he said, panting. 'The black news that is come through from Dover'"—p. 184

Drawn by  
Albert Bailey

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"Lie and rest for a half-hour till the horses come."

"No . . . I have bathed and changed. That must suffice. I am too excited to rest, and I must dress anew for riding."

She turned aside, looking out of the window again, then lifting her fingers to her brow just above her eyes. "This will pass," she said. "I mean, Eudamore, my head is not well. But 'twill pass. Bid Walcot haste with the horse—" She broke off, suddenly intent upon something, and, slowly taking one hand from her brow, she pointed. "Some villains have fired another house," she said.

I went to her side, noting that she made a quick movement to put many inches between us, and perceived a thick dark smoke pouring up, and being instantly driven lengthways by the wind, from amid some houses near to Lambeth on the farther bank of the river.

For a minute I watched the smoke, keeping silent, as did Lucie, and hearing, for a certainty this time, several shots in the neighbourhood of the fire. Ay, I watched, yet scarce knew I did. For all my thoughts were of Lucie standing but inches from me, her glossy head a little higher than my shoulder—Lucie, the mother of my daughter; Lucie, whose life I had "almost destroyed."

More than I had ever yearned for anything I was yearning now to turn and take soft hold of her, whispering in desperate entreaty, "Forgive me at last, child!" But because I was sure that she would answer me in pitiless anger, because I even seemed to know that she, divining something of my thoughts, was already angry in her mind because I remained by her, I verily should have done nothing of this kind, but that an incident drove me foolishly to it.

A pistol report sounded quite plainly on the opposite bank, and we saw that some scores of men had run clear of the houses and were stringing along a piece of open shore over against us, fighting heartily among themselves, with half a dozen soldiers' uniforms—red-and-yellow Grenadiers'—gleaming amid them; and then, very sharply, cracked two carbines. At which Lucie, with a quick, strange breath, put her hand swiftly on my arm, stepping backward, aside from the window, and taking me with her, since I obeyed her vehement drag at my arm. She gazed at my face for a moment, her face well-nigh white, her eyes very frightened; then she looked towards the window, her breast moving fast:

and I knew she had feared a bullet might carry over the river to us, then knew by her words why she had been afraid.

"Sword or bullet, there is little difference," she quoth, half whispering. Then, speaking with a sort of sigh as relief more fully came to her, "I was very afraid, Eudamore." Her hand tightened. "I believed—I believed, Eudamore, that the glass would break, and you fall—and thus a musket ball pay me for my words. . . . Keep from the window—keep here," she whispered, two more reports coming to us.

I glanced down at her hand, which was still upon my arm. Because it was there it had set my heart to quiver and heave and heave again—and now I could no more resist her, but brought over my free hand, touching her hand and then quickly, gently taking hold of the slim forearm beyond it. "Lucie—wife!" I said in low-voiced great entreaty, bending near to her face which was yet averted from me.

For a brief second 'twas only her head that moved, showing me her eyes suddenly awakened—it seemed; suddenly angered to the pitch of fury; having scorn in them withal because I had taken advantage of her fear. Then she wrenched her arm from me and stood back, and swiftly, tremblingly brushed with one hand her arm where I had held it.

"That you should deem me ready to forget!" she breathed, her eyes seeming to tell that she could strike me. "Can you think it was for your sake that I cared? 'Tis only for some poor little ease of mind—if Adrian's memory can leave me any—that I care."

Then, turning her face from me, she walked past me towards the door—quickly for the first few steps, then with steps slower and with her fingers lifting to her forehead again. "And now this journey!" I heard her say. "The hardest thing I ever faced!" Then, in a moaning, childlike way, a sudden change that wrung me unbearably, "Oh, I will tell the King of this suffering when I do see him; I will reproach him!" she quoth; and, quickly opening the door, she went out.

### PART III

#### The Road to Rye: December, 1688

IT was towards three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the third day of our journey, that Lucie and I sat upon a low bank betwixt a bridle road and a little river

in the marshland close to Rye, the town being a mile from us. The weather was much improved, the wind blowing but softly, with a weak sunshine broken through the clouds, so that in our cloaks we were able to sit without discomfort from cold.

We had journeyed hither slowly. As we quitted London Lucie had spoken of riding throughout the night "to lose no time in getting to baby." But, her head aching very badly at the time when darkness overtook us, we had halted at a small inn by Sevenoaks. While a sleeping chamber was being prepared for her she stayed in a lower room of the inn with me, taking no supper except a sip of wine and a crust, her cheeks deeply flushed, her bright eyes closing at times from pain—but she forbade me to send in search of a physician, saying most distantly (her manner since repulsing me at her house) that it was but the fatigue of the past night that had told on her. Anon, rising to go to her room, she looked at me; and suddenly there was less distance in her mien, was entreaty, though quiet and cold, in her voice.

"Eudamore," she said, "if other men come presently to the inn, and perhaps speak against the King, or otherwise displease you, you will not draw sword or pistol? Will you promise me—that I may lie unfeared?"

Instantly I had promised her; and the next day, in recognition of this, her bearing reverted not to its most studied distance.

Her head was greatly better that day, but we could not ride fast, since even the trotting of her horse threatened to bring back all the pain; and by five o'clock she was very weary and very glad to rein at another roadside inn, where, before she left me, she again got my promise.

To-day her head was well, and we had swung forward at fair pace, arriving thus near to Rye. Until this point of our journey there had been no hint of any fighting, no single thing to affright her for my safety—but at this spot she had checked her horse, bidding me with sharp insistence to stop, and declaring after a moment, wherein her eyes remained fixed on the town, that she had discerned a horseman gallop in thither, seeming to call something to folk standing by, who thereupon had run after him behind the houses. There was going to be a tumult—fighting! declared she under her breath, giving me one look, then looking at the town again, her cheek having lost some

colour, her nether lip drawn anxiously between her teeth.

I had desried nothing of the incident (indeed my eyes would not have been equal to it); but, Walcot and Smith, my other groom, overtaking us, Smith bore out my wife's words, saying that the thing had much resembled a call to attack or to defence. Whereat Lucie looked at me again, no distance in her manner now, only supplication. She touched her horse, coming close to me.

"Oh, Eudamore, you shall not go on!" she whispered. "I would rather turn back to a Thames port—rather do anything! . . . Oh-h, what shall I do?" she asked, as though of herself, with a little, helpless break, her lips quivering, her eyes supplicating me.

For her peace, after an instant's thought, I had acted in a way that was verily against my grain—sending Walcot and Smith, perchance with risk to themselves, to find out what was toward, whilst I waited with Lucie for their news. And, having dismounted, we had sat, I a yard from her, she presently thanking me for dispatching the grooms, and then saying, gazing over the marshland, that if I came unharmed through this journey, her first time of seeing me since she cried those words against me, she would have good hope that the words were not to be visited on her. Then she had become silent, sometimes letting me see her face full as she looked past me towards Rye with plain dread, more often affording me only her side face as she looked over the marshland before her, or at our horses cropping at the road edge. Anon—her head threatening to pain, I knew—she had drawn off her soft, wide-brimmed riding-hat, laying it beside her gloves on the bank.

For a while I could not forbear from gazing very constantly at her—at the manner of how her hair, now free of frills, was smoothed back from her forehead, changing presently into those tendrils and curl clusters about her ears, and at (which chiefly held my gaze) the graven sadness of her face—her face looking old, old in sorrow though so sweetly young in years.

That this sad face was my wife's, that 'twas I had put the sadness in it, was a grim thing to ponder, the grimmer in that I might not take her in my arms and strive whether I could not cherish her to happiness. . . . There were splashes of mud on her dark curls; there was a big, grey splash on her soft cheek below her eye. Would that I might have slipped an arm about her and

## **THE QUIVER**

touched away that splash with my kerchief, making it the lovingest task.

At last, knowing that my study of her must be displeasing to her, I forced myself to look away, a touch of a smile moving my lips, I believe, in spite of my joylessness, as whimsically I bethought that I was proving not very faithful to my little new love in France.

"Lucie," I said, "you have not told me our daughter's name."

"Mary Beatrix, for the Queen," she answered.

"Not Lucie also?"

"No."

I was disappointed at that, but I would speak no word of fault-finding. Instead I quoth, "I trust that by to-morrow night I shall see our Mary Beatrix." I paused, stared pensively at the houses of Rye, tapping the finger tips of my half-linked hands together. "Lucie," I said, "will you yourself bring her to me to-morrow? You can think I should like her to come thus, for once. Afterwards, her nurse, if you wish."

For a second she made no answer; then steadily, decisively:

"Yes, afterwards, her nurse. I wish, and shall ever wish."

I spoke not, or she, for a space. Then, with that softer manner which my interest in my daughter was prone to win from her, she said:

"I hope that baby hath well stood the voyage. I hope she will be at her best when you see her. She is used to be a joyous baby. I have taken care of your daughter, Eudamore—till the Queen parted us."

"And shall always have her to care for," I said.

For a time, then, she looked before her over the marsh; anon she lifted her face to sundry marsh birds which, with queer cries, were darting about us.

"What are they called, Eudamore?" she asked.

"I know not, Lucie," I answered, watching them too.

"I would," she quoth, "you could tell me little things about them, how they nest, how they live, to lull me. I am so unrestful, Eudamore. There was meaning in that horseman. I do feel that a stroke is hanging over me." She turned her face, scanning the town, with her slim lips folded together; then her eyes sought mine. "You will aid me your utmost?" she asked quietly. "If there is news of danger, you

will into saddle and come with me whither I bid? Declare you will, Eudamore."

Which earnestly I did; and thereafter, happy that she would like me to talk with her, I set myself to divert her mind, till the clip of a hoof caused me to look towards Rye.

"Walcot or Smith is coming," I said, unable to distinguish which.

Her young eyes knew at once. "Smith," she said, and then, drawing a breath, "He is riding hard . . . I believe Walcot has been killed!"

"Nay, nay," I said soothingly, and added lightly: "The old fellow is waiting in a tavern for us."

She shook her head in disbelief, and rose and walked slowly to her sorrel horse, holding forth her hand to reassure him. She lifted the flap of her saddle wallet, disclosing the paper in which the Queen's journal was wrapped, and then stood caressing the sorrel's coat—'twas a hired horse—where an old, vicious whip blow had cut it, looking no more towards Smith.

Smith, a lad, was indeed riding at a silly pace—a hand gallop, with the water spraying high from every pool that his nag's hooves hit—and in a very short time he was close to us and drawing rein. He pulled off his hat to me ordinarily enough, but there was the strangest agitation, veritable distress, in his face.

"Oh, your worship and your worship's lady!" he said, panting. "The black news that is come through from Dover. Oh, lackaday! your worship and your worship's lady!"

"Dover, eh?" I said. "Well, what is it?"

"The Queen is drowned—her yacht gone down in Calais roads, and all drowned with her! Oh, lackaday, your worship and your worship's lady!"

The honest boy, though little knowing who besides the Queen had been in the yacht, sat with mouth awobble, blinking tearfully at me.

I gestured towards Rye. "Go back; we will come after you," I said; and when he had wheeled and started off I bit slowly and hard on my lip, feeling after a moment a hot wetness pass along my eyelids. I could spare scant thought for the Queen. I was thinking of the little brown cloak still lying, perchance, in Lucie's parlour, whilst now the little body—

I stood up, with a faint, queer, tremulous sound, that I strove to change into a cough,

## LUCIE OF LOTA

breaking somehow from my lips and nose—that little cloak! And then I thought of the mother, stricken through the heart for a second time in her twenty-one years.

I looked at her. Her cloak had fallen off. Very, very slim in her pale brown riding-dress, she stood with her hands drooped upon the back of the sorrel, with her face pressed upon his coat where she had stroked him; he with his head around to look at her, she motionless as carved wood.

"Lucie," I said, thick voiced. "Poor little Lucie of Lota!"

One of her hands moved in a curious, dull way, passing along the sorrel's mane. For a space she was quite motionless again; and then, suddenly, she swayed around, facing me. She was flushed, not white; her eyes brilliant, but nearly closed.

"Begin, Eudamore," she said, as one in a dream. "Beat me, curse me, hurt me as you will."

"Nay, what mean you, my heart?" I asked.

To my great apprehension for her she gave a tiny, choked laugh. "See!" she whispered, darting her hands together, then writhing them one with the other. "See, 'tis now your turn. As you took away my brother, I have took away your daughter—my baby! . . . Was it not clever of me—though I knew not I was doing it?" She choked, quivering, opening her brilliant eyes more. "Pay me, as I paid you."

"Lucie, sweetheart, my truly loved one!" I said, going near to her.

"Pay me! . . . Think how you builded on your daughter. Do you know your face is all grief? . . . Part for me, you say? Yes, but much for her—little soul! . . . Oh, Eudamore, I would you would put your sword through me!" With a sudden breath, with the swiftest movement, she snatched for the Italian hilt jutting past my cloak, her hand meeting mine, that I interposed, with a sharp smack. For two or three seconds thereafter she held to my fingers in a dazed fashion, her mind appearing to have passed from the sword. I spoke to her; she answered not. Then, releasing my fingers, she moved—going slowly, moaning, to the bank whereon her hat and gloves lay, I ready to leap after her if she threatened to cast herself into the stream beyond.

She knelt in a weak, tumbling manner beside her hat, vaguely touched it, touched it again. Then, with her hands linked before her, she knelt on—and then, suddenly throwing up her hands with a wild, piteous

cry, she flung herself forward upon her face, shrieking muffledly against the turf, "My baby! my baby! my baby!", her feet beating upon the grass.

I stepped to her, lifted her, held her for a moment with her back to me, she endeavouring to hang forward towards the earth, sobbing desperately. Then I gathered her up in my arms, turning her to me and beseeching her, "Lucie! Lucie, sweetheart!"

Thus holding her, I sat down on the bank, she having ceased to resist me, but weeping frantically on. I arranged her as I deemed would be easiest for her, yet held her very tightly, whispering, trying my uttermost to win her to some calmness.

After minutes she moved herself in my arms; I thought it was to free herself, but, instead, she pressed her face against my breast with a groan, then sobbed on. And many minutes after this, her sobs changing again into a groan, she put one arm over my shoulder close to my neck, holding to me, as though she remembered not who I was. Presently her weeping became less, then stopped, and she lay as one asleep. For very long I held her, without moving a finger—till the sun was gone and dimness was about us. Then I stirred to cover her partly with my cloak; whereat, moving her head a little, showing me her eyes fast shut, she said:

"You are merciful to me, Eudamore. You do not bid me perish by the sea."

"My heart, my poor one!" I said, and I bent and kissed her, not loverlike upon her lips, but in a manner that I believed could not greatly offend her, upon her forehead at the edge of her hair. She made no reproach, so that later, ere setting her upon her feet, I kissed her forehead again.

### 2

IT was dark by then. I had seen two lanterns coming towards us from Rye, and guessed that Walcot and Smith, perplexed by our delay, were returning in search of us, on foot, as I could tell by the pace of the lights. I kept an arm tight about Lucie, she seeming to have little power to stand by herself. She truly was in no condition to sit on horseback; so, walking slowly with her, I gathered the reins of our horses with my free hand, and, supporting her and leading them, went very slowly to meet the lanterns. She said no word save, anon, that her cloak and hat



## THE QUIVER

were left behind, but "let them lie," ending with a quivering breath that I feared would become a sob. Then, drawing back her arm which was against me, she brought it up behind me, resting her hand upon my shoulder and bearing more of her slight weight upon me.

Our horses' tread was measured and mournful behind us. The sky which was before us, above the dull, yellow-brown lights of Rye, was of darkest gloom. My dear young wife was mine again, I believed; but at such a cost that there could be no happiness for us for long to come.

Twice or thrice, not more for fear of bothering her, I whispered some would-be heartening thing, she answering by a pitiful little pressure of her fingers upon my shoulder.

I was aware, of a sudden, of two sets of hooves, striking in merry contrast to our state, beating forth from Rye. Presently they sounded close to the lanthorns—some two hundred yards from us—and a great, bluff voice called out a hunting cry to warn the lanthorn carriers to give road. I distinguished Walcot's voice raised in crass-tempered retort; heard counter retorts, with the hoofbeats ceasing as the horses were checked; and then, after some instants in which the lanthorns were at a standstill and the voices barely reached us—the recriminations seeming to have slackened into gossip—I heard what sounded very like a quiet, joyous "Huzza"—from both Walcot and Smith, I thought.

That sound, darting into my brain and my heart, altered, as by a flashing miracle, the look of life—or rather filled me with hope that 'twould alter it. How far it imported the safety of my daughter I knew not. But I knew—ay, verily was I sure—that it betokened tidings that the Queen, at least, had been saved from the wreck.

"You heard!" I whispered to Lucie, knowing by the grip of her hand on my

shoulder that she had heard—and understood. "Pray there is good news, child," I said, quickening our pace; and she, having had one hand to her brow for a little, would then have broke from me and tried to run forward, durst I have allowed her.

We found Walcot and Smith and the horsemen yet at a stand—the foremost of these latter being a stout, red-faced gentleman, as the lanthorns showed us—doubtless he of the hunting call. Walcot was saying to him that the "false news" would have got to London by now; whereat the gentleman, in a great, grumbling voice, quoth that the knaves ought to be whipped to the bone that spread such silly lies.

At which Lucie escaped from me, half stumbling, recovering herself, running between Walcot and the horseman, and holding to his saddle edge, swaying for an instant and looking up at him.

"It was false, sir? The Queen—and her company—safe?" she asked.

He stared at her, then seeing her quality, pulled off his hat.

"All safe ashore in France, your ladyship," he said. "They were in bad trouble with a sandbank off Calais, but the passage-boat ran up and took them aboard her. All safe."

"Safe?" she repeated. "You know? You know that?"

"I am just from Calais, your ladyship. I saw them land yesterday morning, none of them wetted. The Queen and a score of others, with the baby Prince, and a little girl child—I know not who. All safe."

"Grateful, grateful news!" said Lucie, smiling up at him.

Then, stepping back a pace to where I now stood, looking at me, with her lips parted, with her eyes afloat with tears in the lanthorn light, "Oh, Eudamore, what grateful news!" she whispered—and, my arm going round her, she brought up her hand behind me, resting it on my shoulder.





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# THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev Arthur Pringle

## Keeping on Top

**A** COLLOQUIALISM will often express a world of meaning which would elude any number of "correct" sentences; and "keeping on top" is a case in point. In those three words what a suggestion there is of heroism, persistent struggle, and the final overcoming of heavy odds! And when you contemplate the reverse side, what a picture that calls up of people who have let things get on top of them and have had to admit defeat. The fine art of keeping on top is an essential part of any life worth living, and undoubtedly it takes a deal of learning.

### That Dangerous Enemy — Depression

For while in the battle of life we have to fight all kinds of enemies, by far the worst and the most dangerous is depression. Take the spirit out of a man, and he is done for. Begin a game *feeling* that you are going to lose, and the chances are that you *will* lose. Enter on any task with the idea that it is too much for you, and you heavily handicap yourself from the outset.

Men have recognized this in all the ages. There is, for instance, the mediæval legend which tells how God resolved to take away from Satan all power of tempting humanity; but Satan pleaded for just one power to be left to him—the power to *depress* people. This being granted, he smiled and said to himself: "In this one gift I have secured all."

This strikes home as belonging to the essential truth of things. In your own case you know how pertinent it is. You can go on your way and face things and make a fairly good job of life, so long as you keep your spirits up and see hope on the horizon. Otherwise it is a losing battle all the time. So true is it, in every sense, that "we are saved by hope."

### How to Deal with It

As, however, we must make up our minds to depression and discouragement in one

form or another, the practical point is how to deal with them. It would not be much use to talk about such a subject in general terms; but I think we can help each other if we come to close grips with some of the reasons that make all of us liable at times to depression.

### A Question of Temperament

Very often it is a question of *temperament*, especially if we are at all nervy or highly strung. Our bad times are part of the price we have to pay for our good times; for it often happens that people who are most sensitive to the highest forms of happiness are peculiarly liable to moods of depression. Some of us go up or down so easily that we get puzzled at our quick changes of mood—one moment the sun is shining brilliantly, another clouds are everywhere. High spirits and excitement exact their toll, and we must be on our guard against the dull hours that so frequently follow them.

### Mustn't be Taken too Seriously

Perhaps there is no better practical suggestion to give in this connexion than not to take these depressed moods too seriously. Refuse to regard them as part of your true self, and do all you can—and it is a great deal—to shorten these moods and lessen their frequency by a wise control and ordering of your feelings. For the kingdom of our inner self is like any other: it must be *ruled*, and must not be allowed to drift into anarchy. And when our moods get on top of us and make us their easy and habitual victims, it is a sign that we have abdicated the throne of our emotional life. If this sounds rather grandiloquent, that very fact will at least help to emphasize a tremendously important point which, to their own hurt, many people overlook.

And, of course, this question of temperament is closely bound up with the question of *physical health*. A great deal of what goes by the name of depression might just

## **THE QUIVER**

as well be called dyspepsia, and have done with it. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine and exercise, and sensible habits of diet, would be the best medicine for many a depressed person. Recall the familiar story of Elijah's depression, when he was in a hopeless state about himself and everything and everybody. The first remedy prescribed for him was to eat and get his body into right order; then, and not till then, the other spiritual remedies could begin to work.

It cannot be too often insisted that, without becoming fussy or worrying ourselves and our friends with all kinds of hygienic or dietetic fads, we ought to regard it as a point of honour to keep our physical health as near concert pitch as possible. And we ought all to bear in mind that, whether we know it or not, we are still suffering from after-war nerve strain. Those years of tension and sorrow, to say nothing of the fresh anxieties we now have to face, are exacting their toll, making it fatally easy for us to get "out of sorts" and lose heart.

### **Spiritual Depression**

But although these "moody" phases of human experience are so largely rooted in physical causes, they, of course, stretch far beyond into the distinctively moral and spiritual region. And when you come to this, what at once strikes you is the fact that it is almost always the best people who most easily get dissatisfied with themselves. People who do not take life too seriously—who, as they say, "don't bother about it"—are not likely to be much troubled with spiritual depression.

This is why, so far as the present article is concerned, I assume that I am talking to those who really mean business and are keen on doing their best. To such people I would say: your very sense of discouragement is a token of your earnestness and of the reality of the fight you are putting up. It is not, and was never meant to be, an easy battle for any of us; and the great thing we are called on to do is to return to the charge every time we are beaten, and never to give up trying. Whenever I am thinking of this side of life my mind goes back to F. W. Robertson's unsurpassable definition of forgiveness: "Forgiveness is having the heart to try again."

### **A Christian Duty**

If we make this really a part of our working faith, we may have our times of spiritual

discouragement, but they will not last long, and they certainly will not become chronic. We shall have the happy conviction that those who believe in the God Who is ever ready to forgive and help His children need not let a moment of their lives be clouded by morbid, unhealthy thoughts about religion.

### **Religion should not produce gloom**

The more you reflect on it, the more sad is the irony that religion—the very thing that ought to be the spring of vitality and joy—should, at this time of day, be made a cause of melancholy and gloom. Yet the number of men and women suffering from various forms of "religious" depression, or even mania, is lamentably large; and it rests with all Christian people especially to proclaim and live up to the duty of happiness. After all, a smiling face and a sunny disposition can be cultivated by most of us; and they are fine weapons against discouragement in ourselves and the people we mix with. Charles Lamb knew enough about the dark side of life; but it is he who cheerily reminds us that "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."

### **What the "Melancholic" have done**

And the curious thing is that it is people who, like Charles Lamb, would seem to have every excuse for melancholy who again and again sound the hopeful note. So much is this the case that one is sometimes inclined to ask: where would the music and the literature and, above all, the *daily living* of courageous happiness be were it not for many to whom the fates have denied health and fortune? Paradox though it sounds, the world would indeed be a dismal place if it consisted only of the prosperous and the robust; and, while this is a reflection on what we call the "lucky" section of humanity, it is a big tribute to the pluck and grit of the rest.

### **A Lesson of the Past**

This line of thought is the more pertinent just now in view of the *discouragement about things in general* that has seized hold of so many people in our day. The world is taking so long in getting straight after the war, and there is so much difficulty and perplexity in the present situation, that men's hearts are failing them for fear, and it is easy for the bravest to have misgiving.

As one way of counteracting this preva-

## THINGS THAT MATTER

lent form of depression, I would suggest a good dip into history, which will show us that we are not the first people who have been in a tight corner, and that others, in the past, have been as desperately placed and yet have come out all right. It is on record that an Irishman, on being asked how to get to a certain place, gave the needed directions, but added: "If you want to get there most quickly, *you won't start from where you are.*" And that is wise counsel for all who want to get on to the best road of progress. Before you start, steady your judgment and brace your resolution by going back in memory to those heroic achievements in past ages that show what human nature is capable of at its best.

### A Question of Influence

By way of final incentive to keeping on top of things, there is the enormous influence we have on others. Particularly in such times as these, we all ought to enlist in the noble army of encouragers, and count ourselves among the people whose influence and example and whole outlook tend to put heart into others. If we ourselves are not prepared to put on a brave front, at least let us abstain from taking the spirit out of those who are trying to make a brave fight of it.

In a healthily constituted community the man who is a deliberate, or even a thoughtless, wet blanket ought to be ignominiously boycotted. If cynicism and pessimism must needs light their forbidding fire, at least let them consume their own smoke.

### Taking Heart Out of Another

In this connexion I find my mind running back to a saying of Christ's not easy to understand at first hearing: "Whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger. . . ." This can hardly refer to those momentary bursts of irritation or impatience to which we are all liable, and which, however regrettable, need not mean anything very serious. But whether the word "fool" is actually used or not, there is a way in which one man can take the heart

out of another, by sneering at his ideals, making fun of his best hopes, and making him feel that nothing is really worth while. Anyone who does this sort of thing is a damper and discourager; and, when you think of all the harm he can do, the severity of Christ's words becomes intelligible enough.

### Private Opinion makes Public Opinion

Things would move faster in the right direction to-day if this aspect of human experience were realized more fully. Public opinion, we are fond of saying, is the great factor in getting things done. And so, of course, it is. But what is this same public opinion but the aggregate of the *private opinions* of ordinary people such as ourselves? Therefore it matters everything whether we disparage or encourage, whether we damp down or lift up. To keep on top, not to lose heart or courage, and to help others to do likewise—there is one of the best and most practical contributions any of us can make to the stirring, eventful life that is all round us to-day.



### The Quotation

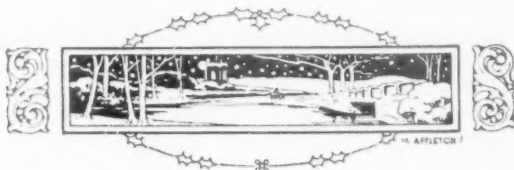
*"No man was ever anything but a wet blanket and a cross to his companions who boasted not a copious spirit of enjoyment. . . . A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



### THE PRAYER

HELP us to use our store of happiness so wisely and thankfully that it may become more full and enduring. May it overflow into other lives and encourage all whom we meet to play the man. And let the spirit of our lives be such that there will be more light and cheer wherever we go.



# Problem Pages

## An Unreturned Love

**W**ITHIN the last few days I have received several letters from women who read my pages, on the subject of unrequited love. I do not know whether it was a particularly tragic case which ended in death, much reported in the newspapers at the time, that set my readers thinking. But it is rather a curious coincidence that I should be approached on the question so often within a few days.

One correspondent writes:

"I wish you would give me your advice. For some time I have enjoyed a deep and sincere friendship with a man who is devoted to me. I love him dearly, and nothing would give me greater happiness than to be his wife. But although he is a bachelor, with a fair income, and spends the greater part of his time with me, he has not once suggested marriage. He is very undemonstrative by nature, but he has given me many proofs of his affection. I find the position rather trying, but I don't know what to do. What do you advise?"

I advise you to do nothing. I know this must seem cold comfort, but it usually brings only unhappiness to try to force others to give what they have not to give. It may seem strange to you that the mere fact of giving generously of your love does not bring an equal gift; but it often happens that a great love, so far from in itself attracting love, sometimes repels it. That is why I want you to do nothing but enjoy your friendship and take all the happiness you can get out of it. It may be that your friend, much as he must care for you, does not wish to marry at all, or he may believe that his feeling for you, deep as it is, is not the feeling a man should have if he wishes to ask a woman to marry him. If you overwhelm him with love you may only embarrass him and repel him, perhaps against his desire but in accordance with his judgment. If you think, and I feel sure you must so think at times, that your life is wasted, remember how many lives are unfulfilled, how many there are which have not your joy of a precious friendship. Your

## An Unreturned Love—Starting a Poultry Farm—Giving Happiness By Barbara Dane

love for this man ought to give you happiness; if you have wisdom and understanding, I think in time you will be able to look calmly and happily on what is undoubtedly a difficult position for you, and so you will get all the rich fruits of a lasting friendship. Very few relationships in life can be bought wrapped up in ready-made happiness; we have to work for happiness, often we have to fight for it, and almost always we have to sacrifice something for it.

## Men who Dislike Children

I have a letter from a correspondent who tells me that she has recently become attracted by a man who dislikes children. She asks me if in a man "who is the soul of kindness" there can really exist a dislike of children, or whether it may be some queer affectation. Without knowing the man, how can I give a reply? My correspondent, however, might try to discover whether this dislike of children is ingrained or if it is only a form of nervous susceptibility. Some people who love dogs cannot at times bear to hear a dog bark, and anyone who has lived with children knows that sometimes they try the nerves beyond endurance—especially in homes where discipline is lax. An indifference to children is not a dislike, remember; very many men, and very many women, too, are uninterested in children until they have learned as parents to love their little ways. At the same time there are men and women—very few, I hope—who do genuinely dislike children, and such people ought not to marry unless their views and feelings are shared by their life partners. If you are thinking of this man "who dislikes children" as a possible husband, my dear unseen friend, make up your mind that you will discover before marriage, not after, whether your home is to be deprived of the laughter of little children. One of the saddest marriages I ever knew was that in which the woman, a born mother if there ever was one, found out too late that her husband could not tolerate children. In this case severe head wounds during the

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war had made the man neurasthenic, and he could not endure noise. Not a man to be judged harshly, but if the wife had not been so ready to believe that "everything would be all right after marriage" two lives would have been spared great unhappiness.

### Starting a Poultry Farm

My advice to "E. F. G." is to think very exhaustively before she puts her little capital into poultry farming. I am writing these replies in the country, where I have had many interesting opportunities lately watching such adventures, and I have been surprised to find how much money can be lost in poultry farming. Competition from Denmark is keen, and I know several people who have lost all they possess in struggling to get a hold on the market. I believe that where there is suitable soil, good towns within easy reach, and not much competition market gardening is much more profitable. It seems to me that your best plan would be, "E. F. G.," to spend some months studying the subject. If you are growing vegetables for sale as distinct from home consumption, you must have a good business head and know the ropes, and even a short apprenticeship would teach you more than you can ever learn from books. Remember, you must always have some competition to face, and you cannot hope to do much against people who have been on the job for years if you go into the business as an absolutely inexperienced amateur. The work is very interesting and delightful, but to pay it must also be skilled.

### Household Bills

I have, as you desired, looked through your household bills, "Ellen," and it amazes me that you cannot detect your own extravagances. Surely you could economize by buying some of the excellent foreign meat obtainable occasionally. It seems unnecessary, too, to have a meat lunch and a meat dinner. Why not have a savoury vegetable, or fish, or soup, or a cheese dish? And you should obviously keep a tighter control on cleansing materials. Servants, unless watched, are often very extravagant in their use of soap, soda, furniture cream, floor polish and so on. It is the little things which count for so much in housekeeping. You can feed five adults on an Irish stew at a cost of one and sixpence for meat, or you can spend five or six shillings on a piece of rump steak, and they are

not necessarily better fed. But you must plan your meal in advance. Where there is no unexpected entertaining of guests and every member of the family is likely to be in for every meal, housekeeping can be planned several days ahead. Have you not some clever housekeeper near you who would help you? Housekeeping is no easy matter for beginners, and you seem to have interpreted the good old rule of the best is the cheapest in the long run into "the cheap can never be good." Not only are housekeeping bills reduced by making use of cheaper cuts of meat sometimes, but variety is introduced into the menu. Nothing is more costly or more dull than a succession of joints or chops and steaks. A good cookery book ought to help you, but study the markets near you and always do your own shopping.

### Giving Happiness

It is trite, but, oh, so true, my dear, that some people give happiness simply by being happy. I don't mean that the selfishly happy can give joy to others, but women who can be gentle and sunny and unruffled when things go wrong, who are bright when everything looks dark, have an enormous power of helping others. Did you ever know a long face or a pessimistic attitude help a fellow-creature? It is one of the most encouraging things in life, I think, to know that whether young or old, strong or frail, rich or poor, the power of a smile and a bright word is so incalculably great. Your life need not be limited by your immediate surroundings if you take a wider view and realize the power of little things. "However busy or troubled she might be she always looked happy: she simply couldn't bear to show a dull face to the world," someone said of a woman I once knew. Although this woman was a London "char-lady," I doubt if anyone of greater education and talents did more good, for her cheerful temperament was a comfort to all around, and in a better phrase she was once described "as the woman who makes you feel everything is all right when you know it isn't." So don't think how limited are your chances to give happiness, but rather of how big they are—as big, in short, as you care to make them.

### "Plain Jane"

This is the name by which a correspondent signs herself. She says:

"You give all kinds of advice to all kinds

## THE QUIVER

of people, but can you tell me how to turn myself from an ugly duckling into something more attractive? I am twenty-three, and so plain that sometimes I could cry at the sight of myself. What can one do with straight, thin hair, a bad complexion, irregular features, and a bad figure? It isn't that I want to be a great beauty or that I envy other girls' their prettiness, but it is dreadful to be ugly. No one knows what I suffer. Do help me, I shall be so grateful."

Well, I don't think it will be difficult. To begin with, a sensible diet, fresh air and exercise can usually be counted on to produce a good complexion and a graceful figure. Nothing gives such brightness to

the eyes as plenty of healthy open air exercise. Even "straight, thin hair" can be made to look glossy and pretty by careful brushing and arranging, and what a world of difference clothes make! I have seen pretty women look ugly because they wore unsuitable clothes, and I have seen plain women look beautiful because they learned the art of dressing attractively. Experience will tell you what colours and what types of dresses suit you best. Stick to them in spite of fashions and the habits of your friends. But remember always that there is no prettiness so pretty as the prettiness of good health, a graceful carriage, a neat figure, and a happy, contented face.



### "The Quiver" Voting Competition

First Prize, £2 2s.; Second Prize, 10s. 6d.

I want my readers to say *which three stories* and *which three articles* they like best in the present Number. The prizes will be awarded to the competitors whose replies most nearly coincide with the majority.

Place "1," "2," and "3" against the items that you choose in these lists.

Write 1, 2 & 3 here	STORIES	Write 1, 2 & 3 here	ARTICLES
.....	The Ghost at Inveraan	.....	The Christmas Dance
.....	The Dearer Gift	.....	The Art of Living with People
.....	Next-Door Neighbours	.....	How to Keep a Woman's Affections
.....	A Christmas Lapse	.....	Christmas Dinner at the Zoo
.....	Worldly Goods	.....	Meals and Good Health
.....	The House on the Hill	.....	Iodine and Childhood
.....	A Christmas Dilemma	.....	Things That Matter
.....	Lucie of Lota	.....	Problem Pages
.....	"Such Evidence . . ."	.....	The Gift of Song
.....	The Christmas Diary of a Cynic	.....	Between Ourselves

Post this form, before December 31, to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. If envelope is left unsealed,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp will be sufficient.

Name of Competitor.....

Address.....



Madame Galli-Curci

# The Gift of Song by AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

*I am very pleased to print an article by Madame Galli-Curci, the great songster who has, on her first visit, captured London by storm.*

little home, for my father met with severe business reverses, and we were not so happy as we might have been. Fortunately, I had been taught the piano, and at the comparatively early age of sixteen I was supporting the whole family with my pianoforte lessons.

## Two Hoarded Half-hours

In one corner of our living-room dining-room-studio stood my piano. Here I guided the stubby, awkward fingers of well-mannered little girls over yellow keys from morning until night, except for two precious half-hours—one before luncheon and one before supper. Two hoarded thirty-minute periods I allotted to the development of my voice; for I have never actually had a singing lesson in my life. I had no teacher—I learned to sing with the aid of the piano and the birds. I sang scales and vocalized and fairly memorized every book on singing I could beg, borrow or steal. I tried to follow the rules laid down in their pages. It was bitter hard work. I had to find out each little thing for myself, make mistakes and correct them as best I could. Not for me was the wise, experienced teacher outlining every phrase, analysing the production of each and every tone. My teachers were common sense, a passion for song, the birds and all the beauties of nature.

In this way I went on for four years, until the family had extricated itself from financial difficulty. As soon as that happened I was determined to change my occupation from a humble pianoforte teacher

**I** CAME into this—to me—wonderful world thirty-six years ago at Milan, in a little house in a rather mean quarter of that great musical city. My mother was Spanish and my father an Italian, and yet I do not possess the so-called “artistic temperament,” which appears to be absolutely vital in the prima donna of fiction. I like to term myself cosmopolitan and just a servant of the great, kind public. Realizing the wonderful gift God has given me, I feel it is my duty to sing to everyone at every opportunity. So, I throw it out—I am prodigal of it. And, strange to say, the more I give of it, the more I find it in my throat and my heart and my soul.

## A Fairy Tale Come True

I often think it is the old fairy story come true. I mean the story of the man who had a pocket that was never empty of money and gold, no matter how much he took from it, so long as he gave of it to good purposes.

Unhappily, a cloud soon overtook our

## THE QUIVER

to an opera singer. After many, many setbacks I was engaged to substitute for a singer as Gilda in "Rigoletto," at the Costanzi Opera House, in Rome. I made a fairly, but by no means overwhelming, successful debut, and obtained a three-year contract at the rate of thirty shillings a performance. After this engagement, which began in 1910, I sang in Turin, Barcelona, Madrid, Havana, Buenos Ayres, and Petrograd.

I also made four appearances in the Canary Islands during this period. My experiences in these islands were some of my richest; not financially—nothing remotely resembling worldly wealth knew me then—but idyllically. For the people of the Canary Islands are as charming as their lovely country. Their kindness spills over their little island that one may circle in a day by motor.

The last night I sang they loosed thirty doves in the auditorium. Tied to the delicate rosy feet of these lovely, fluttering messengers were tiny banners marked "Vive Galli-Curci" and other overwhelming phrases. I distinctly remember catching one little white-scared dove whose heart was ready to jump out of its body at this strange uproar. After the loosening of the doves came a shower of rose petals, until the whole theatre was knee-deep in rose leaves. Then, as a last touch, a golden cage wreathed in roses and containing a most boisterous canary was lowered. I still have that warbler, and although the years have brought him lameness, it has been unable to abate his singing one whit.

Although I had made for myself a reputation as a singer of coloratura rôles in South America, when I journeyed to the United States in 1916 I found no one had heard of me, and it was only after many refusals that at length Signor Campanini consented to let me sing at the Chicago Opera House. It was a matinée performance on the eighteenth of November, strange to relate, my twenty-seventh birthday. I faced that matinée audience in the auditorium at Chicago with the desperation of a drowning woman, knowing it was the greatest chance in my career to make good. Little did I dream it would lead me on to the paths—wonderfully happy paths—which it has for the last eight years.

In the kaleidoscope of my career I find certain fragments that are experiences, impressions, and other duller bits that are perhaps pieces of wisdom. Among them

are the facts that there is no such thing as a "cold audience," and the necessity of a motherly influence in scaling the musical ladder.

Let us take the former fact first. Your audience is what you make it. And to reach the heart of your audience your own mood must not be cold. I sing with my whole heart and soul to the last as to the first member of my audience. Each one of the thousands before me is a very real personality, a dear friend.

Then, secondly, a mother is the only perfectly safe confidante in this world. No matter how uncultured, how unschooled in the artificial niceties of manner and social custom, she will automatically safeguard her daughter's success and happiness. Mothers never betray foolish

confidences; they never tattle maliciously on you; and they never covertly rejoice at your disappointments, as—I am sorry to say—most people in the profession do. Mothers always believe in you, and that is one of the greatest assets a musician cherishes. I know that my own dear little mother, whom I lost two years ago, played a very great part in the career that I ultimately fashioned. They are very wonderful, very amazing, very intuitive, very knowing, are mothers. I am always envious of a successful mother. She has so much wisdom.

Another truth is the necessity for the aspiring singer to discover how his or her own voice is best trained, and the necessity of living an almost Spartan life in order to keep the vocal organs in perfect condition.

No two voices are the same; therefore every voice demands individual care. To be a singer one does not necessarily have to be an Amazon, a being of astonishing height and weight; but one must always



The world's  
greatest concert

## THE GIFT OF SONG



A partial view of those present at Mme. Galli-Curci's concert on the night of June 5, 1924, at the Big Bowl in Hollywood, California: said to be the largest outdoor audience in musical history, 26,000 people being in attendance. The photograph required the services of forty persons, including six camera men and their assistants.

have the singer's throat and a vital, strong body that does not know weariness too readily. One of the most amusing and at the same time one of the saddest things to me is the army of "second Carusos" that has sprung up. The young tenors with excellent voices enlisted in this army shout and yell and strain in their efforts to achieve what was entirely natural to Caruso because of his unusual throat, vocal cords, and robust chest. There will never be a "second Caruso" until there is another Caruso throat born into this world. But there will be many fine singers ruined in their mad desire to make the good organ that is theirs do what the superlative instrument can.

### **Keep a Reserve**

When singing, always keep something in reserve. It makes an audience uncomfortable to see a scarlet-faced singer apparently determined to break a blood vessel to please them. The vocalist under strain is never a

good singer. And remember, however strong your voice may be, it is not wise to practise more than sixty minutes a day. I think the vocal organs are so delicate that no strain whatever should be imposed upon them. It is the daily regular practice that develops the voice, and not missing a day and then doing two hours to make up for it.

At 11 o'clock every morning of the year I practise for half an hour. I only do scales and trills, and directly afterwards I rest my whole body. In the afternoon I generally go for a two hours' walk. Walking is my pastime, and I find it very stimulating, cheap and effective. And every morning, directly I awake, I do fifteen minutes of deep breathing exercises. Also I am a vegetarian, and consequently all my meals are very simple, comprising always of fresh fruit and vegetables. I drink only milk, as coffee and tea, I am sure, are most harmful to the singer. I find this diet keeps my voice



## THE QUIVER



Madame Galli-Curci  
breakfasting at home

Photo:  
Underwood

fresh and elastic, although I am not so foolish as to think that it is necessary for all singers to be vegetarians. By careful observation of what I do, and what I eat, and the relative effects it has on my voice, I am convinced that my Spartan mode of living is essential to whatever success I have achieved. If the aspiring singer imagines he or she is in for an easy time, it is best now to give up the profession at once. Once you make your reputation it is the hardest thing in the world to maintain it, and the ordinary luxuries of life cannot be indulged in if you seek the highest goals.

The only artificial aid I resort to in warding off colds, and such minor ailments that so seriously affect the singer, is the dabbing of a piece of ice over every square inch of the surface of my throat. This acts not only as a wonderful astringent, but hardens the tissues of the throat, and thus is an excellent preventive of colds.

In opera work it is absolutely vital to know all the music of the opera to ensure a reliable foundation for your own particular rôle. The following incident will serve to illustrate my meaning. It was in *La Traviata* that I was singing in Baltimore when the tenor who was singing Alfredo to my Violetta in this opera that particular night walked on the stage singing *my* music

instead of his own. I never thought so fast in my life. There was only one thing possible to do. I did it. I began singing his music. The result of this interchange of rôles must have sounded interesting. A soprano tenor and a tenor soprano—I'd have walked miles to hear it myself. However, after a few minutes Alfredo woke up, and the idiotic expression that came over his face was worth waiting a lifetime to see. When the curtain fell I don't know which of us was the weaker from suppressed laughter. Of course, this is one experience of a lifetime, but it is much safer to know all the music of an opera practically by heart.

Often I am asked, should a woman with a career marry? It all depends if her husband is interested in her career or not. But I am certain that a woman with a career needs a home life as much as those of another type; a place to rest and relax in and where she will find harmony. She cannot assume the drudgery of the house; artistic demands upon her and constant study will not allow that. But she can direct things and make her home the expression of herself and her femininity. Home should be the hobby of a woman with a career. In fact, I think we women who make a career enjoy home more thoroughly than do those who live secluded lives.

## THE GIFT OF SONG

Nothing has brought me greater happiness than planning for our home. My American husband, Homer Samuels, searched through magazine after magazine with me to find the architect whose houses we liked best. We eventually found him, and we built it in your dear old English style. Our place stands on the crest of a small mountain in the Catskills, near High Mount, in New York State. Solid and enduring, it looks as if it had been there for centuries. Every woman will understand me when I say that in summer-time, as I watched the house grow stone by stone, it seemed to become part of me. There was my haven, my place of rest, my old friend whom I could find waiting for me every time that I came back.

First thing every morning, when I am at home, I have a conference with the cook; the cleaning is inspected; my linen cupboard is my pride; my books fill many shelves—they are my friends too. Much time is spent in the studio, with my husband at the piano, studying for the coming season's opera and concerts. And always I have before me, mile on mile, a great view of mountain and valley, ever changing



Madame Galli-Curci picking roses, her favourite flower, in her garden at her home in the Catskills, New York

Photo :  
Keystone

## THE QUIVER



Madame Amelita Galli-Curci as Gilda in "Rigoletto"

under sunshine, mists, moonlight or the starry night.

It is here that I refresh my soul, returning with new joy to my singing life, happy in bringing happiness to others. Home expresses the essence of a woman's personality; in it she shows her very soul. And it depends largely upon the woman whether her home becomes a happy or an unhappy place.

She can make it drab by discontent; she can make it happy through an ever-cheerfulness and ready smile. The spirit that she establishes is the one that pervades the household. Sometimes there may be those who make it hard for her. It is a big responsibility, but it is her part in life.

In conclusion, I would speak to the young singer. You have it in your power to spread much beauty, for singing is one of God's

most beautiful gifts. You have a mission in your life, to be the maker of gladness for humanity. You are untrue to your cause if you only pretend to be an artist—if you only sing as a business matter. When there comes to me to-day a girl or a boy who says, "Madame Galli-Curci, will you tell me if I can become a singer?" do you know the first question I ask? It is this: "What is the greatest thing in your life? What do you love to do more than anything else? Would you die if you were rendered dumb and voiceless? Would it be the prime tragedy of your existence to be told that you have not the voice?"

Ever since I was a little girl I have sung, because I could not resist the sound which arose from my gladdened heart. Of course, in the beginning, as I have related, I was studying the piano. I didn't know I would be

the prima donna ever. That didn't bother me. You see the point I am making. It came to me later that I would make the career of a singer—yet always I was doing the thing I loved. I was singing. And still I am doing it. People who know how busy I am say to me: "But, Amelita, you are always humming snatches of song in your spare moments. Don't you ever get tired of it?"

To be tired of singing! For myself I cannot conceive such a thing. Singing is my greatest joy, and this is why I count myself among the fortunate ones of this world—those who are able to earn their living by doing that which they best enjoy. If I were carried off to a desert island, where there were no one to hear me, and there left to my own resources, I would sing while there was life within my body. I simply cannot help it.





### Mothers

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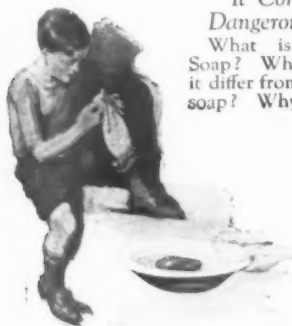
You quickly come to like the odour which vanishes in a few seconds, leaving the skin deodorized. The protection remains.

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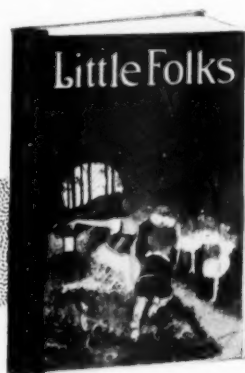


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# "Such Evidence . . ."

*An Ice Tragedy*

*By*

*H. Mortimer Batten*

LOOK out—my stars!"

The words leapt to Sir Arthur's lips as he heard the warning boom, and instinctively he clutched his gillie's arm. But the latter was first to act—to do the only thing possible for their safety. He wrenched himself free, thrusting his employer from him.

"Keep apart, sir!" he shouted warningly, but—too late!

There was a crash as the ice went through and the black waters rose like ink to engulf them. They had been walking briskly, returning late over the moor, and the intense cold of the mountain loch closed upon them with stinging sharpness. It was as though they had been plunged into a vat of boiling oil.

The gillie broke surface. He was apparently able to touch bottom, for he remained motionless, head and shoulders above the water, peering round in the half light. Presently he saw a suggestion of movement in the black rift six feet away, and instantly he moved in that direction, holding out his gun. He remembered that he was six inches taller than Sir Arthur, but that advantage was to be of little use to him, for almost immediately he stepped off the edge and disappeared.

When he came up, still holding his gun, he heard his employer calling his name. "I'm here, sir," shouted Ronald. "Here, on the island side. Can you bottom it, sir?"

"No!"

The gillie had regained his footing, and was again holding out his gun. Sir Arthur clutched it, and a moment later they were standing side by side.

"Goodness, isn't it devilish cold?" muttered Sir Arthur, but Ronald did not answer. He knew they were dead up against it, and that another hill loch tragedy was in the making. They would need all their breath to get out of this alive.

On every side the snow-covered ice stretched as far as they could see in the brooding dusk, save that about forty feet away a small rocky island, treeless and wind-swept, obstructed their view. "Hold

tight to me, sir," Ronald commanded. He was groping his way towards the island, thrusting the floating ice cakes aside with his big hands, and reaching the edge he raised his gun high overhead and brought down the butt—crash, crash, crash, as a forester clears the bush. Cake after cake it yielded, and Ronald thrust his way through, till his broad shoulders were clear of the surface, then crash again, and so on till he could break the ice under his weight. In less than four minutes they had reached the island, thanks to the strength and wiry determination of the gillie. They were safe for the moment, but the terrible cold was rapidly overpowering them.

Sir Arthur threw himself down on the ice-coated rocks, but in an instant Ronald's big hands were on his shoulders. "Don't lie down, sir, for heaven's sake!" he stammered out between convulsive shudders. "Keep moving till your blood begins to stir. We'll get the reaction soon, but if our clothes stiffen before that——"

Sir Arthur obeyed, struggling to a kneeling position. Around them was the great grey loneliness, with just a suggestion of aurora lights overhead. The nearest shore was half a mile away, and they could see only the outline of the great white hills against the sky.

"What about it, Ronald?" Sir Arthur shuddered out. "What about making tracks for the shore?"

"We can't, sir," came the grim answer. "I'll explain later. Meantime, see if you can put me on my back. You're the better man in most things, but I bet you can't do that. Now just try it, sir." And by way of a challenge he dealt his companion a smart slap across the cheek.

Sir Arthur would have been surprised but that he was beyond any such emotion. He tumbled to it promptly, and there, alone with the night, two thousand feet up, the men struggled with one another as though to settle a wager—sluggishly at first, but with increasing energy as their blood warmed to it. Once, twice, the keeper was all but down, but on each occasion victory



## THE QUIVER

was wrested from Sir Arthur by a quick movement on his opponent's part.

"By Jingo, Ronald, that was a good idea of yours!" exclaimed the younger man at the end of the bout. "I'm beginning to tingle now. That beastly sickness is gone. What about our next move?"

Ronald rose. "Truth is, sir, I don't know which way to move. We can't leave the island by the same side, because all the ice is cracked up, and on the other side the current flows and the ice is never safe. You get me, sir? If she wouldn't hold on that side, she won't hold on this. She drops down sheer to the old bed of the burn, and the ice is always thin. Watch!"

He took up a large stone and tossed it out. It went through the frozen surface like cardboard, and both men listened to the weird echoes. Sir Arthur groaned. "We'll risk it, Ronald," said he. "It's our only chance. This wind will freeze us stiff in under an hour, and we may as well be drowned as frozen inch by inch."

"That's so, sir," Ronald agreed. "I reckon we'll try the south point. It should be strongest there, just off the edge of the moving water."

"Right you are," Sir Arthur agreed. "We'll lie flat and keep moving evenly." Then he added thoughtfully, "Why the derned stuff let us through I can't make out. We've crossed scores of times before, every winter since I can remember."

They moved over to the south point of the island. "Now, sir, we'll have to go separately. Give me a good sixty feet start. Don't come near me till we are both well out on the sound ice. If she'll carry me she'll carry you."

But Sir Arthur had warmed up a little—in two senses. "Wait a minute," said he. "I don't see any special reason why you should lead. I'll toss you for it, Ronald."

But the gillie thrust him aside. "No, sir. It's for me to get you out."

"Why?" demanded Sir Arthur. He was not usually so brief, and the question seemed to catch his companion unawares.

Ronald managed to stammer out something about "My father served your father, and my grandfather your grandfather, so it's up to me to serve you." And at this Sir Arthur jerked out a laugh.

"Ronald," said he firmly, "you want to get that tosh out of your head to-night. We're dead up against it, and when men are face to face with—with their Creator"

—and Sir Arthur looked away—"no man is another man's servant. They're dead equal, and so I'll toss you on an equal footing."

Sir Arthur's hand was on the gillie's arm, holding him back, at which Ronald freed himself forcibly. "Look here, sir," he argued, "you don't know what you're talking about. What if I went back alone and told them you had crept out and gone through? Why, there isn't a man on the estate would think that much of me ever again." And Ronald clicked his big fingers on the bitter air.

"But there's another side," replied Sir Arthur. "I'm twenty-seven and unmarried. You're ten years older and—married."

Ronald glanced quickly across the ice, but after a moment's thought he said, "If my wife was here she'd say it's for me to go. I know my job. Let me go, sir. We'll both freeze."

"Your job!" echoed Sir Arthur. "See here, Ronald. What if I went back alone—had to tell your wife that I, unmarried, had let you creep out to test the accursed ice for me? What would she think? What would everyone think, though they might not say much? Your job? There's only one job which included being killed, and we're through with that."

"Yes, sir," Ronald agreed, "and in that job you led and I just followed with the other laddies. It's my turn to lead to-night."

But still Sir Arthur's fingers were locked on the rough tweed coat of his companion. "Let's toss for it like men, Ronald," he insisted, and began to grope through his pockets for a coin. His cold fingers could find nothing, and Ronald made another move towards the ice. Sir Arthur jerked him back. "Don't be an obstinate fool, for Heaven's pity!" he exclaimed impatiently. "We've been good pals all our lives and don't want to quarrel to-night."

"Then let me go, sir!"

"No!"

"See here, sir, let me go," and Ronald stiffened aggressively. Then suddenly he relaxed as though a thought had occurred to him. "Sir," he added, "you spoke about my wife a little while ago. If one of us gets out, and that one you, I know—"

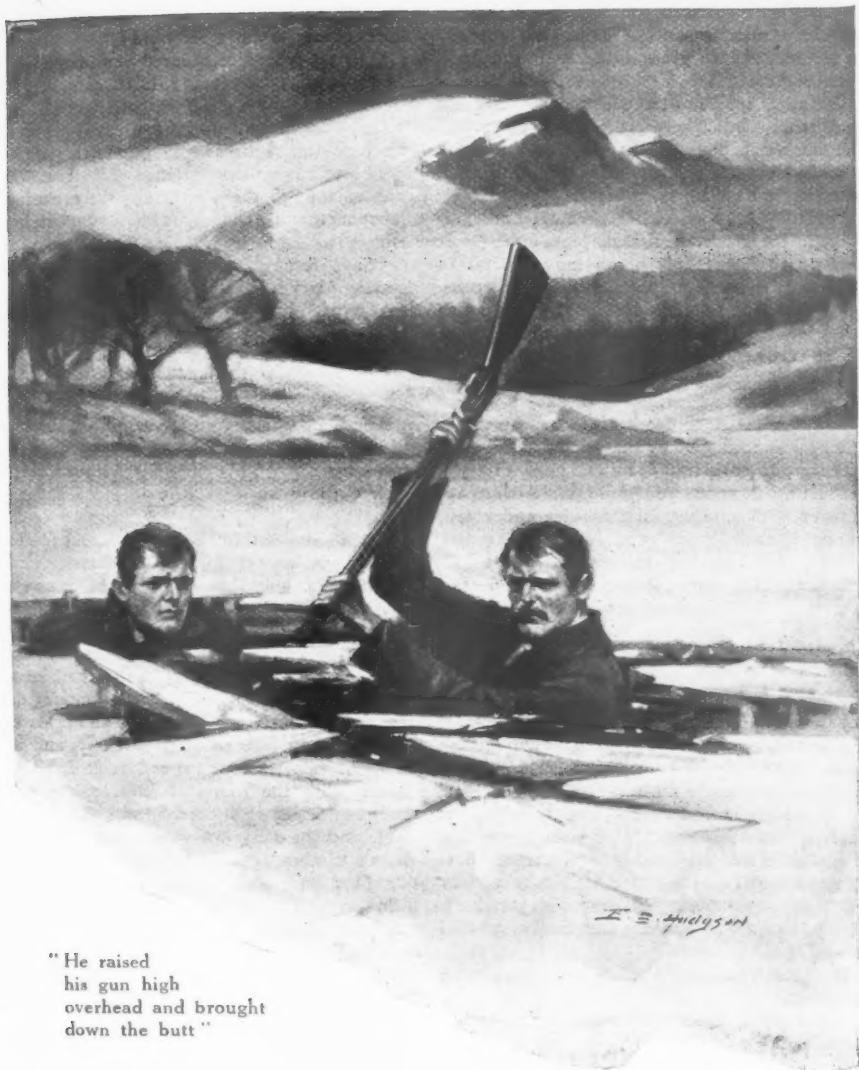
"Yes, Ronald, you know. You can be dead sure of that."

"And you'll give the kiddie a chance?"

"The kiddie?"

"Yes, sir. God willing."

"I didn't know," said Sir Arthur, his eyes



"He raised  
his gun high  
overhead and brought  
down the butt"

downcast. Then he added promptly:  
"Ronald, you weigh a good forty pounds  
heavier than I do. What on earth is the  
good of your creeping out and making a  
hole through the ice so that I can't follow?  
It might bear me yet let you through,  
and the one left behind will just freeze.  
Anyway, I'm going. Give me the bally  
gun."

But Ronald jerked the gun behind him.  
"You put up a strong case, sir, and we'll  
toss for it."

"You agree?"

"I agree."

Again the frenzied search for a coin, but  
none could be found. It seemed that the  
wind had died down, yet the surrounding  
silence was ominous. The northern lights  
had faded, and overhead the stars shone  
brightly. "Can't find a coin," stated the  
younger man eventually. He held his wrist  
watch to his ear. "It's stopped," he said.  
"The one who can guess nearest the time  
by it goes first."

## THE QUIVER

They both guessed, and Sir Arthur looked at the luminous dial. "Hang it!" he exclaimed. "The glass is broken and both hands gone!"

"Bother it!" muttered Ronald. "I'll tell you what, sir. There are pine cones on this island, washed up out of the peat from the old Caledonian forests. The one who finds the first pine cone goes first."

So they dropped to their knees, and both began to grope frenziedly for cones. It served to keep their blood moving and to restore the sense of touch to their fingers. Only three minutes had elapsed as yet since they ceased to wrestle, but another minute or so was added to it when Ronald cried out, "Here we are, sir," and almost simultaneously Sir Arthur called, "Got one, Ronald." It was all but a dead heat, but certainly there was no disputing that Ronald had been the first to call.

"Hang it, mon, you go!" Sir Arthur admitted. "Keep the gun crosswise under you, Ronald, and derved good luck!"

He clutched the gillie's hand, and it chanced that the pine cone Ronald had found was crushed between their palms. Sir Arthur took possession of it and held it to the light. "It isn't a pine cone at all!" he exclaimed. "It's a wet block of frozen peat!" And he looked into his companion's eyes triumphantly. "No, Ronald, my lad," he added, "you don't catch me. Give me the gun." And Sir Arthur tossed the scrap of peat away into the night.

Ronald muttered darkly, but there was no hiding the deception. With a hang-dog air he handed the gun over, and Sir Arthur flattened himself on the rotten ice. "Once clear of the danger point I'll fling the gun back for you to use, Ronald. But don't start till you get it."

"Right you are, sir. Good luck!" he shouted.

So Ronald crouched down on the windward side, watching the creeping figure of his friend and employer, waiting with nerves tense for the terrible booming and crashing which would mean certain death for Sir Arthur and probably for him too. The booming came. It spread far out, and seemed to vanish into the infinite stillness of the mountain night. Silence followed, and again the booming, this time with a malicious metallic click.

"All right, sir?"

"Doing fine."

Ronald was aware of sharp shooting pains up and down his legs and along his spine.

He felt infinitely drowsy. "Do you reckon she's going to hold, Ronald?"

Sir Arthur's voice seemed very far away. There was a gust of wind, bitter cold.

"She's holding, sir," Ronald jerked out. "They reckon ice isn't safe unless she booms. Keep to the right as you get farther on."

There was a long silence this time. It was as though the white hills were closing in upon them. Dense darkness was closing too.

"Say, Ronald, it's going to snow. It's getting darker. I'm out of the wood now, so I'm sending back the gun. Come on while it's light."

No answer.

"Say, Ronald, I'm sending back the gun."

Another savage gust, with a stinging blast of snow.

"Ronald!" This time Sir Arthur's voice awoke the echoes. "Ronald, for heaven's sake!"

Then Sir Arthur began to creep back, calling as he crept. All landmarks were blotted out now, but he kept the wind on his right temple. Sometimes he heard the booming of the ice. Once his groping fingers encountered a jagged edge, and beyond that he could hear the hiss of snow on the surface of black waters. Once again he thought he saw Ronald standing over him, bidding him be of good cheer, and he thought he reached up and took Ronald's hands with the touch of infinite love and friendship. Then indeed he was at Ronald's feet, and the snow was white upon Ronald's frozen clothing and about the frozen island.

"That you, sir?"

"Yes. Thank God I've found you. Didn't you hear me calling, Ronald?"

There was a pause, then faintly, "I thought I heard someone calling, but I didn't know it was you. Anyway, I reckon we're out of the wood now, Sir Arthur."

And the younger man answered, "Yes, Ronald, we're out of the wood now."

So they found them next day, their stark hands interlocked, the younger man with his head bowed between the knees of his companion. The rift in the ice, their ice-logged clothing, the terrific blizzard which last night had swept the range, and "Such evidence as there is," said the coroner, all pointed in one direction. And no one ever guessed that the scrap of wood, about the size of a pine cone, still firmly held in the fingers of the younger man, had any bearing on what had happened.



## IN SEARCH OF THE SUN

### Christmas

**I** OUGHT, of course, to begin by wishing my readers a bright and happy Christmas, and to continue by expanding on the same theme for three pages. Instead of that—

My excuse must be the dolefulness of our English "summer" this year, with its absence of sun and abundance of cloud. July found us praying for summer, August left us hoping for better things in September, and September did its worst and defied us to hope anything at all from October. Oh, the weather!

Now I am told that, really, the climate of these British Isles is the finest thing going. It is full of the unexpected, it engenders adaptability, cultivates flexibility. The weather is all right—the trouble is we are too rigid, too set in our notions. We pack off to the seaside in wet and cheerless August, and in December we bemoan our fate amid the gloom of the London streets instead of going away to find the sunshine.

### To Find the Sunshine

To find the sunshine! That, surely, is a noble quest. Why, after all, should we confine our holidays to bleak and rainy August? Why should we rush to the seaside when everybody else is queuing up, and pay fabulous sums to harassed landladies for the privilege of being in the fashion? In short, why not a winter holiday?

It was the first grey day of winter: London looked forbidding, the sky was murky, the streets wet, the morning crowds dismal. In search of the sun! The idea came to me as I meditated on the tragedy of a lost

summer. Surely there was still some sunshine somewhere? Why not find it, bask in it once again before buttoning up one's coat against the bitter wind and snow?

### Various Ways

Now there are various ways of spending a winter holiday: the most drastic is to take the next boat to Australia and reverse the seasons—but, then, it would be a summer holiday, after all, and not a winter one! The South of France holds out a welcome to the rich and idle—but I hear that even in the Riviera the wind sometimes blows treacherously cold. Switzerland with its sports sounds jolly—but sometimes, I understand, the snow won't fall properly, and one wades about in slush.

Anyhow, most people who want a holiday at this time of the year had better stick to England—and, to the discriminating and the wise, a winter holiday in England can be a really enjoyable and healthful business.

One must, of course, be far more careful in choosing the spot than in the summer—and be careful, too, in one's choice of an abode. But it can be done.

### Making for Bournemouth

In search of the sunshine! I thought round the problem a bit, looked at the clouds, tapped the barometer—and decided to make for Bournemouth.

Now I do not know in the least what the record of Bournemouth is in the matter of sunshine: I haven't looked up the guide book. But I have been to Bournemouth before in the winter time. Bournemouth is

## **THE QUIVER**

like a kind, tender mother that welcomes her ailing, tired children back to the fold. I have been to Bournemouth in practically every month of the winter, and have always found her kindly, hospitable, alive. You see, there is no "season" at Bournemouth—or, rather, the season extends all the year round. Visitors are always welcome—and always hospitably received. If it rains there is plenty of shelter, if it is dark a hundred soft lights play on gardens and walks and turn night into day.

Moreover—and this is a singular fact—all the hotels and boarding-houses are comfortable, clean, inviting. Central heating seems to be the rule instead of the exception. Then the shops— But I am getting on too soon to that sore topic!



### **Before the Light Failed**

I hurriedly passed the proofs of the last story for this Christmas Number, closed down the office desk and made for Waterloo. There I discovered my luggage—and Mrs. Editor, who was most eager to join in the search for the sunshine if the quest led to Bournemouth!

A few hours in a comfortable train, a cup of tea from the dining-car, and we were at Bournemouth before the light had failed. We wandered round, alighted on an hotel, and were fortunate enough to secure a bedroom facing the sea. This, by the way, is really fortunate for Bournemouth. There are many places I could name where you could find at this time of the year a hundred bedrooms all facing the sea and all vacant. Indeed I once spent a week at an hotel on the sea front at a very fashionable seaside town where we were given the best bedroom in the place—facing the sea. We promptly discovered we were the only ones in the establishment: it was the beginning of July—a week before the "season" started! As I have said, Bournemouth's "season" extends from January to December, and we found that, at the week-end, the hotel was quite full—and engaging rooms out.



### **The Sun at Last**

That night we fell asleep to the sound of the waves, and in the morning the shy winter sun awoke us.

The sun at last!

In the morning we walked down to the

pier, and then through the Gardens. The Gardens are a great feature of Bournemouth. I admit that of late years the authorities have built a promenade along the front, extending right from Bournemouth to Boscombe, and a quaint little motor-bus, with tiny wheels, performs the journey at the regulation speed of eight miles an hour. But I maintain that this concession to the prejudices of the promenader does not affect the claims of the Gardens to chief consideration. The Gardens extend from the sea front inland at right angles to the sea, and, in winter and summer alike, they are as beautiful as they are restful. In the hot weather they are sheltered from the heat of the sun, in the autumn the trees are glorious in their colouring, and, on a rare occasion I have seen them turned by the magic of the frost into a veritable fairyland of silver beauty.

The famous Invalids' Walk is but one of the features of these Gardens, which seem to extend for ever and ever, for I never yet have penetrated right to the end of them. Farther along, at Boscombe on the one side and Branksome on the other, are chimes almost equally beautiful.



### **Unhurried and Unworried**

Life at Bournemouth is unhurried and unworried. One strolls through the Gardens, walks along the front to Branksome and the other chimes and returns by tram to lunch.

After lunch one takes the tram to Christchurch. This is a part of the routine not to be missed. I remember the trams first being extended to Christchurch, and the wonder of the long journey on the top of the car. Now the wonder is that the town has followed the trams to Christchurch: all along the route fresh suburbs—Fisherman's Walk, Southbourne, etc.—have sprung up, until in the not far distant future Bournemouth and Christchurch will be one.

At Christchurch one pays sixpence and inspects the Abbey: I mean that one does it at each and every visit, for the wonderful old chantries and walls and monuments are worth visiting again and again. It seems impossible to believe that the cunningly fashioned alabaster is not quite new; the pure air of Christchurch has preserved it against the ravages of time and enabled one to see these emblems of another age in all their original beauty.

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also visit Wimborne Minster. I remember one of my first visits to the Minster was, in the old days, by horse *char-à-banc*, when we were accompanied by a dear old Plymouth Brother. The glory of the country in its autumn garb seemed to appeal specially to the ingenuous mind of the untravelling saint, and I thought that the earthly glories made a deeper impression on his otherworldly mind than he was willing to own. He grudgingly admitted that it was "very beautiful indeed."



### A Word of Advice to Married Men

Having "done" Christchurch and Wimborne, one can take the tram west to Poole, or search out Sandbanks and eventually see Swanage. But, to whatever married men there be who read these pages, I would offer the advice that, having done Christchurch and Wimborne, one had better do Wimborne and Christchurch again, and then the same yet again.

The fares are remarkably cheap, and one can get tea in picturesque comfort at either place. The alternative is—the shops. Now the shops are alluring, inviting, the wealth of the Indies politely placed before the eyes of frail mortals. A mere man unaccompanied can taste these delights and come through unscathed, but his wife will be lucky if, after a morning among the Bournemouth shops, she escapes with only a costume or two and a few hats. I admit that the goods are remarkably cheap, and the comfort of the establishments and the politeness of the attendants far and away superior to what one is accustomed to in rushing, bustling London—and, of course, a lady must have new clothes. But, there, I had better not say too much, for whilst Mrs. Editor was shopping I wandered into a motor-car emporium, and the attendant not only explained all the intricacies of his model but insisted on taking me out on it half over Bournemouth, and only the timely reappearance of Mrs. Editor and the absence of my cheque book saved me from buying the car there and then.



### Music as a Permanent Feature

In the evening the shops are closed, and one goes, as a matter of course, to the Winter Gardens. I should explain that Bournemouth believes in music. The music of Bournemouth costs the town something like a 1½d. rate, but it is worth it as an

attraction to the place. All the year round one can enjoy music of the best order at Bournemouth. Everybody, of course, has heard of Sir Dan Godfrey, the musical director. I suppose it must be twenty-five years ago that I first heard Dan Godfrey—he had not been knighted then. Night after night, one Easter after another, I listened to the exquisite music he provided. Naturally on this visit we made for the Winter Gardens at the first occasion. This time Sir Dan was good enough to see me for a few minutes before the concert. He had just returned from a visit to Manchester, where he had conducted the Hallé Orchestra, and had had to spend the night in the train in order to be back in time personally to conduct his own orchestra. Sir Dan believes in the mission of music as an educative force, and has, with that view, started a series of musical talks for children. He regretted that English people are not so enthusiastic about music as some of the people on the Continent, and told me that it was by no means easy to run a municipal orchestra successfully.

But Sir Dan combines in an unusual degree musical talent with business acumen, which probably is the reason why he has been able for so many years to maintain Bournemouth's musical reputation to the delight of both town and visitors. An interesting programme has been arranged for the winter months—and the seats are wonderfully cheap!

Needless to say, we thoroughly enjoyed the concert, as did the crowds who filled the hall.



### Strong Church Life

So far the daily routine. On Sundays one goes to church. I mention that because it is not always the rule in seaside resorts. But Bournemouth, besides its reputation for music and shops, has a record of Church life that is an outstanding feature of the place. We went on Sunday to the Congregational Church to hear Dr. J. D. Jones. We went early, and it is as well that we did: every seat in that large church was occupied, and there were chairs in the aisles, too. This, it should be emphasized, was no special occasion, but just an ordinary Sunday service at an ordinary time of the year. There are some square pegs in round holes in the ministry as in secular life, but Dr. J. D. Jones is not one of them. He fits so admirably into the life of Bournemouth that you can almost

## THE QUIVER

imagine that the town has produced him for its own special needs.

Dr. Jones's style is quiet and unsensational, as healing and helpful as the air of Bournemouth. Many people go to the town especially to hear him, and the church is always full when he preaches.

But "Jones of Bournemouth" has never been content just to fill a fashionable church in a wealthy seaside town. His time, thought and heart have always been at the service of his less fortunate brothers, and his influence not only on his own denomination, but on religious life generally, is profound. As a sidelight on this I might mention that Dr. Jones has just been elected to succeed Mr. Pringle as the next chairman of the Congregational Union—and this for the second time, an unusual honour.

### How the Hotels are Run

On Monday morning we went for a last walk in the Gardens, and then back to the hotel to pay the bill and collect our luggage before returning to smoky, busy London. I complimented the hotel manager on the delightfully easy way in which things ran in his establishment, and the comfort and hospitality we had enjoyed. He told me he made a hobby of his business. He wanted to make every one of his guests at home and satisfied, and then he knew that their personal recommendation would fill the house. In an unusually frank moment he let me into the secrets of hotel management: he told me, among other things, that every guest costs two guineas a week for food alone. He aimed at keeping the place comfortably full year in and year out, made no attempt at fancy prices for special seasons, but fixed the tariff at just a small percentage over cost, and relied on a continuous custom rather than a "good season" for profit. This is, of

course, different from the places where the boarding-houses reckon to make enough in August to keep them in idleness for the rest of the year—but it is just a sample of how things are done in Bournemouth.

### A Typical Visitor

I asked him who was the typical winter visitor to Bournemouth. He told me that elderly people who had retired and are "looking round" provide the bulk of his patronage. They go from place to place, resting after the fatigues of a lifetime of work. Then they settle down—perhaps buy a house at Southbourne or other of the suburbs of Bournemouth and enjoy the rest of their days in the sunshine.

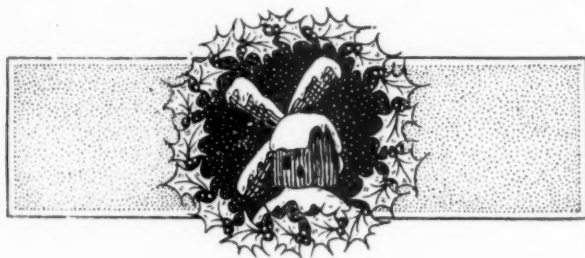
### In Days of Convalescence

Apart from that people recovering from pneumonia are the most numerous visitors to the town. Chilly January and trying February find victims both young and old, and, naturally enough, when the stage of convalescence is reached Bournemouth lures them irresistibly.

The sun shone from a cloudless sky as we drove to the station to catch the London express. We left with regret; but, after all, we had found the sunshine—and the hotel man said there were still a few vacancies for Christmas.

However that may be, I am back again, slightly sunburnt and fit. "Every man is an optimist after a holiday" a friend told me once. That may be, but it is in cheerful mood that I start work again, pausing only to wish each and every one of my readers "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

*The Editor*





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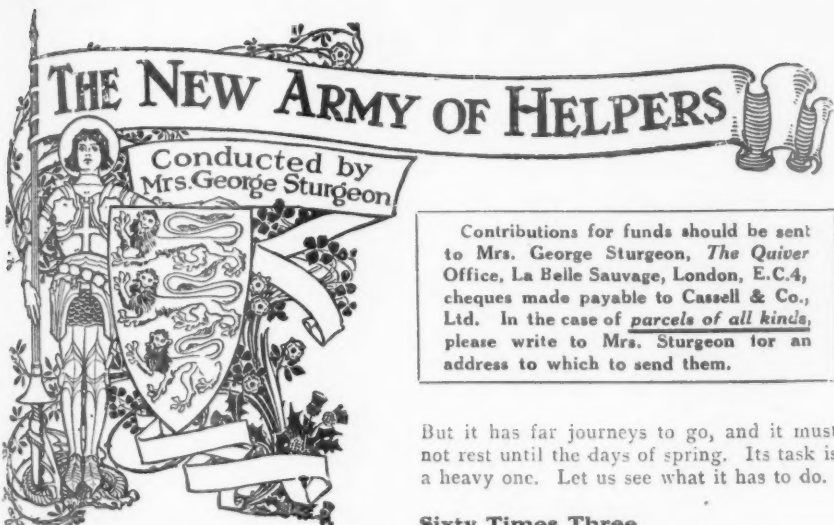
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But it has far journeys to go, and it must not rest until the days of spring. Its task is a heavy one. Let us see what it has to do.

### Forethought and Fires

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—To my surprise and great pleasure I received on July 12 two gifts—one of a guinea and one of ten shillings—for the Coal Fund. I was the more surprised because in an almost uninterruptedly chilly and unsettled summer July 12 was one of the few hot days—a glorious, open-air, sunbaked day, which gave no foretaste of winter and the hearth. What, I wondered, had moved two kind Helpers simultaneously to send these welcome gifts? The generosity of Helpers never surprises me now—I know too much about it, how it seeks out and spends itself almost stealthily on the neglected—but it was just the time of the year that made me wonder. And then I realized that forethought and imagination must have prompted the gifts. The two wise Helpers—they were totally unconnected with one another—foresaw that few and fleeting would be the days of basking sunshine, and many the grey and the cold. They pictured the empty grate, and laid the first fire nearly five months ago.

On September 25 I received £2, sent anonymously for coal; and in the early days of October came another windfall—a cheque for £20 from a most loyal Helper, who said she wished me to use half of it for the Fire Fund. I am again adding £3 from myself—the cost of supplying an empty grate for four months—so the Fund sets out on its Christmas appeal with £16 11s., a fine start.

### Sixty Times Three

I think a good many of us felt rather glad when autumn came this year, and it was no longer necessary to pretend that it was summer; when we could light our fires and draw from them the cosiness and the comfort which are winter's best accompaniment. But it is not so with the very poor. The day of the first fire has to be postponed as long as possible. When I consider the weekly budget, and see the cost of what I regard as a minimum standard of good, but not luxurious, food and comfort, I marvel that the meagre incomes of those we help can keep them clothed and alive. The unpleasant fact is that they are—they must be—extremely poorly clothed and fed.

There are about sixty names on the list I have just compiled. The majority we helped with firing last year, and I know that there is a flutter in their hearts now. Will the monthly money come again—the God-send that left a little more for the food that also helps to keep out the cold? Will the joy of the fire be enhanced by the knowledge that when it dies down there is more fuel with which to re-kindle it, or must the moments of warmth be almost painful because they may be the last? The answer to the eager questions lies with the Helpers and with their response to my appeal.

I should like to tell you something of each of the sixty homes which I ask you to help, but that is impossible. I can only briefly review them. The poverty and genuine need of all are, unfortunately, vouched for



## THE QUIVER



Three for the swings:  
At Dr. Barnardo's

Photo:  
a Reg. Silk

There are cultured women, not young, not strong, suffering privation silently; invalids unable to work, existing on incomes of under £1 a week; a large contingent from the Midland parish, whose bleakness and terrible back-to-back slum houses are an abiding memory with me; there are widows struggling to bring up families of young children and making endless sacrifices for them; victims of unemployment, who wear out boot leather and health in their hopeless search. I can only quote one letter, but there are many others like it:

"The struggle is bitterly hard, and sometimes it takes all the pluck I may have not to be completely crushed and utterly dispirited. Thank you so much for the sentiments expressed in your letter; it did me good to read it. The ros. will be very useful, and it is so good of you to offer coal and other requisites which will be most welcome. You have brought sunshine to my heart and outlook."

I have said that there are sixty homes on my list. These I regard as the minimum whom we must help. I know that during the cold months others in want will write to me, that I shall investigate their appeals and want to add new names to my list. I know that the vicar of the Midland parish, whose people's sufferings are his own, will tell me of the poor and the sick whom we

cannot leave in cold rooms. I shall need a reserve to help these.

### The Third Fire Fund

To come to figures, £180 will cover the cost of four months' firing for sixty homes—in the majority of cases one fire warms many people. Over and above that I should like a reserve fund of £30. But I want as much as you can possibly send.

This is the third Fire Fund. The first year we raised a little over £60; last year we more than doubled it with £156. This Christmas let us more than double that. Do not be afraid of subscribing too much. It would be good to be able to continue the fires into April, often a treacherous and chilly month. I can promise you that every pound and every penny you send will be well spent and very, very thankfully appreciated.

### Laughter and Fresh Air

After a visit to Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Village Home at Barkingside on a golden autumn afternoon my memory teemed with all the interesting things I had seen; but if I had had to condense my impressions into four words I should have said, "Laughter and fresh air,"—two of the best things in the world.

The journey was horrid. From Liverpool Street a slow train crawled its way through the dinginess and smoke of sordid districts, from which, I reflected, many of Dr. Barnardo's family had doubtless been drawn. All the more delightful, therefore, was the contrast of the green fields and trees that broke upon me just before the train drew up at Barkingside. Gladly I drew breaths of fresh air as I walked from the station and saw the open sky above me. Almost at once I came to the gates of the village home, and in the hands of a kind guide I made a tour of inspection.

It is difficult to imagine anything quite so complete and self-contained as this village unless one has seen it or unless one is familiar with the undertakings of Dr. Barnardo, whose genius expressed itself both in

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

conception and in administration. We first visited the church, presented by a supporter in memory of her mother—no small building to hold the 1,400 girls who assemble there every Sunday. From there we sauntered along sunny paths, past some of the "cottages"—bright detached little houses, in each of which live twenty girls of varying ages and their "mother." The cottages all look out on to wide lawns and flower-beds or playing-fields, and have small gardens of their own behind—the very antithesis of overcrowding. Sunlight streams into them.

We made our way to the school, and were lucky to pass the playground during an interval, when scores of tiny children, gay in their bright frocks, were swinging, climbing, running and laughing in the exhilarating autumn sunshine. Bonnie and brown and well fed they looked, these ex-destitute children. Then a bell rang, and in a second silence fell. With a fine discipline the small children fell into line and returned to their classrooms. We heard them sing, and saw girls of all ages sewing and studying.

### The Pied Piper

Then we went on to the hospital, where every ailment, simple or serious, is skilfully treated. Sunshine poured into the wards, and several children lay in open-air huts outside. Apart from the hospital there is a department for the treatment and care of cripples, for, alas! early neglect and ill-treatment cause many terrible defects. I saw a girl, now grown up and walking briskly about the grounds, and was told that she came as a small child, so deformed that she had hardly grown at all. She is undersized and lame now, but, as my guide put it, "she can enjoy life." One trembles to think what her fate would have been if she had not been brought to Dr. Barnardo.

I saw a bright room where electric baths,

massage and exercises were strengthening weak and mis-shapen limbs. And as I looked I thought of Dr. Barnardo as the Pied Piper, piping the children from squalid streets and sordid homes into open spaces and sunshine that healed their weak, pale bodies and filled their minds too with health and light. How I wished that none need be left behind.

We saw a sad sight—a room where the permanently crippled and mentally defective girls gather to pass their time in embroidering and lace-making; but sadness was almost dispelled by wonder at the exquisite work that these handicapped girls produce. The lady in charge showed me some examples that fairly took my breath away; but I guessed, and she confirmed my surmise, that much time and patience on the part of teacher and worker lie behind the skill. The work is for sale, and in this way these helpless girls are largely self-supporting, whereas outside the village work for them would be an impossibility. In this village Dr. Barnardo's proud boast, "No destitute child ever refused admission," could claim an almost finer sequel, "No helpless girl turned away." At the age of sixteen the



Tea time in the open at the Girls' Village Home

vast majority, fit and well trained, leave to take up work in the world, but those who will never be whole in mind or body are

## THE QUIVER

kept on and cared for. A greater-hearted work never existed.

### The Barnardo Baby

There is a home for babies, but this I could not see, as there was infection there. But I must not forget the splendid laundry, where the hale and hearty under skilled guidance and with all the most modern appliances carry on the laundry work, not only for their own village, but for all the other homes. From 25,000 to 35,000 garments are dealt with every week, and beautifully turned out they are. Cooking and dress-making are also carefully taught.

Passing the allotments, where the girls have their own gardens and are very proud of their produce, we came to another large semicircle of cottages, and one of these we visited. The kind "mother" gladly showed us round, first introducing us to Dot, the baby of the family, an attractive little creature of 2½, bright eyed and brown, who is too young for school and successfully plays the part of everybody's pet. She accompanied us on our tour of the cottage and sang to us. A happier baby never lived. We saw the dining-room, the playroom cheerful with toys and books, the bedrooms bright with pink covers and full of fresh air. Photographs were printing in frames on the window ledges. It was difficult to realize that this was not just an ordinary home or boarding-school, so normal and happy and wholesome it all was. Dot, in her "mother's" arms—one wondered where her real mother might be—waved us a sunny good-bye.

Our tour was nearly over. On the way out we passed a very moving memorial—Dr. Barnardo's grave. It is very fine to think that he rests among his children.

Farther on we saw a group of Girl Guides. There is a Dr. Barnardo's Company of Guides and Brownies, and tremendously keen they are. Many had been to camp, and the movement, I was told, had done much to link the girls up with others. As "Guides" the first contingent of girls from Barkingside Village left for Australia and were received by the Queen.

### Wanted: an Empire Cottage

Emigration in batches is much encouraged and successfully carried out, and the Governor told me, when I asked her whether any special scheme was on foot—it is only the stale and the stagnant who write full stop—that she hopes to build an Empire

Cottage, where the girls chosen for emigration can live together for a time before their departure, learn to know one another and have lectures on the country to which they are going. It is an excellent idea, and donations for this purpose will be gratefully received.

Another "want" is a library. At present the girl who reads must do so in the cottage playroom, where silence can hardly be expected. It would be a great boon to have a quiet sanctuary with a good collection of books.

### Important Notice

I have recently discovered that several Helpers have been sending generous gifts of money direct to those with whom I have put them in touch. Will Helpers in future kindly *send all money to me?* I most gladly pass on *at once* all gifts sent for special cases, but it is obviously desirable—if only to prevent overlapping—that I should know what is being done financially for those on my lists. Or, if Helpers very much prefer to send direct, will they be so good as to let me know what they are sending and to whom? For instance, I know at the present moment of a reader who is sending £1 a month to an invalid girl and of another who makes a poor family a regular allowance. Such help is incalculably valuable, but it is *most necessary* that I should know exactly where it is going.

### Shop and Support

To be sure of buying the right thing and to do a really good turn at the same time is to shop through the New Army of Helpers. My workers are hoping for a "boom" this Christmas, so please do not disappoint them. Our catalogue is the list of QUIVER workers and their wares, which I shall gladly send to all who ask for it. Appropriate and attractive booklets of verses, painted Christmas cards, sweets, knitted and crochet goods of all kinds, framed pictures, embroidered goods, tea cosies and fancy work, raffia work, baskets, trays—anything and everything we can supply. As the shops say, "give us a trial." Our supporters come back again and again.

### Christmas Gifts

When it comes to Christmas gifts for ourselves, the following would be most acceptable:

Boots and shoes of all sizes.

Men's clothing of all kinds.

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Votes for the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney.

A friend to pay an occasional visit to a lonely invalid in the East End of London. Children's clothes.

A pair of carvers, some dinner knives, and some old table linen and cotton sheets.

*Please ask for an address to which to send gifts.*

### The "Army" Appreciated

I have a bundle of letters thanking my Helpers through me for their kindness, but I can only make a few extracts. I hope they will convince those who have already helped how much their efforts are appreciated and encourage others to join our ranks, for there is plenty of work for all to do:

"I would like to thank you for the help you have so kindly given Mrs. J. I don't think I ever saw anyone more grateful than she was, both for clothing and cheque. Each time she came to tell me, and it is a long walk for her."

"I often wonder how I should do without the kindness of THE QUIVER friends in so many ways, and hope they realize how much I appreciate it all."

"I must write and thank you with all my heart for so kindly telling Miss F. and her friend Miss G. of my need of a mattress. I have such a beauty sent me. I am sure you know what it means to me to have a good rest

at night. I shall not want to get up in the morning, I am afraid—I shall be far too comfortable!"

"I do not know how to sufficiently thank both the kind donor and yourself for the parcel. It contained some of the very articles of clothing we were in need of, while as to fit, that could not have been better had we been fitted for them. I will close with repeated and sincerest thanks from the children and myself."

"I thank you most warmly for your kind help towards this delightful and health-giving holiday. It will be something to think of all winter. I am feeling much better already with the pure and reviving sea-air. I have been indoors for nine years, so perhaps you can judge what a great joy I am now having."

### Fifty-Five "Quiver" Children

Readers will be glad to know that with £55 we more than doubled last year's collection for the Children's Country Holidays Fund, and were responsible for fifty-five happy summer fortnights. I have a most grateful letter from the Secretary. A kind Helper wrote:

"We have just returned from a very enjoyable holiday in Jersey, having stayed with people whose name we received through you. We therefore have much pleasure in sending you 10s., which may help towards someone else having a holiday."

Another helper sent £5 for holidays for women and children



H.M. the Queen inspecting the work of Girls in the Embroidery School at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barkingside

Photo:  
Central News

## THE QUIVER

I should also like to record a generous and anonymous gift of £40 sent to me to be used for the benefit of tuberculous ex-Service men. It is always a great pleasure to me to obtain information for intending donors and to pass money on for philanthropic purposes.

### Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*SOS Fund*.—Anon (for the reader who keeps a boarding-house), 10s.; F. F., 10s.; Cotnam, Bristol, 5s.; C. T. (for tuberculous ex-Service men), £40; M. G. S., £6.

*Children's Country Holidays Fund*.—M. Smith, Torquay, 2s. 6d. A good pair of boots was also sent anonymously.

I also send many thanks to the following for letters, gifts and donations:

Mrs. Jones, Miss E. Claringbould, Miss Cecilia Shaw, Mrs. Allsopp, Miss A. M. Steele, Mrs. Grahame Bailey, Mr. Alfred Martin, Miss Effie Smith, Miss Daphne Hammonde, Miss E. Pye, Mrs. Ferens, Miss Ethel Wharton, Mrs. Sims, Mr. Bunker, Miss E. Roe, Mr. Anderson, Mr. H. M. Brooker, Miss A. Summerland Smith, Miss F. S. Graham, Miss O'Loughlin, Mr. Amos, Mrs. Hindley, Miss Irwin, Miss

H. Turner, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Savage-Tyers, Miss G. Harris, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Miss Evans, Miss Georgina Crouch, Miss Stott, Miss E. Brain, Mrs. McLaren, Rev. W. H. Campbell, Mr. William Robinson, Miss Florence Edwards, Rev. Hedley Plumtree, Miss Williams, Rev. Y. D. Robinson, Miss H. M. Swan, Miss C. M. Fox, Miss Annie Jack, Mr. Frederick How, Miss E. F. Pye, Mr. Basil Leakey, Miss M. E. Dolton, Mrs. McNeill, Mrs. G. Miles, Rev. C. R. Williams, Miss Sinclair, Rev. Edward Platt, Miss F. Webb, Mrs. White, Miss Leonora Howson, Miss Helen Gladstone, Miss S. E. Stride, Mrs. Robert Dimsdale, Miss Ena Patterson, Miss McAdam, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Tucker, Miss E. S. Cope, Miss Hadlow, Mrs. Dummere, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Stanford, Mr. F. C. Davies, Miss Brewer, Miss Edith Brettin, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Gough, Miss Mildred Unwin, Mrs. Parkinson, Mr. Irwin Hudson, Miss A. E. Morris, Mrs. Ruympe, Miss J. Shelley, Miss Alice Peters, Mrs. Parkes, Miss O. Dyer, Miss C. Toy, Miss E. M. Wood, Mrs. Miller, Miss F. L. Jenkins, Mrs. R. G. Marsden, Miss Kate Whitehead, Mr. George Kayley, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. King, Miss Handford, Miss L. A. Robinson, and others.

With best wishes for a happy Christmas and a final appeal for the Fire Fund,

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.

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And now that Mercolized Wax can be got at any chemist's at 2/- a jar, it is indeed within the reach of all.



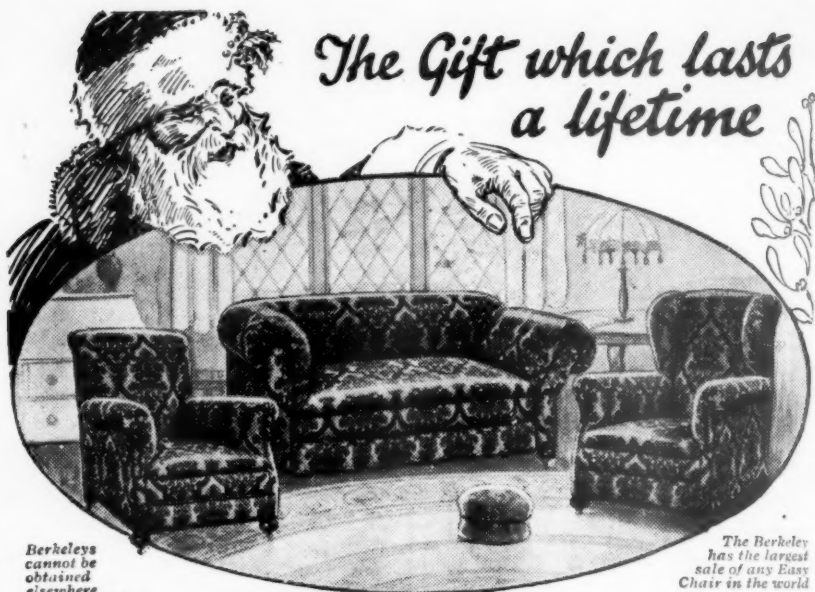
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# "The Quiver" Parliament

A GREAT many letters were received in answer to the challenge contained in a recent article, "Why I Would Rather Be a Woman: by a Man." No one who discusses the subject seriously will fail to admit the ease with which the woman's point of view can be put—the difficulty has rather been to select from such a large number of able replies!

However, I am awarding the prize of Five Guineas to the writer of the first letter printed here, and am sending a volume to each of the writers of the other letters from which I give extracts.

Having admitted the force of the arguments employed, I might just mildly remonstrate that many of the reasons given are not so much a question of a change of sex as of change of characteristics. For instance, one writer deplores the "fact" that, as a woman, she cannot sleep in the house alone. She hasn't the courage. As a matter of fact, more women sleep alone in houses than do men—some women live entirely alone in a house—which very few men do. So it cannot be so much a question of sex as of courage. Others deplore the lack of physical strength in women. Quite so, but the matter is comparative. I am a man of average physique, yet I know several respectable ladies who are stronger at gardening and even at carrying heavy weights than I am!

However, we have already had the man's side of the argument, so here is the woman's:

## How a Woman Teacher Feels

Of course we all tend to underestimate the disadvantages of the lives of others, and so it's natural for women to wish they were men. Such wishing does no good, but there is a great deal behind the wish; and such women as I would certainly stand to gain a great deal could human sex be changed as the sex of certain individual fowls has changed.

Take my own work—teaching in a primary school. Were I a man in the same position I should not be expected to understand needlework nor any of the school duties connected with needlework; but I should, as a matter of course, be granted one pound extra for every four I earn at present, merely because I was

## "Why I Would Rather Be a Man"

### The Woman's Point of View

a man! Of course, it might possibly cost me a fraction more to live because I should scarcely be expected to make my own jumpers (I mean shirts) or to darn my own socks and renovate my own attire generally. No, I should sit and smoke and let someone else do that.

Or suppose I wished to marry. At present marriage for a woman teacher means resignation—the two are synonymous terms—in this area, at any rate. I have nothing to do here with the rights and wrongs of this matter, but with the fact. If I marry I give up work which is interesting and which I have been specially trained to do and undertake duties which may not be congenial. So I take a very serious risk and change my whole mode of life.

Were I a man my work would continue, only the domestic side of life would change, and the main stream of interest would remain as it was before.

The man returns home to a comfortable fire, good meals, a place where he may rest and study, unless he has chosen and treated his wife foolishly; and all he has to do is to earn the money to pay for it. A wife toils seven days a week during all her waking hours, and is well paid by a smile or a grunt of approval at the end of ten years of married life. Not for her are special hobbies or studies, either they are too expensive or she is too busy. Of course she is happy if she likes this sort of thing, but I would rather be the man in such a partnership, and would think the woman's share bought at too high a price even in the happiest home in which I have ever passed a night.

Men are expected to follow their own tastes and inclinations—it is taken as a matter of course that they should do so; but women should consider others, they should sacrifice themselves. If a man chooses to indulge in solitary walks no one interferes; if a woman does so—the Mrs. Grundys straight away put another construction upon it. If men travel, or change their occupation, or insist upon special comforts, nothing happens; they have a right to; but no such rights fall to the lot of women unless they fight tooth and nail for them, and then the scratches show, and the bitterness remains.

"But why should Jack make me put his toys away?" asked Mary at the end of a game. "Because he's a boy," her mother said gently. That's it. One way or another there's a great load of injustice against women; the dice is loaded every time, and the unfairness is very hard to bear.

More is expected from women. Theirs is a higher standard of conduct and morality; they are judged by a different law; their duty to home and parents is more keenly insisted upon.

## THE QUIVER

Now, I am too much interested in intellectual things and in the study of human nature myself to want to do all these daring or slightly wrong things that some men find alluring; but I do hate to feel the bonds all the time, and the clink of the chains that all women wear under our present social system is irritating beyond measure. The skirt is the symbol of all this servitude.

How long do you think a man would put up with a skirt, even one of the shortest skirts of to-day? He would soon slit the seams and rid himself of the feeling of imprisonment. Now I am used to skirts, have worn them all my life, and am not conscious of their hampering effect save when I wish to climb stiles or stand upon desks or board a *char-à-banc*; but why should I be forced to submit to this imprisonment when I see others striding away free and unrestricted? There is no fairness in it. No wonder men boast their physical superiority. It is like fighting an opponent who has one hand tied behind his back.

Ask the prisoner, even though his bars be gilded, whether he would like to be free, and you expect but one answer, nay, you would take the answer for granted. And yet, you can ask, "Would you rather be a man?" and doubt the answer.

M. WHITAKER.

### Why I Envy Men

What a pity that the man who would rather be a woman cannot have his wish! He would soon change his mind; not even for the greater "expectation of life" which would then be his would he wish to remain a woman.

Women, no doubt, may and do bear pain and illness better than men do, but that is not a proof of greater strength. On the contrary, I believe men have more strength than women. They do not suffer so much as women do from minor ailments, which, although not serious, are very trying.

Many times a woman has to do her ordinary work although suffering. She has no time to "fuss," and if she had no one would take much notice of her. Let the man of the house develop a cold or some other trifling ailment. Of course he thinks he is very ill indeed, and he easily succeeds in getting fussed over to his heart's content. He spends a nice time at home surrounded by every comfort. I would like to be looked after as he is the next time I have a cold.

I wish that I could keep as quiet as men do at exciting or trying times. I know that the excitement which seizes me is due to nerves which are not so strong as those of a man, and that it would be better if I could keep quieter. Great excitement brings exhaustion in its train. I therefore envy men their power of keeping quiet.

The average man has few domestic worries, if any, and very few women escape this trial. Even business women have their share of home-work and worry. They are expected, as a matter of course, to help in the trying routine of the home, but the man is excused all such work. He is exempted only by reason of his incapability, but it must be glorious to have nothing to do in his leisure hours except to work at his own particular hobby, or play, or do nothing just as he chooses. No cleaning, no

dusting, no tidying, no mending, no making new garments or household articles, how I envy him!

If business women find their domestic work trying, what of the woman who looks after a home and a family? She knows the truth of that old adage, "Woman's work is never done." There is always something to do. Washing, mending, making, cooking, and countless other jobs always waiting. Never does she get them all finished, for new ones crop up before she has finished the other. Not so in the case of the man. He is the wage-earner, and must rest when he is at home. I wish I could do the same.

A man knows just when he will finish working. The woman at home has no such definite hours, and envies the man who has.

Then why is it that even though a woman may be doing the same work as a man, she is expected to work for a smaller salary? They say it costs more for a man to live, but I find that I have to pay the same for my food, lodging, etc., that a man does, while my clothes are often more expensive than a man's. I should like that extra bit of salary. JEAN BROOKE.

### "If Only—"

It seems rather a tragic thing that men wishing they were women and women wishing they were men should exist at all. Why not accept our sex and make the most of what our sex means to us? Yet it cannot be denied that to many of us the times are numerous when we cry out in all sincerity and in poignant hopelessness, "If only—"

It would be old-fashioned to say that I wish I were a man because a man can go out into the world and do things, and hold his own in important positions which women envy, for women have tasted of those things and their place in public work and affairs is becoming less and less a novel thing. My cry is not, therefore, in that direction. Indeed, to many readers my reasons would seem scarcely worth putting forward. Yet it has been truly said that it is the little things that count, and assuredly the summing up of a number of little things may mean life's happiness or its misery.

I think women who are nervous must always wish they were men. Physically they feel at a disadvantage. To give point to this I want to tell you some of the occasions when I wish I were a man. I live with a brother and sister, and sometimes my sister and I go away together, leaving my brother alone in the house. Now, I envy him being able to do that. I couldn't, and I think most women are afraid of being in a house alone. Physically they are aware that should the "creatures" of their imagination come to life they could not cope with them. And it is this physical disadvantage which is the essential drawback to doing many things which men can do with impunity.

Now, at present for a considerable part of the year I live in a quiet place, but I love the town. Whenever I go there it is one of my greatest wishes many a time simply to stand at a crowded corner and watch the buzz of life around me. I want particularly to watch the people. Men do it. I have seen them. They stand in crowds and no one asks them why they do it. I have tried it, but have realized



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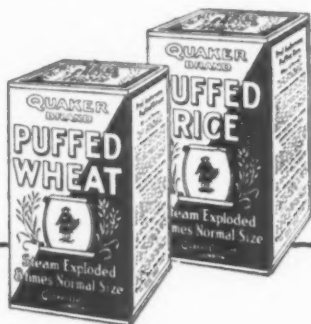
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## "THE QUIVER" PARLIAMENT

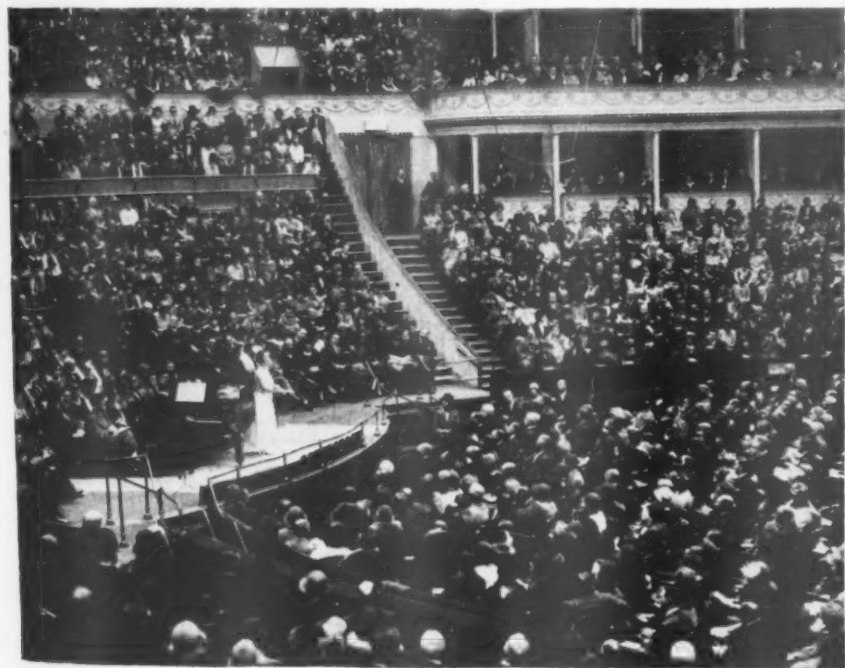
that such a pleasure was not for me. Before I had stood very long I had become aware of curious glances—glances chiefly from the opposite sex—then I would become conscious that I was a wearer of skirts! But how I longed for a fairy wand so that in a moment I might find myself standing nonchalantly, with hands in pockets, surveying unquestioned the wonderful scene before and around me.

Another thing—how fascinated I am with the City at night—its lights and the mysterious hum of life. I have gone out into the midst of it all, but time and again I have been reluctantly forced to retrace my footsteps. I have hastened away from meaning glances, insulting approaches and a disgust of my fellow-creatures. For man's freedom to walk abroad when he wishes, for his immunity from physical fear, I envy him.

Then if I were a man there is a chance that I would be doing work which, because of my sex and perhaps because of my sensitiveness, I have abandoned all thought of. I am not going to state the nature of the work, but I will say that I have tried it. It is an occupation in which men are the majority, and I filled a gap for one for some time towards the end of the war. The work took me out into public life a good deal, and I grew bitterly aware of the disadvantage of being a woman. I liked the work, and had I been a man I would have stuck to it, but again and again it was

driven home to my sensitive nature of how I was criticized because I was a woman; mistrusted, ignored, slighted. I had one consoling thought, and that was that the town in which I worked was a country town and the people were doubtless unfamiliar with women workers in such a sphere. The novelty of it, the unusualness of it in such a place, made them stare, and they were hostile and distrustful of my abilities, or else amused and tolerant. Here and there I found one who was interested, but these were the rare occasions. I got praise and encouragement from the source which really mattered, but in spite of that the thought "If only I had been a man" was oft repeated in my mind.

I should like to be a man so that I could show other men that what many women want in a man is courage! Courage to show their love! I'd like to have the chance to woo and win a girl and not be afraid or ashamed to show her I wanted her—and to admit it in open language, not by half-hearted hints for fear of losing my self-respect on the occasion of a rebuff. Instead of which I'll have to wait on the sort of courage which few men possess, and which if a certain man had possessed I would perhaps to-day be reconciled to my womanhood! And alongside of this is the tremendous thought of the surplus of women—to be perhaps one of the hundreds of "unwants"! "Jav."



Madame Galli-Curci  
at the Albert Hall

Photo:  
T. P. U.

(See "The Gift of Song," on page 193.)



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# Lady Pamela's Letter

**D**EAR COUSIN DELIA,—You are evidently going to have a very large and merry house-party for Christmas, and I hope you will remember that your own enjoyment of the festive season depends on careful plans laid long beforehand. Don't leave anything to chance, and then when the festive season actually comes you will be free to enjoy the society of your friends.

Nothing is more distracting for the hostess than to have her attention divided between her guests and her servants, and for her mental eye to be fixed on the progress of the preparation of the meal in the kitchen. Luckily you are a very capable person yourself, and I can imagine you sitting down now, your pencil and paper in hand, drawing up a most careful programme of events for your hospitable efforts.

Our idea of suitable hospitality for Christmas time invariably includes some elaborate catering and the addition of many tempting delicacies to the menu. The prudent hostess makes a careful tour of her larder and storeroom and sees that adequate supplies are ordered from her grocer in good time.

It is a great mistake to leave everything to the last minute rush. As a matter of fact, Christmas cookery is improved to a great extent by being done early. Plum puddings, for instance, and mincemeat and very rich fruit cakes are all very much nicer when made some time before they are eaten. These viands are a great stand-by, for, of course, no Britisher feels he has kept Christmas in the orthodox fashion if he has not eaten his portion of plum pudding and at least two or three mince pies.

At the same time, nice as it is, such fare is apt to pall if not varied by other dishes. The wise hostess lays in a stock of tinned fruits which, served with jelly, blancmange, custard, cream or even by themselves, offer pleasant and tempting variety. My Lady Fruits meet this need admirably, for they include many delicious kinds of fruit, and are invariably of excellent quality and flavour. Those who have enjoyed Christmas puddings and pies turn very gladly to the pleasant and appetising variety of these high-grade tinned fruits.

The hostess of discretion knows how much the comfort of her guests depends upon a carefully prepared and refreshing cup of tea. The choice of a reliable blend is essential, for inferior tea is never satisfactory. The tea obtainable from the Home and Colonial Stores fulfils every requirement. Its price is reasonable and the flavour and quality admirable, and the hostess

cannot do better than order in a good supply for the Christmas season.

Apart from the more solid items of Christmas feasting, everybody expects and enjoys participation in various sweetmeats. The little folk especially regard Christmas as the time when goodies are abundant, and it behoves the grown-up to see that only wholesome sweetmeats are provided. Mackintosh's toffee is invariably appreciated. Its flavour is delicious, and the hostess who offers it to her guests has the satisfaction of knowing that it is made from the best and purest ingredients, and is not only delicious but highly nutritious also.

Finally, the needs of those who find solace in the fragrant weed must be remembered. To be able to offer your guests "smokes" they will really enjoy is very important. Wills's Gold Flake cigarettes have a great reputation and are deservedly popular, and it is therefore important to lay in a good supply to tide over the Christmas season. During the holiday time even the moderate smoker consumes an unusual number of cigarettes, and when these are Gold Flake his enjoyment is a foregone conclusion.

If you make your Christmas plans on these lines I feel sure that everything will go off splendidly, and when this Christmas is a thing of the past you will one and all vote that it was the jolliest Christmas you ever had.—Ever yours,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**FOR A DELICATE CHILD.** Puzzled (Newcastle).—Probably the trouble is due to insufficiency of fat. So many little children dislike fatty foods, and yet a certain amount must be included in a healthy diet. I suggest that you give him a little De Jongh's cod-liver oil each day during the winter. This will help to build him up and enable him to stand the cold weather better. This particular cod-liver oil is very wholesome and nutritious, and I am sure you will find its use very satisfactory.

**A WORD OF ADVICE.** Beechnut (Hayling Island).—You say that you get up at seven each day and find yourself utterly worn out by bedtime. Can you not snatch twenty minutes to half an hour after your midday meal and devote it to rest? You could lie down or rest in an

## THE QUIVER

arm-chair with closed eyes, trying to banish from your mind all worrying and disturbing thoughts. This little rest should refresh you and make it possible to get through the rest of the day without undue fatigue.

**FOR THE HAIR.** A. M. B. (Darlington).—I gather from the letter that your hair has never been really normal since your illness, and that it shows signs of becoming grey early. Excessive dryness of the scalp is conducive to greyness, and I think you ought to massage the roots of the hair every night. Lightly moisten your finger-tips with brilliantine and then rub the scalp with a rotary movement until it begins to glow. This stimulates the bloodvessels at the root of the hair and stimulates a healthy growth.

**SCHOOL OUTFITS.** Mermaid (Cambridge).—As you will have such a busy time during the Christmas holidays, it is quite a good idea to get your little son's school outfit ready now. Of course, the suits and overcoat he has now will do splendidly, and he seems well set up in underclothing. Be careful to mark everything clearly with his name. Another important point that you do not mention but which must on no account be overlooked is his footwear. It is important to send him to school with a good supply of strong and well-made boots and shoes. You cannot do better than let him wear Start-Rite Children's Improved Footwear. This is obtainable from Messrs. James Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, and can be relied on for excellent wear. It also is made on scientifically correct lines which support the instep and counteract any tendency to flat foot. You will, I am sure, be pleased with the wear these boots give.

**DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEACHING.** Sheila (Scotland).—I have read your letter with interest and quite agree with you that you should be able to secure a more highly paid post. You do not tell me what certificates you hold, but personally I think you would do well to advertise for the kind of work you want. The big London daily papers and women's papers and educational papers would be the best for the purpose. I feel sure that there are many openings in big girls' schools for a qualified domestic economy teacher who would give lessons and demonstrations and also supervise housekeeping matters.

**DOCTORS AND THE MODERN GAS FIRE.** Daisy M. (Huddersfield).—Yes, the idea that gas fires were unhealthy was exploded long ago, and you will be interested to hear that the largest consumption of gas in London is in the Harley Street—Wimpole Street area, where so many leading surgeons and physicians have their consulting-rooms. The doctors, as well as their patients, realize what a boon the clean, comfortable heat from the modern gas fire is. Among the most up-to-date and hygienic forms of gas fire are those produced by Radiation, Ltd. These Radiation gas grates not only shed a comfortable warmth, but have an ingenious patent "Injector-Ventilator" which changes the air of the room several times every hour, and thus provides a valuable factor in securing adequate ventilation.

**PUNISHMENT FOR A CHILD.** An Anxious Mother (Glasgow).—I am so glad you find my column useful, and of course I am only too pleased to answer your letter. I quite understand your difficulty. It is a real problem to know how to deal with a very self-willed child. To be always scolding and to punish severely may have the effect of making him obstinate, and yet you cannot let him feel that you are giving way to his wilfulness. As he is still so young, I think you are wise to refrain from corporal punishment. He may just be passing through a phase, and I would suggest that you try to stimulate him to try to be more tractable by offering him a little reward after a period of good behaviour. You will know of some little toy or treat he covets, and you can hold this out as an inducement to "try to be good." You want really to strengthen his will and turn it in the right direction, and sometimes this method succeeds where scolding and punishment fail.

**FOR SATISFACTORY HOME-DYEING.** Winsome (Southsea).—It is quite a good idea to give a new lease of life to your silk stockings and jumpers by dyeing them. I can thoroughly recommend Drummer dyes, for they are reliable for all fabrics, and you will be able by their aid to rejuvenate any garment you like. You will, of course, follow the directions carefully. They are given on each packet, and there are useful little booklets available which will help you to carry out the task successfully. You might write for them to Wm. Edge and Sons, Limited, Bolton, and after studying them you can decide which colours will be best suited to your purpose. Very delicate colours are available, as well as the richer, darker shades, but the whole range of 27 colours is fast.

**A FASHION HINT.** Elsa (Kensington).—The short-sleeved and sleeveless dress is indeed trying to all women except those whose arms are beautiful. I agree with you that for women of your age it is much more becoming to drape the arms in some soft semi-transparent material. You need not think this will look in the least unfashionable, for many of the smartest gowns for older women are so made this season.

**FOR COMFORT.** Muriel (Braintree).—If you inquire at any good outfitter's you will be able to get a very comfortable "corselet" garment. This only has bones back and front, and suspenders are attached, also shoulder straps of ribbon which make them very comfortable.

**THE BREAKFAST PROBLEM.** Mater (Sheffield).—As you live a good ten minutes' walk from the station, and three members of the family have to catch an early train to the city, why not plan a breakfast that it is easy to prepare? I suggest that you cannot do better than give everybody a good plate of Quaker Oats. This dish is not only easy to prepare, but is both nutritious and sustaining, and followed by bread-and-butter and marmalade provides a wholesome and satisfying breakfast for grown-ups and children alike. Besides, the flavour is so pleasant that one does not tire of it quickly. A good breakfast makes a good start to the day, and Quaker Oats comes easily first as a satisfactory breakfast food.

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## How to make A MERRY XMAS.

Take one Xmas Pudding, pour over some Bird's Custard, piping hot. Take all your laughing boys and girls and give them spoons of size to match. Serve each with pudding, adding generous helpings of hot Custard sauce. Watch for five minutes the smiles of real enjoyment. Then clear away the empty plates!

# *Bird's Custard*

unlike cream, never disagrees. It aids the digestion of the Pudding, Mince Pies and Fruit.

*A Helpful Hint for Xmas.* Well-whisk Bird's Custard when it is cold and set. It then goes like Summer Cream with Mince Pies, etc., and replaces clotted cream in Tartlets, Cream Horns, etc., etc.

C160r

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